

THE COMPLETE
LETTER - WRITER;
OR,
Polite English Secretary.

CONTAINING
FAMILIAR LETTERS
ON
The most common OCCASIONS in LIFE.

ALSO
A Variety of more elegant LETTERS for *Examples*
and Improvement of *Style*, from the best modern Au-
thors, together with many Originals,

ON
BUSINESS, || COURTSHIP,
DUTY, || MARRIAGE,
AMUSEMENT, || FRIENDSHIP, and
AFFECTION, || OTHER SUBJECTS.

To which is prefix'd,
A Plain and Compendious GRAMMAR of the
ENGLISH TONGUE.

ALSO
DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS, in
an easy and proper Manner,
And how to address Persons of all Ranks, either in *Writ-
ing* or *Discourse*; and some necessary *Orthographical Di-
rections*.

And at the End of the Prose,
Some *elegant* POETICAL EPISTLES, and various
Forms of *polite* MESSAGES for CARDS.

Heav'n first taught *Letters* for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to it's Fires;
The Virgin's Wish without her Fears impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart;
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*. POPE.

The FIFTEENTH EDITION, Improved.

L O N D O N:
Printed for STANLEY CROWDER, in Pater-Noster-Row,
and BENJAMIN COLLINS, in Salisbury.

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P R E F A C E.

AS a great Part of the Intercourse of Mankind has ever been transacted by Letter, it is a just Reflection upon any Man, especially in this more refined Age, not to be able to acquit himself handsomely in this Respect. The Occasions to do this are so very numerous, and the Shame of doing it ill, so great, in low as well as in high Life, that every Endeavour to render them more perfect in this Accomplishment, is at least intitled to a candid Reception.

There have been many Attempts towards a Work of this Sort; and though it were unkind to detract from the Merit of such Labours, yet this we must observe, that those which have hitherto reached our Notice, fall very short of the End proposed: It would be a disagreeable Task, to single out the Imperfections in other Performances of this Kind; therefore we shall only observe, that some of them, however, are here supplied.

In the first Place, the Persons for whose Use this Collection is intended, are presented with *A very plain and compendious Grammar of the English Language*: To which are added, Directions how to address Persons of all Ranks either in Writing or Discourse. This, we presume, is laying the Foundation of our Design well and

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as it ought to be. The Rudiments of a Tongue once obtained, we proceed easy to raise our Superstructure; without this we do nothing.

Next is an Introduction, containing Directions for inditing proper Letters on most Occasions, and the Sentiments of several eminent Authors on Epistolary Writing.

But the chief Branch of this Design, and which indeed composes the main Body of the Work, is a proper Collection of Letters, (with some Originals) by eminent Authors, upon Subjects very various in their Nature, and therefore not easily thrown under regular Classes. *Business, Duty, Amusement, Affection, Courtship, Friendship*, and a Multiplicity of other Affairs that may require a *Letter*, are here made the Subject of ours; so that on most Occasions no Person can be at a Loss for a Pattern to direct him. And it is from this great Variety of Examples for *Stile* and *Manner*, a *Grammar* for writing true *English*, and other necessary Directions, that we presume to call this Performance by the Name of *The Complete Letter-Writer*; such a Number of Letters being inserted as to answer the Purpose almost of every Individual, from the Boy at School to the Secretary of State. Nor let it offend the Delicacy of any Reader, that he will here meet with many Epistles of the lower Class: These could not be omitted without deviating from the grand Point in View, namely, *General Utility*.



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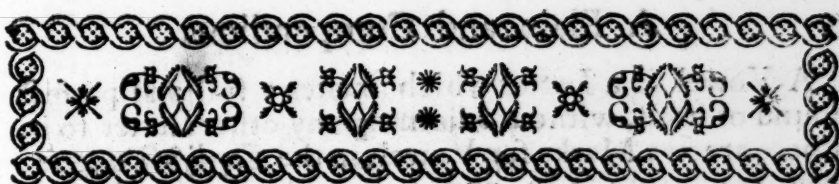
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A PLAIN



PLAIN and COMPENDIOUS
GRAMMAR
OF THE
ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR is the Art of Speaking and Writing any Language right and properly, and it has four Parts, and these are called *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax*, and *Prosody*.

Orthography teaches how to spell and write every Word with proper Letters, as *Nation*, not *Nashun*; *Oration*, not *Orashun*; *did*, not *dud*; *Foot*, not *Fut*; *Tomb*, not *Toom*, &c.

Etymology teaches the Explanation or Kinds of Words, their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another in any Language.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of Words together in Sentences.

Prosody teaches the Accent and Quantities of Syllables, Pronunciation, and Art of making Verses.

Of Orthography and the Power of Letters.

A Letter is a Mark or Character of a single Sound in Speech. There are twenty-six Letters in the *English* Language, viz. *a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z*, called Vowels and Consonants.

A Plain and Compendious

A Vowel is a Letter which makes a full and perfect Sound of itself, without adjoining any other Letter to it. There are five Marks for Vowels in the *English* Tongue; they are, *a, e, i, o, u*, and (*y*) at the End of Words for *ie*. *y* is also a Vowel in the Middle of Words, But all such Words as have (*y*) in the Middle are of *Greek* Origin; and each of these Vowels have two general Sounds, that is a long and a short Sound; the short Sound made long, by adding final or silent (*e*) at the End; as *bab, babe; her, here; Fir, Fire; Rob, Rabe; Tun, Tune*. So when these Vowels end a Syllable, they are usually long; but generally short in all other Positions.

Of the single Consonants.

A Consonant is a Letter which cannot make a perfect Sound without adding some single or double Vowel either before or after it; *ib, or be; eat, or Tea*; and therefore derives its Name from confounding or sounding together with the Vowels. Nevertheless it may be defined, a Letter shewing the several Motions and Configurations of the Parts of the Mouth, by which the Sounds of the Vowels are variously determined.

The single Consonants are twenty-one in Number, *b c d f g h j k l m n p q r s t v w x y z*; and are divided into Mutes, (by which is meant Letters that are not pronounced, though wrote) and Half Vowels; four of the Half Vowels are called Liquids. A Mute is a Letter which cannot make a Sound without a Vowel, as, *b c d f g k p q t*. A Half Vowel is a Letter which makes an imperfect Sound without any Letter added; as, (*s*) is expressed by Hissing, (*r*) by a Quivering of the Tongue; these are *l m n r s v x z*. *H* is an Aspiration or Breathing; and (*j*) and (*w*) are Neutrals, having both articulate Sounds, especially (*w*), which sounds every where (*oo*), and should be so pronounced.

Of the double Consonants.

WHEN two or three Consonants meet together, we call them double Consonants; and of these some are fit to begin Words or Syllables, others to end only:

only: call the first initial or beginning, the second final or ending, double Consonants.

There are forty-one in Number, and are necessary to be understood for the better Knowledge of the Division of Syllables; these are, *Bl, br, ch, cl, cr, dr, dw, fl, fr, gl, gn, gr, kn, ph, pl, pr, rh, sc, sh, sk, sl, sm, sn, sp, sq, st, sw, th, tr, tw, wh, wr, phr, sch, scr, shr, spl, spr, str, thr, thw.*

Rules for true Spelling and right Division of the Syllables of long Words.

A Syllable is a compleat Sound, uttered in one distinct Breath; as, *so, of, in, which, good, Earth, &c.* Letters serve to make Syllables, and Syllables Words, &c. One single or one double Vowel only, or any one of the single or double Vowels joined to any one of the single or double Consonants, will make a Syllable. No Number of Consonants can make a Syllable without a Vowel; as *Strength* can make no Syllable of themselves, but if I put in (*e*) betwixt (*r*) and (*n*) thus, *Streng^eth*, it makes a Syllable and a proper Word; and therefore as many Vowels, single, or double, as are found in a Word, of so many Syllables does that Word consist, which are never above seven or eight, and few Words have so many; as *good*, one; *seem-ly*, two; *Inform-er*, three; *per-pe-tu-ate*, four; *de-po-pu-la-ted*; five; *So-lem-ni-za-ti-on*, six; *Tran-sub-stan-ti-a-ti-on*, seven; *In-com-pre-hen-si-bi-li-ty*, eight.

A Monosyllable, is a Word of *one* Syllable.

A Disyllable, is a Word of *two* Syllables.

A Trisyllable, is a Word of *three* Syllables.

A Polysyllable, is a Word of *many* Syllables.

There are five general Rules for the true Division of Syllables.

Rule 1. When a single Consonant comes between two Vowels, it goes with the last Vowel in dividing the Syllables: as, *a-bate, ca-bal, de-cay, Glo-ry, E-vent, Wo-men, a-bove, a-mong, di-vide, &c.*

B 2

Rule 2.

Rule 2. When two Consonants meet in the Middle of a Word, between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, they are parted in dividing the Syllables: as *Wed-ding*, *Ac-cent*, *Vir-gin*, *Mut-ton*, *But-ter*, *Trum-pet*, *Bar-gain*, &c.

Rule 3. When two or three Consonants meet between two Vowels that are proper to begin a Word, then they go with the last Syllable in the Division: as *de-prive*, *re-splen-dent*, *Bro-ther*, *re-prieve*, *a-bridge*, *Ta-bret*, *re-strict*, &c.

Rule 4. When three or four Consonants meet between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, the first Consonant is always kept with the first Syllable in the Division: as *sub-stra-ct*, *ag-gra-vate*, *af-flict*, *Con-gru-i-ty*, *con-struct*, *in-scribe*, &c.

Rule 5. When two Vowels of different Sounds meet in the Middle of Words, they are parted in the dividing Syllables, as *Li-ar*, *re-al*, *Ri-ot*, *Tri-al*, *Li-on*, *Be-ing*, *Vow-el*, &c.

Compound Words are always spelt as their simple, thus, *Crafts-men*, *Gold-smith*, *Gazing-stock*, *Ship-wreck*, *trans-act*, *dis-unite*, *un-equal*, &c.

Derivative Words are always spelt as their Primitive, thus, *tempt*, *tempt-ed*; *second*, *second-ary*; *covet*, *covet-ous*; *form*, *form-ed*, &c.

But when the Primitive ends with a Vowel, and the Syllable which is added begins also with a Vowel, then the first Vowel is always dropt, and the Sound of the preceding Consonant is softened by the subsequent Vowel, as *Ape*, *A-pish*; *Fame*, *fa-mous*; *Love*, *lov-ed*; *give*, *giv-er*; *move*, *mov-ing*; *bate*, *bat-ing*; *dance*, *danc-ing*; *trifle*, *tri-ling*, *bubble*, *bub-ling*, &c.

Observe that all derivative Words ending in (*ing*) are active Participles, formed of Verbs which are their Primitives; and where the leaving out (*e*) in this Participle would cause any Confusion in the Sense, it is better to retain it; as from the Verb *singe*, write *singe-ing*,

ing, and *singe-eth*, to distinguish it from *singing* and *sing-eth*. But it is to be observed that this (*e*) is not dropt before (*able*,) as *advise*; *advise-able*; *desire*, *desire-able*; *agree*, *agree-able*; *change*, *change-able*, &c.

If the additional Syllable, which makes it a Derivative, begins with a Consonant, then the Vowel in the Primitive is always retained, according to the Rule of derivative Words: as *love*, *love-ly*; *like*, *Like-ness*; *fine*, *fine-ly*; *Time*, *time-ly*, &c.

And when the primitive Word ends with (*y*) it is changed into (*i*) in the Derivation: as *Duty*, *duti-ful*; *crafty*, *Crafti-ness*; *angry*, *Angri-ness*; *Envy*, *envi-ous*, &c. But (*y*) is retained before the Vowel (*i*,) as *testify*, *testify-ing*; *multiply*, *multiply-ing*; *Envy*, *envy-ing*; *deny*, *deny-ing*; *apply*, *apply-ing*, &c.

And when a Word of one or more Syllables ends with a single Consonant, and no Dipthong goes before it, and the Accent lies on the last Syllable, then that Consonant is always double in the Derivative; as *man*, *man-ned*; *pen*, *pen-ned*; *fan*, *fan-ned*; *stir*, *stir-red*; *tin*, *tin-ned*; *sin*, *sin-ned*; *stop*, *stop-ping*; *drop*, *drop-ping*; *tun*, *tun-ned*, &c.

Of primitive and derivative Words.

ALL Words are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is not formed of any other, as *Man*, *Good*, *Hope*, *Kind*, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the same; such as *able*, *al*, *ance*, *ary*, *ate*, *ed*, *en*, *er*, *est*, *eth*, *ing*, *ish*, *ism*, *ist*, *ize*, *less*, *ly*, *ness*, *ous*, *y*.

A compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as *Wheel-wright*, *Ship-wright*, *School-master*; or of a simple Word and Syllable, called a Preposition, set before it; as *dis-please*, *un-fit*, *con-found*, &c.

Of the Prepositions that are used in the Composition of English Words, their Signification and Use.

THE English Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words, are, *A*, *be*, *for*, *fore*, *mis*, *over*, *out*, *run*, *up*, *with*.

A. Signifies as much as *on*, or *in*; as *a-foot*, *a-shore*, for *on Foot*, *on Shore*.

Be. Signifies *about*, as in *be-sprinkle*, that is, *to sprinkle about*, *to be-stir*, i. e. *to stir about*.

For. Denies, or deprives, as *forbid*, i. e. *bid it not to be done*; *forfake*, i. e. *not to seek it any more*.

Fore. Signifies as much as *before*, as *to foresee*, i. e. *to see it before it comes to pass*; *to fore-bode*, i. e. *to tell before it happens*.

Mis. Is always used in a bad Sense, and denotes Defect of Error; as, *Mis-deed*, i. e. *an ill Deed*, *to Mistake*, that is, *to take it wrong*; *to mis-use*, that is, *to use ill*.

Over. Signifies Superiority, as *to overcome*, *to over-rule*, &c.

Out. Signifies also Superiority or Excellency in any Thing, as, *to out-do*, *to out-run*, *to out-go*, &c.

Un. Denotes Negation, and signifies *not*, as *un-pleasant*, that is, *not pleasant*; *un-worthy*, that is, *not worthy*, &c.

Up. Always denotes Motion upwards, as *Up-land*, that is, *the Land that is high in Respect of some other Land*; *Upside*; that is, *the Side that is highest*.

With. Signifies *against*, as *withstand*, that is, *to stand against*; it sometimes signifies as much as *from* or *back*, as *to with-hold*, that is, *to hold from one*; *to withdraw*, that is, *to draw from or back*, &c.

The following are Latin Prepositions used in the Composition of the English Words, viz. *Ab* or *abs*, *ad*, *ante*, *circum*, *con* from *cum*, *contra*, *de*, *dis*, *di*, *e* or *ex*, *enter*, *extra*, *in*, *inter*, *intro*, *ob*, *per*, *post*, *pre*, *pro*, *preter*, *re*, *retro*, *se*, *sub*, *subter*, *super*, *trans*.

Ab, or *abs*. Signifies *from*, and denotes Separation or parting, as *to ab-stain*, *to a-bolish*, *to ab-dicate*, &c.

Ad. Signifies *to* or *at*, as *Advocate*, *Adverb*, *Advent*, *adjacent*, &c.

Ante. Signifies *before*, as *Ante-cedent*, that is, *the foregoing Word*, *to ante date*, that is, *to date it before*, &c.

Circum. Signifies *about*, as *Circum-locution*, that is, *a round about Way of Speaking*; *Circum-vallation*, that is, *a Ditching about*, &c.

Con, from *cum*. Signifies *with* or *together*, as *Con-vocation*,

vocation, i. e. a calling or meeting together ; *Colloquy*, i. e. a talking with or together.

Contra. Denotes Opposition and Contrariety, and signifies *against*, as *to contradict*, i. e. to gainsay or speak against, or contrary to a Person, &c.

De. Signifies a Kind of Motion from, as *defile*, that is a *filings off* or *from* ; *to decamp*, that is, to move the Camp off or from, &c.

Dis. Signifies Difference, Separation or Diversity, and every where gives a Signification contrary to the Word it is compounded with ; as *disagree*, that is, not to agree ; *dis-believe*, that is, not to believe ; *Dis-advantage*, that is, no Advantage, &c.

Di. Has hardly any other Use than the extending or stretching out the Sense of the Word it is compounded with ; as, *to direct*, *to diminish*, &c.

E, or *ex*. Signifies *out*, as *E-vent*, that is, *the Falling out* ; *to e-ject*, that is, *to cast out* ; *to ex-clude*, that is, *to shut out* ; *to extinguish*, that is, *to put out*, &c.

Enter. Comes from the French *entre*, and that from the Latin *inter*, that is *between*.

Extra. Signifies *beyond*, *over and above*, as *extra-vagant*, that is *beyond Bounds* ; *Extra-ordinary*, that is, *beyond what is ordinary*, &c.

Inter. Signifies *between*, as *to inter-vene*, that is, *to come between* ; *Inter-val*, that is, *the Space between*.

Intro. Signifies *within*, as *to introduce*, that is, *to lead, or bring into*, &c.

Ob. Signifies *against*, as *Obstacle*, that is, *what stands in the Way or against*, &c.

Per. Signifies *through*, and denotes Excellency or Excess ; as *per-fect*, that is, *thoroughly done* ; *per-forate*, that is, *to pierce through*, &c.

Post. Signifies *after*, as *Post-script*, that is, *written after* ; *a post-humous Work*, that is, *a Work published after the Author's Death*.

Pre. Signifies *before*, as *to pre-meditate*, that is, *to think of or meditate before*, &c.

Pro. Signifies *for* or *forth* ; but it has also a great many other Senses, as *to profess*, *protect*, *pronounce*, &c.

Preter. Signifies *against*, as *preternatural*, that is, *against Nature*.

Re. Signifies *again*, and generally implies a repeated Action; as *to re-peat*, that is, *to say over again*; *to re-lapse*, that is, *to fall ill again*; *to re-turn*, that is, *to come again*, &c.

Retro. Backwards, as *retro-grade Motion*, that is, *a Going backward*.

Se. Signifies *without*, as *secure*, that is, *without Care*, &c.

Sub. Signifies *under*, as *to subscribe*, that is, *to write under*: *to sub-tract*, that is, *to draw under*, &c.

Subter. Signifies *under*, as *subter-fluous*, that is, *flowing under*, &c.

Super. Signifies *upon, over or above*, as *Super-scription*, that is, *the writing upon a Letter*; *super-fluous*, that is, *over and above what it might be*.

Trans. Signifies *over or beyond*, as *to trans-port*, that is, *to carry over*; *to transgress*, that is, *to go beyond*: And it signifies, in a great many Words, *the moving from one Place to another*, as *to trans-plant*, *to transpose*, *Transmigration*, &c. In other Words it denotes *the changing of one Thing into another*, as *to trans-form*, *to trans-figure*, *Transubstantiation*, &c.

There are several Greek Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words, as *A*, *amphi*, *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *meta*, *peri*, *syn*.

A. Signifies *not*, as *Anonymous*, that is, *without or not having a Name*; *Anarchy*, that is, *without Government*.

Amphi. Signifies *on every Side*.

Anti. Signifies *against*, as *Anti-Christ*, that is, *one who is in Opposition to or against Christ*; *Anta-gonist*, that is, *one who is against you*.

Hyper. Signifies *over and above*.

Hypo. Signifies *under*.

Meta. Signifies the same as *trans*, that is, *beyond*; or else denotes *the changing one Thing into another*; as *Meta-phor*; *Meta-morphosis*, that is, *Transformation*.

Peri. Signifies *about*.

Syn. Signifies *with or together*, as *Synod*, that is, *a Convocation or Meeting together*; *Syntax*, that is, *Construction*, or *the right placing of Words together in Sentences*.

N. B. The Preposition *con* has often (*n*) left out,
as

as *co-eternal*; for *con-eternal*; and sometimes the (*n*) is changed into (*l*), *Col-loquy* for *Con-loquy*.

Further Rules for true Spelling, in which observe there are some Letters that must be wrote in Words, according to the right Spelling, and yet are not pronounced in Speaking.

Rule 1. **T**HERE are several Letters in Words which are not pronounced, and yet must be wrote, because most of these Words are of foreign Derivation: As, 1. *a* is written but not pronounced, in *Pharaoh, Marriage, Parliament*. 2. *i* is written but not pronounced, in *Evil, Devil, Venison, Salisbury*. 3. *o* is written, but not pronounced, in *Nicholas, Carrion, Chariot*. 4. *u* is written, but not pronounced, in *intituled, Guild, Guile, Guide, Guest, disguise, guard, Guardian, Plague, League, Catalogue, Decalogue, Synagogue, Epilogue, &c.* 5. *b* is written, but not pronounced, in *Debtor, doubt, dumb, Plumb, Lamb, Thumb, Comb, Womb, Tomb, Bomb*. 6. *c* is written, but not pronounced, in *Victuals, Indictment, perfect, Schism*. 7. *d* is written, but not pronounced, in *Wednesday*. 8. *g* is written, but not pronounced, in *deign, reign, feign, foreign, sign, Sovereign, assign, design, resign, consign, Ensign, Campaign, &c.* 9. *h* is written, but not pronounced, in *Honour, Hour, Herb, Heir, honest, Humour, Host, Asthma, John, Thomas, Scholar, School, Scholastic, Scheme, Gherkins, Ghost, Rhodes, Rhine, Rhone, Rhapsody, Rheum, rheumatic, Rheumatism, exhaust, exhort, Rhadamanthus, Rhetoric, Rhetorician, rhetorical, rhetoricate, Rhetorians, Rhetorizations, Rhinoceros, Rhubarb, Phyticks, Rhyparographer, Sepulchre, Character, Chemistry, Chemist, Chemical, Chrysostom, Chrysom, Chronology, Chronologies, chronological, Chronologist, Chronologer, Chronogram, Chronicles, chronical, Chromatics, Chromatism, Cream, Christopher, Christ, Christian, Christmas, Christianity, Christianism, Christendom, Chimera, Chimerical, Chirurgeon, Chirurgery, Chaos, Catarrh, Catechism, Catechize, Catechist, and others of Greek Origin; as also at the End of all Hebrew Words, as *Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Nehemiah, &c.* 10. *l* is written, but not pronounced, in*

Bristol, Lincoln, Holborne. 11. *n* is written, but not pronounced, in the Words, *Autumn, Column, condemn, Hymn, damn, contemn, solemn, Miln, Kiln.* 12. *p* is written, but not pronounced, in *Psalm, Receipt, Symptom, sumptuous.* 13. *p* should not be wrote in these Words, *Redemption, Assumption, Presumption*, there being no such Letter in the Original, and therefore, it is to be wondered how it came to be first put in. The Word *Accompt* is read *Account.* 14. *s* is written, but not pronounced, in *Isle, Island, Lisle, Carlisle, Viscount.*

Rule 2. All Words should be spelt according to their Original; as *complete, replete, extreme*, not *compleat, &c.* *Reflexion, Connexion, Defluxion, Complexion, Inflexion*, not *Reflection, &c.*

Rule 3. All Words that end with the Sound of the Half Vowel (*l*), though they might seem to be expressed by (*l*), yet they are always to be marked with (*le*), as *damnable, stumble, humble, acceptable, Pickle, fickle, idle, bridle, scuffle, truffle, bogle, ogle, inveigle, ample, trample, little, bottle, &c.* Not *damnabil, stumbil, &c.* Except from this Rule, *Evil, Devil, until, instil, Council, Anvil, Peril, fulfil.*

Rule 4. All Words which end with the hard Sound of (*g*), have always (*u*) marked after it: as *Hague, Plague, Rogue, League, Vague, Prague, Colleague, Catalogue, Decalogue, Prologue, Fatigue, Synagogue, &c.* Except a few Monosyllables, as *dig, Dog, dug, Bag, beg, big, bog, Bug, Wig, Pig, Twig, Plug, bag, hog, hug, drug, Stag, Wag, Frog, tug, Mug*: All which are easily distinguished; as are also these Words which end with the ringing Sound of *ang, ing, ong, ung*; though (*g*) at the End of such Words is not hard, for we pronounce *accordin, affirmin*, for *according, affirming*; *so dancin, playin, singin, fightin*, for *dancing, &c.* But although *Tongue* and *Harangue* end with a ringing Sound, they have (*ue*) after (*g*).

Rule 5. When the Sound of (*j*) or soft (*g*) comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by (*g*)
or

or (*dge*) as *Page*, *rage*, *Baggage*, *Knowledge*, *Pledge*, *Wedge*, *Hedge*, &c. though the (*d*) in *Pledge*, &c. is superfluous, and seems to have been put in to shorten the Sound.

Rule 6. These Words marked with (*que*) at the End, as *Barque*, *Pique*, *antique*, *publique*, *oblique*, *Relique*, is the French Way of Writing; who use (*que*) because they have not (*k*); but the Genius of our Language requires them to be marked with (*ck*) if Monosyllables, as *Bark*, *pick*, and with (*c*) only, if more than one Syllable, as *antic*, *Republic*, *public*, &c. *K* is a very useless and superfluous Letter after (*c*) and should not be wrote at the End of Words exceeding one Syllable, (*c*) being always hard when it ends either a Syllable or Word; as *Arithmetic*, *Logic*, *Mathematics*, *Frederic*, *Physic*, *scholastic*, *prophetic*, *rustic*, *Musc*, &c.

Rule 7. The Letter (*l*) is always doubled at the End of Monosyllables as *Ball*, *Bell*, *Bill*, *Boll*, *Bull*, *sell*, *tell*, *well*, &c. But if a Dipthong goes before it, it is not doubled, as *Soul*, *feel*, *fool*, &c. Nor is it ever doubled in Words of more than one Syllable, as *faithful*, *fulfil*, *plentiful*, *excel*, &c.

Rule 8. When a Word of the singular Number ends with (*y*), it is changed into (*ies*) in the plural; as *Sky*, *Skies*; *Cry*, *Cries*; *Ly*, *Lies*; *Py*, *Pies*; *Heresy*, *Heresies*; *Cherry*, *Cherries*; *Entry*, *Entries*; *City*, *Cities*, &c. and not *Skys*, *Crys*, *Citys*.

Rule 9. When Words of the singular Number end in (*f*) or (*fe*) the (*f*) or (*fe*) are changed into (*ves*) in the plural Number; as *Calf*, *Calves*; *Half*, *Halves*; *Knife*, *Knives*; *Leaf*, *Leaves*; *Shelf*, *Shelves*; *Self*, *Selves*; *Thief*, *Thieves*; *Wife*, *Wives*; *Wolf*, *Wolves*; except *Hoof*, *Roof*, *Grief*, *Dwarf*, *Mischief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, are Words which end with (*f*) whose Plurals are made by adding only (*s*) to the Singular; as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*; *Muff*, *Muffs*; *Ruff*, *Ruffs*, &c. But *Staff*, although it ends with (*f*) makes *Staves* in the Plural.

Rule 1.

Rule 10. All Words which end with the Sound of *ance*, *ence*, *ince*, *unce*, though they might seem to be wrote with (*nse*) yet are always to be wrote (*nce*); as *Countenance*, *Abundance*, *Defence*, *Audience*, *Prince*, *convince*, *trounce*, *Dunce*, &c. Except only *Sense*, *dense*, *dispenſe*, *immense*, *intense*, *propense*, *incense*.

Rule 11. The Sound of (*ſe*) at the End of Words is always marked (*cy*) as *Advertency*, *Contingency*, *Democracy*, *Delicacy*, *Deſpondency*, *Excellency*, *Exigency*, *Obſtinacy*, &c. Except from this Rule *Controverſy*, *Apoſtaſy*, *Courteſy*, *Theſy*, *Paly*, *Gipſey*, *Epilepſy*, *Hereſy*, *Hypocriſy*, *jealouſy*, to *propheſy*, though the Noun is written *Prophecy*.

Rule 12. The Sound of (*ſhun*), after the Vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and the Conſonants, *c*, *p*, *r*, is written *tion*, as *Oration*, *Petition*, *Devotion*, *Diſſolution*, *Inſtruction*, *Subscription*, *Extortion*, &c. But after any other Conſonant it is marked *ſion*, except *Contention*, *Invention*, *Attention*, *Diſſention*, *Intention*, and *Condeſcention*.

But when to write *ti* and *ſi* is one of the difficulteſt Tasks to lay down a Rule for. Nothing but diligent Obſervation of the above Rule and Practice can remove it: For moſt Words ending in *tion* and *ſion*, are Latin Verbals, and are formed of the firſt Supine, which, if it ends in *tum*, then we write *ti*, if in *ſum*, then *ſi*.

Obſerve farther, that the long and ſhort Sounds of the Vowels are marked with their ſimple Characters, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, in all the additional Beginnings and Endings; but that theſe ſingle Vowels never end Words with their ſimple nor naked Character, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. As

1. *A* never ends an *English* Word; for when a Word ends with its long Sound, it is expreſſed by *ay*, as *Day*, *may*, *ſay*, *Delay*, &c. And if a Word ends with its broad Sound, it is marked with *aw*, as *faw*, *law*, *draw*, &c.

2. *E* is never ſounded at the End of an *English* Word except in the Article (*the*), which is written with

with a single (*e*) to distinguish it from the Pronoun (*thee*); for when its Sound comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by *ea*, as *Sea, Plea, Tea, &c.* or by *ee*, as *free, Tree, agree, &c.*

3. *I* ends no English Word, without (*e*) after it, as *busie, Heresie, &c.* not *busi, Heresi, &c.* But all such Words are better spelt with (*y*), thus *busy, Heresy, &c.*

4. *O* never ends an English Word, except these few, *go, lo, so, to, no, two, who, wo, do, undo, whofo, also*; the Sound of (*o*) at the End of Words being generally expressed by *ow*, as *know, follow, below, Snow, &c.* except in *Foe, Toe, Doe, Roe, Sloe.*

5. No English Word ends with (*u*), except, *thou, you, lieu, and adieu*; the Sound of (*u*) being generally expressed by *ew*, or *ue*, as *Nephew, few, dew, &c.* *Ague, true, Avenue, &c.* *Y*, as a Vowel, ends Words for *ie*; as for *Heresie, busie, &c.* write *Heresy, busy.*

No English Word ends with (*a*); for when a Word ends with this long Sound, it is expressed by *ay*, as *may, say, delay, &c.* But if a Word ends with the broad Sound of (*a*), it is always expressed by *aw*, as *saw, Law, draw, &c.* And so the Question may be repeated after the same Manner with respect to the rest of the Vowels.

Of Diphthongs.

TH E Diphthongs *ai, oi, ui, au, eu, ou*, observe are never wrote at the End of Words. As

1. *Ay* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ai*, as *Day, pay, Delay, &c.*

2. *Ey* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ei*, as *Whey, grey, they, &c.*

3. *Oy* is always wrote for *oi*, as *Boy, Toy, Troy, Joy, &c.*

4. *Uy* is always wrote for *ui*, as *buy, guy, &c.*

5. *Aw*

5. *Aw* is always wrote for *au*, as *saw*, *gnaw*, *withdraw*, &c.

6. *Ew* for *eu*, as *Dew*, *few*, *new*, *knew*, &c.

7. *Ow*, for *ou*, as *know*, *bow*, *slow*, *blow*, &c.

Now as for the Consonants, their Sounds may be said to be invariable in all Words, except (*c*) and (*g*) which are treated of already. All to be observed is, that when the Strefs of the Pronunciation lies on the Consonants *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *z*, that they are always to be doubled; as *Scabbard*, where the Strefs lies upon the (*b*): So likewise *commit*, where the Strefs of the Voice lies upon (*m*). But another way to know when these Consonants should be doubled is to observe if the Vowel be short before it, and if so, then it must be doubled; as in *Scabbard*, where the (*a*) before *b* is short; and in *commit*, where (*e*) is short before (*m*): For if I hear the Sound of the Vowel be too long, then I put in but one Consonant. And this is a general Rule, that a Vowel before two Consonants is short.

And now I think by the above Rules, any Difficulty in spelling the Generality of Words that has occurred to me, is removed; for the Scholar being truly taught the various Sounds of Vowels and Consonants, both single and double, nothing being a greater Help to true Spelling, will not fail, by Pronunciation of any Number of Letters to the Ear, to give their proper Characters in Writing.

Of Stops or Points, and Marks or Notes.

AS in Speech or Discourse there are often several Motions made by different Parts of the Body, in order to excite Attention, and transmit a more clear and perfect Idea to the Hearer, of the Meaning and Intention of the Speaker: So Writing being the very Image of Speech, there are several Points or Marks made Use of in it not only to mark the Distance of Time in pronouncing, but also to prevent any Confusion or Obscurity in the Sense of the Writer, whereby it may the more readily be distinguished and comprehended by the Reader.

There

There are four Points or Stops considered as Intervals in Reading, viz. *Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, or Full Point.*

The *Comma*, marked thus (,) is the shortest Pause, and distinguishes the *Conjunct Members* of Sentences; as, *O sing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long suffering, slow to wrath, abounding in Goodness and Truth.* It also distinguishes *Nouns, Verbs, and Adverbs*; as *The Enemy fought with Guns, Swords, Spears, &c. That Rogue swears, lies, steals, &c. sooner or later he must be hanged.*

A *Semicolon*, marked thus (;) is a Pause somewhat longer than a *Comma*. This Point ought to be made in the *Subdivision* of the *Members* of a Sentence; as *the Shadow moves, and we do not perceive it; or, as the Tree grows, and we do not apprehend it; so Man, &c.* It is also used in distinguishing *Nouns* of a contrary Signification; as *Things public; Things private; Things sacred and prophane.*

A *Colon*, marked thus (:) is used when the Sense is perfect, but the Sentence not ended; as, *If the Enemy advances, I command you to give Battle: If not, march strait to the City.* It is generally used before a comparative *Conjunction* in a *Similitude*; and also if the *Period* runs out pretty long.

A *Period*, marked thus (.) is the greatest Pause, and is made when the Sentence is completely ended; as *Learning makes Life sweet, and produces Pleasure, Tranquility, Glory, and Praise.*

An *Erotesis* or *Point of Interrogation*, marked thus (?) is made when a *Question* is asked; as, *Does he still continue obstinate? Will he never repent?*

Ecphonesis, or *Point of Exclamation, Admiration, or Wonder*, marked thus (!) is a Direction for raising the Tone or Voice upon some vehement *Passion* being expressed; as, *O that Villain! O wretched Man!*

The

The Marks and Notes to be met with in Reading are,

1. An *Apostrophe*, marked thus ('), used to abbreviate or shorten a Word.
2. A *Caret*, thus (^) placed where some Word is left out in Writing and put over it. This is also called a *Circumflex*, when placed over some Vowel of a Word to denote a long Syllable; as, *Euphrâtes*.
3. An *Hyphen*, thus (-) used in joining the Syllables of Words and compound Words together.
4. An *Accent*, thus (â) being placed over a Vowel, notes that the Tone or Stress of the Voice in pronouncing is upon that Syllable.
5. *Breve*, (v) is a crooked Mark over a Vowel, and denotes that it is sounded quick.
6. *Diæresis*, thus (¨) is two Points placed over two Vowels that would otherwise make a Diphthong, and parts them into two Syllables.
7. *Parenthesis*, thus () serve to illustrate a Sentence, and may be left out, and yet the sense remain perfect.
8. A *Paragraph*, thus (¶) placed at the Beginning of a new Discourse, denotes what is contained in a Sentence or Period.
9. A *Quotation*, thus (") to signify the Words so marked are transcribed from the Writings of another in his own Words.
10. An *Index*, thus (☞) serves to point out something remarkable.
11. A *Section*, thus (§) is the Division of a Discourse, or Chapter, into lesser Parts or Portions.
12. An *Asterism*, thus (*), an *Obelisk* (†), and *Parallels* (||), with Letters of the Alphabet, Figures, &c. refer to the Margin or Bottom of the Page.

Of

Of Capitals, or great Letters.

1. **L**ET proper Names of Persons, Places, Seas, Rivers, Ships, Winds, Months, &c. be distinguished by beginning with Capital Letters.

2. It is become customary to begin any Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable.

3. Let the first Word of every Epistle, Book, Note, Verse, Bill, &c. begin with a Capital.

4. If any notable Saying, or Passage of an Author, be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though it be not immediately after a Full Stop.

5. Write not a Capital in the Middle of a Word among small Letters, except in Anagrams.

6. Sometimes Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, when something extraordinary great is expressed; as, *THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. BABYLON IS FALLEN.*

Of Etymology.

ETYMOLOGY, as before observed, treats of the Kinds of Words, also their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another.

Of the Eight Parts of Speech.

EVERY Word being considered as a Part of our Speech or Discourse, we reckon up eight Sorts of Words of a different Nature, which we call eight Parts of Speech. Their Names are, *Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection.*

Speech is Speaking or Discourse. By eight Parts of Speech are meant eight Sorts of Words which are used in Discourse. And though there are thousands of Words in the English Language, yet there are but eight Sorts; for

for every Word we use in speaking, is either a Noun or an Adjective, which is a Word that signifies the Quality or Manner of a Noun or Pronoun, or a Verb, or a Participle, or an Adverb, or a Conjunction, or a Preposition, or an Interjection.

The Parts of Speech are the same in English as in Latin; and in all other Languages as well as Latin: For that which is a Noun in English, is a Noun in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, &c. Languages.

Of a Noun.

A Noun is the Name of a Thing that may be perceived either by the Sense or Understanding, which conveying some certain Idea or Image to the Mind, they want not the Help of any other Word to make us understand them; and it is either Substantive or Adjective. So that whatever can be heard, seen, smelt, tasted, felt or understood, is a Noun. And a Noun Substantive is the Thing itself; as *a Man, a Boy, a Dog*. And the Adjective is a Word that expresses the Qualities or Properties of a Thing; as *rich, poor, wise, foolish, great, small, &c.* For if any one says, *I see a rich, I see a poor, I see a wise, I see a foolish*, in these Sayings there is no Sense, nor do I understand the Meaning of them; but it requires that a Substantive be added to each Adjective to make Sense; as *I see a rich Man, I see a poor Boy, I see a wise Dog, I see a foolish Woman*.

Of Numbers.

NUMBER is the Distinction of one for many. There are two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural: The singular Number is used when we speak of one single Thing; as, *a Boy, a Dog, a Tree*. The plural Number is used when we speak of more Things than one; as *Boys, Dogs, Trees*. The plural Number is commonly made by adding (*s*) to the singular; as, *Boy, Boys, Dog, Dogs, Tree, Trees*. But when the singular Number ends in *ch, sh, ss, or x*, then the Pronunciation requires that (*es*) be added to the singular; as *Church, Churches; Brush, Brushes; Witness, Witnesses; Box,*

Box, Boxes. But if the singular Number ends in *se*, *ze*, *ce*, or in *ge*, pronounced soft; then the (*s*) that is added cannot be heard in the Sound, except it makes another entire syllable; as *Horse* in the singular has but one Syllable, *Horses* in the Plural two; *Breeze* one, *Breez-es* two; *Face* one, *Fa-ces* two; *Age* one, *Ag-es* two. Words that end in (*f*) or (*fe*) do, for their better sounding, make their Plural by changing (*f*) and (*fe*) into (*ves*), as

Sing.		Plur.		Sing.		Plur.
<i>Calf</i>	} makes	<i>Calves</i>		<i>Self</i>	} makes	<i>Selves</i>
<i>Half</i>		<i>Halves</i>		<i>Thief</i>		<i>Thieves</i>
<i>Knife</i>		<i>Knives</i>		<i>Wife</i>		<i>Wives</i>
<i>Leaf</i>		<i>Leaves</i>		<i>Shelf</i>		<i>Shelves</i>
<i>Loaf</i>		<i>Loaves</i>		<i>Wolf</i>		<i>Wolves</i>
<i>Sheaf</i>		<i>Sheaves</i>				

Tho' not always; for these Words following, with several others, follow the general Rule of (*s*); as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*; *Dwarf*, *Dwarfs*; so likewise *Mischief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, make their plural by adding (*s*) and also Words ending in (*ff*) as *Muff*, *Ruff*, *Cuff*, *Snuff*, *Stuff*, *Puff*; but *Staff*, although it ends in (*ff*), makes *Staves* in the Plural. Some Words make their Plural by adding *en*, as *Child*, *Children*; *Brother*, *Brethren*, or *Brothers*; *Man*, *Men*; *Woman*, *Women*; *Ox*, *Oxen*; *Chicken* is not Plural, for we say *Chickens*, not *Chicks*; Singular *Chicken*. Some Words form their Plural no otherwise than by adding *s*, *es*, or *en* to the Singular, and are there irregular; as,

Sing.		Plur.		Sing.		Plur.
<i>Die</i>	} makes	<i>Dice</i>		<i>Penny</i>	} makes	<i>Pence</i>
<i>Moule</i>		<i>Mice</i>		<i>Tooth</i>		<i>Teeth</i>
<i>Louse</i>		<i>Lice</i>		<i>Foot</i>		<i>Feet</i>
<i>Goose</i>		<i>Geese</i>		<i>Sow</i>		<i>Swine</i>

And some Words are used alike in both Numbers, as *Deer*, *Hose*, *Sheep*, *Fern*, &c. And some Words have no Singular Number, as *Ashes*, *Bowels*, *Bellows*, *Breeches*, *Entrails*, *Lungs*, *Scissars*, *Snuffers*, *Shanks*, *Tongs*, *Wages*.
And

And many Words have no Plural Number, as the Names of Men and Women, Cities, Countries, Mountains, Rivers, &c. The Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns, except *Bean*, which make *Beans*; and *Pea*, *Peas*. The Names of most Herbs; and also the Words *Ale*, *Beer*, *Bread*, *Butter*, *Honey*, *Milk*, with many others, want the Plural Number. Note, that the Adjectives have no Difference of Numbers; for as we say *a good Man* in the Singular, so we say *good Men* in the Plural.

Of the Genitive Case.

THE English have but one Case, that is the Genitive, which ends in the Singular and Plural in (*s*) or (*es*) if the Pronunciation requires it; as *Virgil's Æneid*, or *the Æneid of Virgil*; *Milton's Poems*, or *the Poems of Milton*; *Buchanan's Psalms*; or *the Psalms of Buchanan*; *Man's Breath*, or *the Breath of Man*; *the Church's Peace*, or *the Peace of the Church*.

Of Gender.

THE English properly have no *Genders*; and as we have one great Advantage above all others, in being freed from the Troubles of Variety of Cases, by the Reason that the Nouns have no Diversity of Endings; so likewise our having no Difference of Genders is an Advantage full as great as the former: All Languages, both ancient and modern, admitting of Difference in Gender in their Nouns, except the English and Chinese Languages.

By Gender is meant the Distinction of Sex, or the Difference between Male and Female. We have four Ways of distinguishing two Genders of the Male and Female Sex. 1. When we would express the Difference of Sex, we do it (after the same Manner as we distinguish the Ages and other Accidents) by different Words.

So

So in Relation of Persons.

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>	<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Batchelor,	Maid, Virgin.	King,	Queen.
Boar,	Sow.	Lad,	Lass.
Boy,	Girl.	Lord,	Lady.
Bridegroom,	Bride.	Man,	Woman.
Brother,	Sister.	Master,	Dame.
Buck,	Doe.	Malter,	Spawner.
Bull,	Cow.	Nephew,	Niece.
Bullock,	Heifer.	Ram,	Ewe.
Cock,	Hen.	Sloven,	Slut.
Dog,	Bitch.	Son,	Daughter.
Drake,	Duck.	Stag,	Hind.
Drone,	Bee.	Uncle,	Aunt.
Father,	Mother.	Widower,	Widow.
Friar,	Nun.	Wizzard,	Witch.
Gander,	Goose.	Whoremonger,	Whore, or Strumpet.
Horse,	Mare.		
Husband,	Wife.		

2. But when there are not two different Words to express both Sexes, or when both Sexes are comprehended under one Word, then we add another Word to it to distinguish the Sex; as, *a Male Child, a Female Child, a He Goat* for the Male, *a She Goat* for the Female.

3. We sometimes add another Substantive to the Word to distinguish the Sex; as, *a Man Servant, a Maid Servant, a Cock Sparrow, a Hen Sparrow.*

4. There are likewise several Words which distinguish the Female from the Male Sex by ending in (*ess*); as

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>	<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Abbot,	Abbess.	Heir,	Heiress.
Actor,	Actress.	Hunter,	Huntress.
Adulterer,	Adulteress.	Jew,	Jewess.
Ambassador,	Ambassadress.	Lion,	Lioness.
Baron,	Baroness.	Marquis,	Marchioness.
Governor,	Governess.	Master,	Mistress.
			Patron,

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Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Patron,	Patronefs.	Prior,	Priorefs.
Count,	Countefs.	Poet,	Poetefs.
Deacon,	Deaconefs.	Prophet,	Prophetefs.
Duke,	Duchefs.	Shepherd,	Shepherdefs.
Elector,	Electrefs.	Tutor,	Tutrefs.
Emperor,	Emprefs.	Viscount,	Viscountefs.
Prince,	Princefs.		

There are two Words in (*ix*), *Administrator*, *Administratrix*; *Executor*, *Executrix*. Note, that the common and ordinary Words we use to exprefs the Difference of Sex by, are *He* and *She*. When we speak of the Male Sex, we use the Word *He*; and when we speak of the Female Sex, we use the Word *She*: But when we speak of a Thing that is neither of the Male nor Female Sex without Life, we use the Word *it*.

Of the Articles.

AN Article is a Word or Syllable set before a Substantive, for the more particular expreffing of it; as a *Book*, that is *some Book* or *other*; *the Man*, that is, *some certain Man* *spoken of before*. There are only two Articles in the English Language, (*a*) and (*the*) and these are really Adjectives, and are used almost in the same Manner as other Adjectives. (*a*) is wrote before a Word beginning with a Consonant; but when the Substantive begins with a Vowel, or (*h*); if the (*h*) be not sounded, then we write (*an*) instead of (*a*); as *an Afs*, *an Eye*, *an Hour*, *an Host*, *an Heir*; but *a Hare*, *a Hand*, &c. because the (*h*) is sounded. *A* is an Article of Number, and signifies as much as *one*, and is put for it; as, *a Man*; i. e. *one Man*; *an Hour*; i. e. *one Hour*: Or (*an*) denotes or signifies the applying a general Word to some one particular Person or Thing, in a large Sense, not telling what particular Person or Thing you mean; as *Idleness* is *a Shame*; *Diligence* is *a Praise*: And it is therefore set only before Words of the Singular Number. (*The*) is a demonstrative Article; because it shews what particular Person or Thing you mean in Speaking or Writing.

ing. (*The*) is wrote before the singular and plural Number; as *the Man, the Men, the Ass, the Asses*. Note, that the Articles are not wrote before the proper Names of Men, Women, Kingdoms, Cities, nor the particular Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Coins, Herbs, except for Distinction's Sake: as *he is a Seymour, or he is a Sydney*; i. e. *one whose Name is Seymour, or Sidney*. Proper Names of Ships, Rivers, &c. have frequently the Article (*the*) before them, when some Substantive is understood; as, *the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Terrible*; i. e. *the Ship called Terrible*. *He was drowned in the Thames, in the Rhine*; i. e. *in the River Thames, in the River Rhine*.

Of the Comparison of Adjectives.

COMPARISON is the altering the Signification of a Word into more or less Degrees, whereby we see that one thing is *bright*, another *brighter*, and a third is *brightest*. And only Adjectives are compared; they being only capable of having their significations encreased or diminished. There are three Degrees of Comparison; the Positive, the Comparative, and the Superlative. The Positive Degree is the Adjective itself simply, without any Likeness or Comparison, as *soft, hard, great*. The Comparative heightens or lessens the Positive in signification. The Superlative heightens or lessens the Quality to a very high or very low Degree. *Note*, The Positive, properly speaking, is no Degree of Comparison; for it doth not compare Things together; however it is accounted one, because the other two are founded upon, and formed from it. The Comparative Degree is formed of the Positive, by adding the Syllable (*er*), if it ends with a Consonant, or the Letter (*r*) only, if the Positive ends in (*e*); as *soft, softer, wise, wiser*: And it is likewise known by the Sign (*more*) before the Positive, as *softer, or more soft; wiser, or more wise*. The Superlative Degree is formed of the Positive, by adding the Syllable (*est*), if it ends with a Consonant, or the Letters (*st*), if the Positive end with an (*e*); as *brightest, wisest*. It is likewise known by the Signs *most, very, or exceeding*.

There

There are some Adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing Rules, and therefore irregular; as

Pos.	Com.	Super.	Pos.	Com.	Super.
good,	better,	best.	little,	} less or	} least.
bad or	} worst or	} worst.		} lesser,	
evil,	} worse,		much or	} more,	} most.
before,	former,	first.	many,		

Note, That some Adverbs are also compared; as *up*, *upper*, *uppermost*; *above*, *over*, *overmost*; *behind*, *hinder*, *hindermost*; *beneath*, *nether*, *nethermost*; *oft*, *oftner*, *oftnest*; &c. All Adjectives cannot be compared, because their Signification does not admit of Increase; as, *all*, *every*, *one*, *any*, *each*, *some*, &c. And it would not be good English to say, *more wiser*, and *most wisest*; for we ought to say, *wiser*, or *more wise*; *wisest* or *most wise*: For *more wiser* would signify as much as *more more wise*; and *most wisest*, as much as *most most wise*.

Fair, *fairer*, *fairest*, are the three Degrees of Comparison; *fair* is of the Positive Degree, because it signifies the Person to be simply so, without comparing him to any other Person: For if I say, *Ann is fair*, that does not gainsay but that Sarah may be as fair: *Fairer*, or *more fair*, are of the Comparative Degree; because when I make a Comparison between Ann and Sarah, I find that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is fairer, or more fair; that is, *exceeding Ann in Beauty*: *Fairest*, or *most fair*, are of the Superlative; because when I make a Comparison between Ann, Sarah and Mary, I perceive that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is fairer or more fair, and that Mary is fairest or most fair of either Ann or Sarah; that is, *Mary exceeds them both in the highest Degree of Beauty*.

Of the Derivation of the Parts of Speech.

ALL Words whatsoever are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is such as is not formed of any other; as, *Man*, *good*, *hope*, *kind*, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables, to the same: such as,

able;

able; agree,	agree-able.	ed; Love,	lov-ed.
al; Herb,	Herb-al.	en; hard,	harden.
ance; Perform,	Perform-ance	er; give,	Giv-er.
ary; Tribute,	tribu-tary.	ess; Count,	Count-ess.
ate; Fortune,	fortu-nate.	est; read,	read-est.
eth; hear,	hear-eth.	less; Blame,	blame-less.
ing; spend,	spend-ing.	ly; bold,	bold-ly.
ish; Fool,	fool-ish.	ness; cold,	Cold-ness.
ism; Atheist,	Athe-ism.	ous; Fame,	fam-ous.
ist; Art,	Art-ist.	ty; Craft,	craf-ty.
ize; civil,	civil-ize.		

A Compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as *Silver-smith*, *Wheel-wright*, &c. or of a simple Word, and a Preposition set before it; as, *dis-please*, *con-form*, *un-fit*, *ad-apt*, &c.

We have in the foregoing Chapters treated of the Kinds of Words, and have distributed them into certain Ranks and Classes, called Parts of Speech: Now come we to speak of their *Derivation*, *Ending*, *Change*, *Analogy*, or *Affinity*, or *Likeness* to one another.

Note 1. From any Substantive, or Adjective put for a Substantive (in the singular Number) is formed the Genitive Case by adding (*s*.)

Note 2. Substantives, and sometimes Adjectives, and also the other Parts of Speech, become Verbs, the Vowel being always sounded long, and the Consonant softened; as, from *House*, comes *to house*; from *Grass*, *to graze*; from *Brass*, *to braze*; from *Breath*, *to breathe*, &c. Verbs are derived from Adjectives, by adding (*en*), as from *red*, comes *red-den*; from *white*, *whiten*; from *fast*, *fasten*; from *black*, *blacken*, &c.

Note 3. That from Verbs are derived the active Participle, that ends always in *ing*, and the passive, that ends in *ed* or *en*; as *loving*, *loved*; *giving*, *given*; from which Verbs, by adding (*er*) to the present Tense, comes a Substantive signifying the Agent; as, from *love*, comes *Lover*; from *hear*, comes the Noun *Hearer*; from *play*, comes *Player*, &c. and these Sort of Nouns are called Verbal Nouns.

Note 4. By adding (*y*) to Substantives, are formed Adjectives of Plenty; as from *Wealth* comes the Adjective *wealthy*; from *Filth*, comes *filthy*; from *Louse*, comes *lousy*, &c. By adding the Termination *ful* to Substantives, are also formed Adjectives denoting Fulness; as, from *Joy*, comes *joyful*; *Fruit*, *fruitful*; *Health*, *healthful*; &c. So also by adding *some* to Substantives, are formed Adjectives signifying Fulness; as, *Burthen*, *burthensome*; *Whole*, *wholesome*, &c. So from Substantives come also Adjectives denoting Likeness, by adding the Ending *ly*; as, from *Earth*, comes *earthly*; *Man*, *manly*; *Heaven*, *heavenly*, &c.

Note 5. By adding the Termination *less* to Substantives, are formed Adjectives signifying Want; as *Care*, *careless*; *Wit*, *witless*; *Worth*, *worthless*, &c. Some Adjectives, which signify the Matter out of which any Thing is made, are formed by adding *en* to the Substantive; as *Earth*, *earthen*; *Brass*, *brazen*; *Gold*, *golden*; *Ash*, *ashen*; *Oak*, *oaken*, &c.

Of Words borrowed from the Latin and French.

WE have so very many Words derived from the Latin (and French) that almost all that are not Words of one Syllable, or that do not come from Words of one Syllable, are Latin. Noun Substantives, as well as Adjectives, do come from the Latin, by some small Mutation or Change; as,

<i>Nature,</i> <i>Grace,</i> <i>Honour,</i> <i>Vice,</i> <i>Scene,</i> <i>School,</i>	<i>from</i>	<i>Latin.</i> <i>Natura.</i> <i>Gratia.</i> <i>Honor.</i> <i>Vitium.</i> <i>Scena.</i> <i>Schola.</i>	<i>Infant,</i> <i>Ornament,</i> <i>Synod,</i> <i>ingenious,</i> <i>ingenuous,</i> <i>Scepter,</i>	<i>from</i>	<i>Latin.</i> <i>Infans.</i> <i>Ornamentum.</i> <i>Synodus.</i> <i>ingeniosus.</i> <i>ingenuus.</i> <i>Sceptrum.</i>
<i>English.</i>		<i>Latin.</i>			<i>French.</i>
<i>Charity</i>		<i>Charitas</i>			<i>Charité</i>
<i>Chastity</i>		<i>Chastitas</i>			<i>Chastité</i>
<i>Unity</i>		<i>Unitas</i>			<i>Unité</i>
<i>Sobriety</i>		<i>Sobrietas</i>			<i>Sobriété</i>
					<i>Security</i>

Security	Securitas	Securité
Humility	Humilitas	Humilité
Liberality	Liberalitas	Liberalité

English Words ending in (*nce*) or (*cy*) are derived from Latin Words ending in (*tia*); as,

Eng. and Fr.	Latin	Eng. and Fr.	Latin
Patience	Patientia	Impudence	Impudentia
Diligence	Diligentia	Imprudence	Imprudentia
Abundance	Abundantia	Clemency	Clementia
Temperance	Temperantia		

Though the French have derived their Language in general from the Latin, and we again from them, as is evident by the Analogy in the Spelling; yet we have brought into our Tongue many Nouns and Verbs that are purely French, and which are not derived from the Latin; as, *Garden, Garter, Buckler, to advance, to cry, to plead, &c.* which come from the French *Jardin, fartiere, Bôuclier, avancer, cryer, pleader, &c.*

Of English Words derived from the Greek.

OBERVE that generally all Words that have (*y*) in the Middle, or that have (*eu*) or (*ph*) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (*ch*) pronounced hard at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (*th*) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that end in *asm, ism, osm, cal, ic, or ick, is, gy, gm, gue, &c.* are derived from the Greek.

EXAMPLES.

Y, as *tyrannical, Physic, Phthisic, &c.*

Eu, as *Eucharist, Eunuch, Eulogy, Pleurisy, &c.*

Ph, as *Philosophy, Geography, Physiognomy, &c.*

Ch, as *Chronology, Anarchy, Characteristic, &c.*

Th, as *Theology, Mathematics, Ophthalmic, &c.*

Asm, as *Phantasm, Cataplasm, &c.*

Is, as *Syllogism, Catechism, &c.*

Osm, as *Microcosm, &c.*

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Cal, as *evangelical*, *Ecclesiastical*, &c.

Ic, as *Plastic*, &c.

Is, as *Ellipsis*, &c.

Gy, as *Etymology*, &c.

Gm, as *Apothegm*, &c.

Gue, as *Epilogue*, *Synagogue*, &c.

1. English Words ending in (*cal*) or (*ick*) now wrote (*ic*) are generally derived from Greek Words ending in (*kos*); as,

	Greek.		Greek.
Practical,	} praktikos.	Mathematical,	} mathema-
Practice,		Mathematic,	
Emetical,	} emetikos.	Epidemical,	} epedemi-
Emetic,		Epidemic,	
Emphatical,	} emphatikos.	Enthusiastical,	} enthusia-
Emphatic,		Enthusiastic,	
Mechanical,	} mecanikos.	Pathetical,	} Patheti-
Mechanic,		Pathetic,	

2. English Words ending in (*gy*) come from the Greek Words ending in (*gi*); as,

	Greek.		Greek.
Doxology,	Doxologia.	Apology,	Apologia.
Chronology,	Chronologia.	Etymology,	Etymologia.
Tautology,	Tautologia.	Genealogy,	Genealogia.

3. English Words ending in (*my*) are derived from Greek Words ending in (*mia*); as,

	Greek		Greek.
Phlebotomy,	Phlebotomia.	Euchymy,	Euchymia.
Monogamy,	Monogamia.	Physiogno-	Physiogno-
Metonymy,	Metonomia.	my.	mia.
Misogamy,	Misogamia.	Eunomy,	Eunomia.
Eurhythmy,	Eurhythmia.		

4. English Words ending in (*dy*) are formed from Greek Words ending in (*dia*); as,

Melody,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Melody,	Melodia.	Rhapsody,	Rhapsodia.
Profody,	Profodia.	Comedy,	Komodia
Pfalmody,	Pfalmodia.	Tragedy,	Tragodia.

5. English Words ending in (*phy*) come from the Greek Words ending in (*phia*) ; as,

Philosophy,	Philosophia.	Chirography,	Chirographia.
Geography,	Geographia.	Ichnography,	Ichnographia.
Cosmogra- phy,	Kosmogra- phia.	Chorogra- phy,	Chorogra- phia.
Orthogra- phy,	Orthogra- phia.	Atrophy,	Atrophia, &c.

6. English Words ending in (*ogue*, i. e. *og*) come from the Greek Words ending in (*ogos*) ; as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Epilogue,	Epilogos.	Demagogue,	Demagogos.
Catalogue,	Katylogos.	Pedagogue,	Paidagogos.
Prologue,	Prologos.	Apologue,	Apologos, &c.

7. Several English Words ending in (*ism*) are formed from Greek Words ending in (*ismos*) ; as,

Aphorism,	Aphorismos.	Paralogism,	Paralogysmos.
Paroxism,	Paroxismos.	Syllogism,	Syllogismos.
Anatocism,	Anatokismos.	Barbarism,	Barbarismos. &c.

8. English Words ending in (*is*) are taken generally without any Variation from the Greek ; as,

Metamorphosis,	Metaphrasis,	Metasyncrasis,
Emphasis,	Metaptosis,	Metathesis,
Diaphoresis,	Diaphryxis,	Metastasis,
Metempsychosis,	Diatyposis,	Antanaclasis, &c.

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Explanation of common Abbreviations or Contractions of Words.

Note, A Point, or Full Stop, is always to be written after a Word thus abbreviated.

Answ. <i>Answer</i>	Mrs. <i>Mistress</i>
A. D. <i>Anno Domini, or</i>	Mty. <i>Majesty</i>
<i>the Year of our Lord</i>	Obj. <i>Objection</i>
Acct. <i>for Account</i>	Qu. <i>Question</i>
Abt. <i>about</i>	Rev. <i>Reverend</i>
Ag. <i>against</i>	S. T. P. <i>Professor of, or</i>
B. A. <i>Batchelor of Arts</i>	<i>Doctor in Divinity</i>
Bp. <i>Bishop</i>	Sr. <i>Sir</i>
B. D. <i>Batchelor in Divi-</i>	St. <i>Saint</i>
<i>nity</i>	Sol. <i>Solution</i>
Bart. <i>Baronet</i>	ye. <i>the</i>
Chap. <i>Chapter</i>	yt. <i>that</i>
D. D. <i>Doctor in Divinity</i>	yo. <i>you</i>
Dr. <i>Doctor</i>	yn. <i>then</i>
Esq; <i>Esquire</i>	yr. <i>your</i>
i. e. <i>id est, that is</i>	ym. <i>them</i>
Empr. <i>Emperor</i>	& <i>and</i>
Honb. <i>Honourable</i>	Viz. <i>Videlicet, to wit, or</i>
Kt. <i>Knight</i>	<i>that is to say</i>
LL.D. <i>Doctor of Laws</i>	&c. <i>et cætera, and the</i>
M. D. <i>Doctor of Physic</i>	<i>rest (or what follows.)</i>
Mr. <i>Master</i>	


But one ought to avoid these Contractions of Words as much as possible, unless it be for one's own private Use, and where it would be ridiculous to write them in Letters at length; as, &c. for *and so forth*, or *the rest*, Mr. *Master*, Mrs. for *Mistress*, &c. It argues likewise a Disrespect and Slighting to use Contractions to your Betters, and is often puzzling to others, except in such Cases as above-mentioned.



THE INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING

Some General DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS,
And how to address Persons of Distinction in Writing or Discourse, &c.

 PISTOLARY Writing, by which a great Part of the Commerce of human Life is carried on, was esteemed by the Romans a liberal and polite Accomplishment; and Cicero, the Father of Eloquence and Master of Stile, speaks with great Pleasure in his Epistle to Atticus, of his Son's Genius in this Particular. Among them, it was undoubtedly a Part of their Education, and, in the Opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deserves a Share in ours, "The writing Letters (says this great Genius) enters so much into all the Occasions of Life, that no Gentleman can avoid shewing himself in Compositions of this Kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this Use of his Pen, which lays open his Breeding, his Sense, and his Abilities, to a severer Examination than any oral Discourse."

"It was a quaint Difference," says Mr. Howel, in one of his Epistles, "that the Ancients made betwixt a Letter and an Oration; the one should be attired like a Woman, and the other like a Man: The Oration is allowed large Side Robes, as long Periods, Parenthesis, Similies, Examples, and other Parts of rhetorical Flourishes; but a Letter should be short coated, and closely couched: In short, we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter which expresseth our Meaning the same as if we were discoursing with the Party to whom we write in succinct and easy Terms. The Tongue and Pen

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“ are both Interpreters of the Mind ; but the Pen the
 “ most faithful of the two, and as it has all the Ad-
 “ vantage of Premeditation, is not so apt to err, and
 “ leave Things behind on a more authentic as well as
 “ lasting Record.”

When you sit down to write a Letter, remember that this Sort of Writing should be like Conversation; observe this, and you will be no more at a Loss to write, than you will be to speak to the Person were he present; and this is Nature without Affectation, which, generally speaking, always pleases. As to Subjects, you are allowed in writing Letters the utmost Liberty; whatsoever has been done, or seen, or heard, or thought of, your own Observations on what you know, your Enquiries about what you do not know, the *Time*, the *Place*, the *Weather*, every Thing about you stands ready for a Subject; and the more Variety you intermix, so as not rudely thrown together, the better. Set Discourses require a Dignity or Formality of Stile, suitable to the Subject; whereas Letter-writing rejects all Pomp of Words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But though lofty Phrases are here improper, the Stile should not be low and mean; and to avoid it, let an easy Complaisance, an open Sincerity, and unaffected Good-nature appear in all you say, for a fine Letter does not consist in saying fine Things, but in expressing ordinary ones with Elegance and Propriety; so as to please while it informs, and charm even in giving Advice.

It should also wear an honest chearful Countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his Friend; and not like a Fop, admiring his own Dress, and seemingly pleased with nothing but himself.

Express your Meaning as freely as possible; long Periods may please the Ear, but they perplex the Understanding; a short Stile and plain, strikes the Mind, and fixes an Impression; a tedious one is seldom clearly understood, and never long remembered. But there is still something requisite beyond all this, towards the writing of a polite and agreeable Letter, and that is, an Air of good Breeding, and Humanity, which ought constantly to appear in every Expression,
 and

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and that will give a Beauty to the Whole. By this I would not be supposed to mean, overstrained or affected Compliments, or any Thing that Way tending, but an easy, genteel and obliging Manner of Address, in a Choice of Words that bear the most civil Meanings, with a thorough generous and good-natured Disposition.

But in familiar Letters of the common Concerns of Life, Elegance is not required, nor is it the Thing we ought to aim at; for when attempted, the Labour is often seen, and the End perverted by the very Means. Ease and Clearness are the only Beauties we need to study.

Never be in Pain about Familiarity in the Stile to those with whom you are acquainted; for that very Pain will make it awkward and stiff in Spite of all your Endeavours to the contrary.

Write freely, but not hastily; let your Words drop from your Pen, as they would from your Tongue when speaking deliberately on a Subject of which you are Master, and to a Person with whom you are intimate.

Accustom yourself to think justly, and you will not be at a Loss to write clearly; for while there is Confusion at the Fountain Head, the Book will never be clear.

Before you *begin* to write, think what you are *going* to write: However unnecessary this Caution may seem, I will venture to say, that ten appear ridiculous on Paper through Hurry and Want of Thought, for one that is so through Want of Understanding.

A Man that begins a Speech before he is determined what to say, will undoubtedly find himself bewildered before he gets to the End; not in Sentiment only, but in Grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a Sentence, have the whole of it in your Head, and make Use of the first Words that offer themselves to express your Meaning; for be assured, they are the most natural, and will, generally speaking, (I can't say always) best answer your Purpose; for to stand searching after Expressions, breaks in

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upon the natural Diction; and for a Word that perhaps is not a Jot more expressive, you make the whole Sentence stiff and awkward. But of all Things learn to be correct, and never omit a careful Perusal of what you have written, which, whoever neglects, must have many Inaccuracies; and these are not only a Reflection on the Writer, but a Rudeness to the Person to whom they are written. Never be ashamed of having found something amiss, which you confess that you did, by mending it; for in that Confession you cancel the Fault, and if you have not Time to transcribe it, let it pass; for a Blot is by no Means so bad as a Blunder; and by accustoming yourself to correct what is amiss, you will be less liable to future Mistakes.

So much for Letters in general; as for those in Trade in particular, I shall quote a reputable Author on the Subject, who, I think, has said every Thing that need be said upon it, and given Examples, whereby we can't err, if we don't excel, *viz.*

“As Plainness, and a free Way of Expression, is
“the Beauty and Excellence of Speech, so an easy
“concise Way of Writing is the best Stile for Trades-
“men. He that affects a rumbling bombast Stile,
“and fills his Letters with Compliments and Flou-
“rishes, makes a very ridiculous Figure in Trade;
“for instance of the following Letter, which a young
“Tradesmen in the Country writes up to a Whole-
“sale Dealer in London, on his first setting up.”

SIR, The Destinies having so appointed it, and my dark Stars concurring, that I, who by Nature was formed for better Things, should be put out to a Trade, and the Time of my Servitude being at length expired, I am now launched forth into the great Ocean of Business. I thought fit to acquaint you, that last Month I received my Fortune, which, by my Father's Will, had been due two Years past, at which Time I arrived to Man's Estate, and became major; whereupon I have taken a House in one of the principal Streets of this Town, where I am entered upon my Business, and hereby let you know that I shall have Occasion for the Goods hereafter mentioned, which you may send to me by the Carrier. This

This fine Flourish, which the young Shopkeeper dress'd up with much Application, and thought it well done, put his Correspondent in London into a Fit of Laughing; who instead of sending him directly the Goods he wrote for, sent down into the Country to enquire his Character.

The same Tradesman in London by the next Post, received the following Letter from another young Shopkeeper in the Country, on his beginning Business for himself.

*SIR, Being obliged, by my late Master's Decease, to enter immediately upon Business, and consequently open my Shop without going to Town to furnish myself with such Goods as at present I want, I have sent you a small Order, as under written. I hope you will use me well, and let the Goods be good of the Sort, tho' I cannot be in London to look them out myself. I have inclos'd a Bill of Exchange of 75*l.* on Mess. A ——— and B ———, and Company, payable to you or to your Order, at one and twenty Days Sight: Be pleas'd to g^o it accepted; and if the Goods amount to more than that Sum, I shall, when I have your Bill of Parcels, send you the Remainder. I repeat my Desire, that you will send me the Goods well sort'd and well chosen, and as cheap as possible, that I may be encouraged to a farther Correspondence.*

I am your humble Servant,
G. K.

This was writing like a Man that understood what he was doing, and such a Letter could not want its proper Effect upon such a Correspondent in London.

In short, a Tradesman's Letter should be plain and concise, and to the Purpose; no quaint Expressions, no Book Phrases, no Flourishes; and yet they must be full and sufficient to express what he means, so as not to be doubtful; much less unintelligible. I can by no Means approve of studied Abbreviations, and leaving out the needful Copulatives of Speech in trading Letters; they are affected to the last Degree: For, in a Word, 'tis affecting to be thought a Man of more than ordinary Sense, by writing extraordinary Nonsense; affecting.

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affecting to be a Man of Business, by giving Orders, and expressing your Meaning in Terms which a Man of Business may not think himself bound by.

When a Tradesman takes an Apprentice, the first Thing he does for him, after he lets him into the Compting House and his Books, and after trusting him with his more private Business, is, to let him write Letters to his Dealers, and correspond with his Friends; and this he does in his Master's Name, subscribing his Letter thus:

*I am,
For my Master, A. B. and Company,
Your humble Servant,
C. D.*

And beginning thus:

*SIR, I am ordered by my Master, A. B. to advise you,
that——*

Or thus:

*SIR, These are, by my Master's Order, to give you
Notice——*

Orders for Goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the Dealer may not mistake; especially if it be Orders from a Tradesman to a Manufacturer, to make or buy Goods, either of such a Quality or Pattern; in which, if the Goods are made to the Colours, and of a marketable Goodness, and within the Time limited, the Person ordering them cannot refuse to receive them, and to make himself Debtor to the Maker. On the contrary, if the Goods are not of a marketable Goodness, or not to the Patterns, or not sent within the Time, the Maker ought not to expect they should be received.

In regard to the Form and Superscription of Letters, especially of the politer Sort, it may be necessary to observe,

That when you write to a Person of Distinction, or Gentleman, let it be on gilt Paper, and without sealing the Letter itself, inclose it in a Cover, which you are to seal over it, and write the Superscription thereon.

Begin

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Begin your Letter about two Inches below the Top of your Paper, and leave about an Inch Margin on the Left Hand, and what Compliments, or Services, you send in the Letter, insert them rather in the Body or Conclusion of it than by Way of Postscript, as is too often done, but is neither so affectionate or polite, for it not only favours of Levity to your Friends, but has the Appearance of your having almost forgot them.

It is usual among the Polite to sign their Names at a considerable Distance below the Conclusion of the Letter, and thereby leave a large vacant Space over their Names, which though customary, I would by all Means advise you to avoid; because 'tis putting it in the Power of any one who has your Letter to write what he pleases over your Name, and to make you in all Appearance have signed a Writing that you would by no Means have set your Hand to.

In directing your Letters to Persons who are well known, it is best not to be too particular, because it is lessening the Person you direct to, by supposing him to be obscure, and not easily found.

Whenever you direct to Persons who are Honourable, either by Family or Office, it is more proper, as well as polite, to direct without the Title of Esq; than with it, for Instance,

To the Honourable Mr. Arundel, not to the Honourable Peter Arundel, Esq; which would be ridiculous.

SOME FARTHER DIRECTIONS and OBSERVATIONS ON EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE, And Subscribing and Directing LETTERS.

1. **W**HEN you are writing to your Superior, be not prolix, but let your Letter be as short as the Subject, or Occasion you write on, will permit; especially such, wherein Favours are requested: And be particularly careful in not omitting any Letter belonging to the Words you write, as *I've, can't, don't, shou'd,*

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shou'd, wou'd, &c. instead of *I have; cannot, do not, should, would, &c.* for such Contractions not only appear disrespectful, and too familiar; but discover (those almost inseparable Companions) Ignorance and Impudence. Neither be over pompous in your Stile, but convey your Thoughts with Ease and Perspicuity, that they may appear as from Nature, rather than a vain Conceit to shew your Learning; the *former* shews your *Humility*; the latter your *Pride*.

2. When you write to your Superiors, never make a Postscript: And (if possible) avoid it in Letters to your Equals; especially complimentary Postscripts to any of the Person's Family or Relations, to whom you write; as it shews Disrespect in your neglecting such Persons in the Body of your Letter: Wherefore it is best to keep up to Form if you write to the Antient, the Grave, or to the Proud: Such Persons being most commonly jealous of Disrespect, and expect to be treated with Deference.

3. When you write to your Inferiors, you are at Liberty to act as you think proper as to the last Caution; and take Care that you are not too familiar, or free in your Stile, lest it should make you contemptible; always having the Proverb in your Mind, *viz. too much Familiarity commonly breeds Contempt.*

4. If your Letter consists of several Paragraphs, begin every fresh or new one, at the same Distance from the Left Hand Margin of the Paper, as when you began the Subject of your Letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper Stops, otherwise no Person will be able to come at the *Sense* or *Meaning* of your Letter; which Neglect very often causes *Mistakes* and *Misunderstandings*: And be careful to put a Period or Full Stop at the End of every Paragraph, thus.

5. When the Subject of your Letter is finished, conclude it with the same Address as at first, as *Sir, Madam*; or, *May it please your Grace*; *Lordship, Ladyship, &c. &c.* and always subscribe your Name in a larger Hand than you wrote your Letter in.

6. Letters should be wrote on *Quarto* fine gilt Post Paper to Superiors; if to your Equals or Inferiors, you are at

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at your own Option to use what Sort or Size you please: But take Care never to seal your Letter with a Wafer, unless to the *latter*.

7. When your Letter is sealed, you must write the Supercription (if it be to your Superior or Equal) in the following Manner, *viz.* Write the Word *To* by itself, as nigh the Left Hand upper Angle, or Corner of your Letter, as is convenient: Then begin the Title, or Name of the Person, about an Inch lower, and almost in the Middle or Center of it, according to the Length of the Person's Name or Title; and write the Place of his Abode in a Line by itself at the Bottom, in a larger Character than the other Part, thus.

To
The Right Hon. the
Earl of PEMBROKE,
At WILTON-HOUSE,
W I L T S.

The Rank and Order of PRECEDENCE, according to the several Degrees of Honour in *Great Britain*, as settled by Act of Parliament.

THE Degrees of Honour observed in this Kingdom are pertinently distinguished under two Heads: First the Nobility or Peers, under the several Titles of

Dukes	Viscounts
Marquisses	Bishops and
Earls	Barons

The second Order consists of that of the Garter, (if not always otherwise dignified) *viz.*

Knights Banners	Knights Batchelors
Baronets	Esquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen

As to the Rank or Precedency of the first Order of Men among us, *viz.* *Peers*, they take Place according to the Creation or Date of their Patents, unless of the Blood Royal, then they precede all others of the same Degree, *viz.* The

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The *Sons, Grandsons, and Brothers* of King or Queen; the Great Officers of State do likewise break through this general Rule, and claim Precedency of the other Nobility, *viz.* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Archbishop of *York*, the Lord Treasurer, the *Ld. President*, and *Ld. Privy-Seal*.

Another Degree of Precedence is claimed by the Great Officers at Court, *viz.*

Ld. Chamberlain of <i>England</i>	Lord High Admiral
Ld. High Const. of <i>England</i>	Lord Steward
Earl Marshal	Lord Chamberlain of the Household.

These take Place of all others of the same Degree: So a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, precedes all other Barons; and if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided those Earls are not superior Officers of State. After which they follow in their several Orders, *viz.*

Dukes	Justices and Barons of the said Courts
Marquisses	Masters in Chancery
Dukes eldest Sons	Viscounts youngest Sons
Earls	Barons youngest Sons
Marquisses eldest Sons	Knights of the Garter, if not otherwise dignified
Dukes youngest Sons	Baronets
Viscounts	Knights of the Bath
Earls eldest Sons	Field and Flag Officers
Marquisses younger Sons	Knights Batchelors
Bishops	Colonels
Barons	Serjeants at Law
Viscounts eldest Sons	Doctors
Earls younger Sons	Esquires
Barons eldest Sons	Justices of the Peace
Privy Counsellors	Barristers at Law
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Lieutenant-Colonels
Chief Justice of the King's Bench	Majors
Master of the Rolls	Captains
Chief Justice of the Common Pleas	Gentlemen
Chief Baron of the Exchequer	Citizens
	Yeomen
	Burgesses

All

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All Ladies have Precedency according to the Dignity of their Husbands.

All Colonels are Honourable, and by the Law of Arms precede Knights: So do all Field Officers, Master of the Ordnance, and Quarter-Masters General, &c.

How to address Persons of Distinction either in Writing or Discourse.

HAVING frequently observed, that young Persons, for Want of proper Instructions, are liable to great Mistakes in the Stile and Title due to their Superiors, or to such as are of high Rank and Dignity, I shall in this Place give them suitable Directions of Address to all Persons of Distinction, the Chief of which being once known, the rest will soon be attained.

To the Royal Family.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or *May it please your Majesty*.

To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or, *May it please your Royal Highness*.

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family, altering the Addresses according to the different Ranks and Degrees of Dignity.

To the Nobility.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or *your Grace*.

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. A. Earl of B. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

The Ladies are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by Courtesy of England, the Title of *Lord* and *Right Honourable*: and the Title of *Lady* is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Honourable*, and all their Daughters *Honourable*.

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoner, except those who are Members of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord-Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the Parliament.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships*.

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses in Parliament assembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *May it please your Honours*.

To the Right Honourable H. C. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, *Sir*.

To the Clergy.

To the most Reverend Father in God W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or *your Grace*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God W. Lord Bishop of S. *My Lord*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God T. Lord Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord*.

To the Reverend A. B. D. D. Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Reverend Doctor*, *Mr. Dean*, *Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of other inferior Denominations, are stiled *Reverend*.

To the Officers of his Majesty's Household.

They are for most Part, address'd according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeable to the Nature of their Office; as, *My Lord Steward, My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain, &c.* and in all Superscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Stile or Office should never be omitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the Civil List.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Marshal of England, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or of the Treasury, or of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords, your Lordships.*

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt Duty, Navy, &c. must be stiled *Honourable*; and if any of them are Privy Counsellors, 'tis usual to stile them collectively, *Most Honourable, Sir, your Honour.*

To the Soldiers and Navy.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant-General, Major General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

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All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; all inferior Officers should have the Name of their Employment set first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the Navy all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers according to their Rank in the Army.

To the Ambassadors, Secretaries, and Consuls.

All Ambassadors have the Title of *Excellency* added to their Qualities; as have also all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Justices of *Ireland*.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Port*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his Excellency E. F. Esq; Ambassador to his most Christian Majesty, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of *Great-Britain*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To Seignior W. G. Secretary from the Republic of *Venice*, *Sir*.

To G. H. Esq; his Britannic Majesty's Consul at *Smyrna*, *Sir*.

To the Judges and Lawyers.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*; as for Instance,

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable P. V. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, your Honour*.

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, *Sir, or May it please you, Sir*.

To

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To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. *Sir*, or *May it please you, Sir*.

To Sir R. H. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, *Sir*.

All others in the Law, according to their Offices and Rank they bear; every Barrister having the Title of Esq; given him.

To the Lieutenants and Magistracy.

To the Right Honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of *Durham*, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of *London*, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, have the Title of *Esq*; and *Worshipful*, as have all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of *London* are stiled *Right Worshipful*, as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. *Esq*; High Sheriff of the County of *Y*. *Sir, your Worship*.

To the Right Worshipful F. F. *Esq*; Alderman of Tower Ward, *London, Sir, your Worship*.

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of *London, Sir, your Worship*.

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which consist of *Magistrates*, or have any such among them, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

To the Governors under the Crown.

To his Excellency G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland, My Lord, your Excellency*.

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of *Dover Castle*, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship*.

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant Governors.

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Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East India Company, &c. are stiled Deputy Governors.

To incorporate Bodies.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable; as,
To the Honourable Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants trading to the *East-Indies*, *Your Honours*.

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the *South-Sea* Company, *your Honours*.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Bank of *England*, *your Honours*.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

'Tis usual to call a Baronet and a Knight, *Honourable*, and their Wives *Ladies*.

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet at E. near F. *Sir, your Honour*.

To the Honourable W. H. Knight, at G. Surry, *Sir, your Honour*.

To T. Y. Esq; at *Wickham*, or to Mr. Y. ditto, *Sir*.

To Men of Trade and Professions.

To Doctor M. R. in *Bloomsbury-Square*, *London*, *Sir*, or *Doctor*.

To Mr. G. D. Merchant in *Tower-Street*, *London*, *Sir*.

But the Method of addressing Men of Trade and Business, is so common and so well known, that it does not require any further Examples.

Proper DIRECTIONS for addressing Persons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginnings of Letters, and the Supercriptions.

Beginnings of Letters.

To the KING. *Sire*; or *Sir*; or, *most gracious Sovereign*; or, *May it please your MAJESTY*. To

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To the QUEEN. *Madam; or, Most, &c.*

To the PRINCE OF WALES. *Sir; or, May it please your Royal Highness.*

To the PRINCESS OF WALES. *Madam; or, May it please your Royal Highness.*

To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. *Ditto.*

Note. All *Sovereigns* Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Sisters, are entitled to *Royal Highness.*

And to the rest of the Royal Family. *Highness.*

To a DUKE. *May it please your Grace.*

To a DUCHESS, *Ditto.*

To a MARQUIS, } *My Lord; or, May it please your Lordship.*

EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD, }

To a Marchioness; an Earl's } *May it please your*
Wife, Viscountess; or, a } *Ladyship.*

To the Archbishops. *May it please your Grace; or, My Lord.*

To the rest of the Bishops. *My Lord; or, May it please your Lordship.*

To the rest of the Clergy. *Reverend Sir.*

Note. All younger Sons of a *Marquis, Earl, Viscount,* and *Lords Sons,* are styled *Honourable;* and are *Esquires.*

To either of these. *Sir, Honoured Sir; or, May it please your Honour.*

Also the Title of *Lady* is given to the Daughters of *Marquisses, &c.* *Madam; or, May it please your Ladyship.*

To a Member of Parliament. *May it please your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, *My Lord; or, May it please your Lordship.*

Note. That *Generals, Admirals, and Colonels,* and all *Field-Officers* are *Honourable.*

All other Officers, either in the *Army or Navy,* have only the Title of the Commission they bear, set first on the Supercription of the Letters; and at the Beginning, *Sir, or, Honoured Sir; or, May it please your Honour.*

An Ambassador, *May it please your Excellency; or, Sir.*

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All *Privy Counsellors*, and *Judges* that are *Privy Counsellors*, are *Right Honourable*; and the whole *Privy Council*, taken together, are stiled *most Honourable*.

Baronets are *Honourable*.

Justices of the Peace and *Mayors* are stiled *Right Worshipful*.

Likewise *Sheriffs of Counties*, &c.

All *Governors* under his Majesty are stiled, *Excellency*.

Superscriptions of Letters:

To his most sacred MAJESTY; or, to the KING's most excellent MAJESTY.

To her most sacred MAJESTY; or, To the QUEEN's most excellent MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess, &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters.

To his or her Royal Highness.

To the rest of the Royal Family. Highness.

To his Grace the Duke of K——n.

To her Grace the Duchess of N——k.

To a Marquis,
Earl, Viscount, Lord,

To the Right Honourable
the Marquis of; Earl
of; Lord Viscount F—h,
The Lord H—w.

To a Marchioness. To the Right Honourable the Marchioness of, &c. An Earl, or Viscount's Wife, To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess of, &c. To a Lord's Wife. To the Right Honourable the Lady, &c.

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Lord. To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann F—h.

Note, The Wives of Lieutenant-Generals, Major-Generals, and Brigadier-Generals are Honourable.

Also the Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Ambassadors, &c. To the Right Honourable Mrs.—

To an Archbishop. To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

To the Bishops. To the Right Rev. Father in God John Lord Bishop of, &c.

Some

Some necessary Orthographical Directions for Writing correctly, and when to use capital Letters and when not.

1. *Direction.* **L** E T the first Word of every Book, Epistle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.

2. *Direction.* Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, &c. begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, &c.

3. *Direction.* 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous.

4. *Direction.* None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, must begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a Full Stop.

5. *Direction.* Qualities, Affirmations, or Participles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.

6. *Direction.* If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period.

7. *Direction.* Let not a Capital be written in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.

8. *Direction.* Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in Titles of Books for Ornament's Sake.

9. *Direction.* The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with a Capital.

10. *Direction.* The Letter *q* is never used without the Letter *u* next following.

11. *Direction.* The long *f* must never be inserted immediately after the short *s*, nor at the End of a Word.



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

Miscellaneous LETTERS on the most
useful and common Occasions.

LETTER I.

*From a Brother at Home, to his Sister Abroad on a Visit,
complaining of her not writing.*

Dear Sister,

I Must acquaint you how unkind 'tis taken by every Body here, that we so seldom hear from you; my Mother, in particular, is not a little displeased, and says, you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the same Opinion, and none but myself endeavours to find Excuses for you; but I beg you will give me that Trouble no more, and, for the future, take Care to deserve no Rebuke, which you may easily do by writing soon and often. You are very sensible how dear you are to us all, think then with yourself, whether it be right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction that Absence affords to real Friends, which is often to hear from one another.

Our best Respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and Compliments to all Friends,

From your very affectionate Brother,

T. C.

LET

LETTER II.

The Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

I'LL not set about finding Excuses, but own my Fault, and thank you for your kind Reproof; and in Return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the Receipt of your's, to beg my Mamma's Pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my Aunt's, on this my Promise of Amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little Omissions, and be assured, I am never so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my Duty designedly. I shall certainly write to Mamma by next Post; this is just going, which obliges me to conclude with my Duty to dear Mamma, and sincere Respects to all Friends,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

M. C.

LETTER III.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Pappa, written by a School-Fellow.

Dear Pappa,

ACCORDING to your Commands, when you left me at School, I hereby obey them; and not only inform you that I am well; but also, that I am happy in being placed under the Tuition of so good a Master, who is the best natured Man in the World; and, I am sure, was I inclinable to be an idle Boy, his Goodness to me would prompt me to be diligent at my Study, that I might please him: Besides, I see a great Difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent; idle Boys being punished as they deserve, and diligent Boys being encouraged: But you know, Pappa, that I always loved my Book; for you have often told me, if I intended ever to be a great Man, I must learn to be a good Scholar, lest, when I am grown up, I should be a Laughing-Stock or Make-Game to others, for my Ignorance: But I am resolved to be a Scholar.

D 2

Pray

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Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, and my Love to
my Sister.

I am, dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER IV.

Another on the same Subject.

Dear Pappa,

AS I know you will be glad to hear from your little Boy, I should be very naughty if I did not acquaint you that I am in good Health, and that I am very well pleased with my Master; for he is very kind to me, and tells me, that he will always love young Gentlemen that mind their Learning: Therefore, I am sure, he will still love me; because you know, Pappa, I always loved my Book: For you have told me, that Boys who do not mind their Learning, will never become Gentlemen, and will be laughed at for their Ignorance, though they have ever so much Money: And as I am sure you always speak Truth, and I would willingly be a Gentleman, like you, I am resolved to be a good Scholar, which, I know, will be a Pleasure to you and my Mamma, and gain me the Love of every Body.

Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, my Uncle, and my Aunt, and my Love to my Sister and Cousins.

I am, dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER V.

To a Friend against Waste of Time.

Dear Sir,

CONVERSE often with yourself, and neither lavish your Time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many of our Hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away; but of both these Losses, the most shameful is that which happens thro' our own Neglect. If we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable Part of our Life is spent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We don't seem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is; nor do we consider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. Reflect

Reflect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a strict Account of Time. Procrastination is the most dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Instant we breathe in, and all the rest is nothing; it is the only Good we possess; but then it is fleeting, and the first Comer robs us of it. Men are so weak, that they think they oblige by giving of Trifles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the most grateful Person in the World can never make amends. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

In Answer to a Friend.

S I R,

TO tell you in Answer to yours what I think of Prosperity, is, that I take it to be more dangerous to our Virtue than Adversity. It is apt to make us vain and insolent; regardless of others, and forgetful of God, ambitious in our Pursuits, and intemperate in our Enjoyments. Thus it proved to the wisest Man on Earth, I mean Solomon. But I much admire what you say of Silence, and wish I could practise that passive Virtue, which is the first Step of Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Virtue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind; betraying the Soul to a thousand Vanities. I hope you will in our next Meeting, find me greatly improved in what you so much recommended to me. I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER VII.

To a young Gentleman.

S I R,

IDare venture to affirm that Learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the Gentleman, and that a wise Man is as much superior to an ignorant Person, as a Man is above the Level of a Brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than to apply yourself seriously to the Cultivation of your Mind; to which Purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing yourself a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading, than any other Part of the Day; because the Mind is

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then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless I would not affect to read over a Multitude of Volumes, nor read with Greediness; I would rather chuse to read a little and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

From a young Lady, in Answer to a Letter she had received from her Mamma, advising her to persevere in the Christian Duties she had been instructed in.

Most honoured Madam,

I AM at a Loss for Words to express the Joy I felt at the Receipt of your Letter; wherein you are pleased to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear Mamma greater Pleasure, and Satisfaction, than the Account I have given her in the Conduct I observe in my Spiritual Affairs; and that I may still add to that Comfort (which shall ever be my Study) when an Opportunity offers itself, I presume to continue the Information.

When I have properly discharged my Duty to that Divine Being, to whom I am indebted for my Existence, I repair to my Toilet; but not with an Intent to cloath my Body (which I know must sooner or later fall into Corruption) with vain Attire, but with such as is decent and innocent; regarding fine Robes as the Badges of Pride and Vanity; keeping those Enemies, to our Sex in particular, at too great a Distance, ever to dare an Attempt upon my Mind.

When public Prayers and Breakfast are over, I apply my Thoughts to the Duties of the School; and divide the Time appointed for them as equal as possibly I can, between the several Branches of Education I am engaged in, both before and after Dinner.

When Schol is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady, who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourselves by reading. Books of Piety are our most common Choice: These warm our Wills, and enlighten our Understandings: They instruct us in the Cause of our Misconduct, and prescribe to us a Remedy: They neither
flatter

flatter a dignified Title, nor insult the Peasant who tills the Ground; but, like painted Bustos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

Having finished our Reading, either of Piety or History, which we prefer next, (especially such as relates to our own Country) and Supper and Prayers are over, I retire alone to my Room, to take an impartial View of the Actions of the Day. If my Conscience does not accuse me of having committed any Thing criminal, I give Glory to God; and with bended Knees, and an humble Heart, return him unfeigned Thanks for protecting me against those Temptations which the Enemy to Mankind is ready to allure us with: For, I am persuaded, it was not my Strength of Virtue that withstood the Temptations, but his assisting Grace that enabled me to overcome them; and if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sue for Pardon, and lay not my Body to rest, till I have procured Peace to my Soul.

If at any Time I am permitted to pay a Visit, (which Liberty your Indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly; for there are certain Times when Visits become rather troublesome than friendly: Wherefore I avoid it when much Company is expected; or when I am certain that Family Affairs will not admit of sufficient Leisure to receive them: The former on my Account, the latter on my Friends: That is, much Company assembled together, serves rather to confuse our Ideas, than enliven them. Wherefore, when I am so unfortunate to ill time a Visit, I withdraw as soon as Civility and Ceremony will permit me; for, in my weak Opinion, Madam, long Conversations grow dull, as few of our Sex are furnished with a sufficient Fund of Materials for long Discourses, unless it be to comment upon the Frailties of the Absent, and turn their Misfortune into a Subject for our most cruel Diversion.

This, Madam, is a Vice you have often cautioned me against, and I shall be particularly careful to avoid it; being both an unchristian and disingenuous Principle, to feast ourselves at another's Expence.

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This is all I have to offer at present; and am, with
great Humility, Most honoured Madam,
Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R IX.

From a young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a Favour.

Dear Mamma,

THE many Instances you have given me of your Affection, leave me no Room to believe that the Favour I presume to ask will be displeasing: Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear Mamma has too good an Opinion of my Conduct, to imagine I would ever advance any Thing that might give her the least Dissatisfaction.

The Holidays are nigh at Hand, when all of us young Ladies are to pay our several personal Respects and Duties to our Parents, except one; whose Friends (her Parents being dead) reside at too great a Distance for her to expect their Indulgence in sending for her: Besides, were they to do so, the Expence attending her Journey would be placed to her Account, and deducted out of the small Fortune left her by her Parents.

This young Lady's Affability, Sense, and Good-Nature, have gained her the Friendship and Esteem of the whole School; each of us contending to render her Retirement (as I may justly call it) from her native Home and Friends, as comfortable and agreeable as we possibly can.

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young Ladies, if you will give me Leave to engage her to spend the Holidays with me at Home! And I doubt not but her Address and Behaviour will attract your Esteem, among the rest of those she has already acquired.

Your Compliance to this Request, will greatly add to the Happiness I already enjoy from the repeated Indulgencies and Favours conferred on her, who will always persevere to merit the Continuance of them.

I am, with my Duty to Pappa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

From a young Gentleman to his Pappa, desiring that he may learn to dance.

Dear Pappa,

YOUR affectionate and paternal Behaviour convinces me, that you are absolutely resolved to spare no Cost in any Branch of Education that is essentially necessary in the Employment you purpose I shall hereafter follow: And though I am certain you intend that Dancing shall have a share in my Studies, nevertheless, permit me to put you in mind of it, and also to desire you will no longer, on Account of the Strength of my Limbs, (which I am sensible is the Motive that retards me from beginning) delay your Orders to my Master; for I am persuaded, from an Instance I am Witness of in our School of a young Master, who is much weaker in his Limbs than ever I was, that Dancing will rather strengthen than weaken my Joints.

It is not my Emulation for dancing a Minuet, that is the Motive that induces me to be thus pressing; for, I presume, there are other Things more necessary belonging to this Qualification than that; such as to walk well; to make a Bow; how to come properly into a Room, and to go out of it; how to salute a Friend or Acquaintance in the Street, whether a Superior, Equal, or Inferior; and several other Points of Behaviour, which are more essential than dancing a Minuet.

These Points of Behaviour I often blush to be ignorant of; and have several Times been the Ridicule of those young Chaps, who are advanced in the Knowledge of this Accomplishment: And as I am persuaded you would not chuse I should be a Make-Game to any of my School-Fellows, doubt not but you will send your immediate Orders, for my beginning; which Favour, added to the many others you have already conferred, will greatly oblige,

Dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

L E T T E R XI.

From a young Lady to her Pappa, who lately embarked for the East-Indies, in the Company's Service, but detained at Portsmouth by contrary Winds.

Dear Pappa,

I Flatter myself you are too well convinced of my steady Adherence to my Duty and Affection, ever to imagine I will omit the least Opportunity that offers, to pay you my most humble Duty.

I beg my dear Pappa may not be offended if I say, that it gives me a secret Satisfaction to hear you are still within the Reach of a Post Letter: And though I cannot have the Pleasure of a paternal Embrace, yet I rejoice in the Expectation of receiving the wished-for Account of your Health's Continuance; which to me, my dear Mamma, and Brother, is the greatest Blessing that Providence can possibly bestow upon us.

Oh! Sir, though short to some the Interval of Time since I received your Blessing, ere your Departure from us, to me it seems an Age! And when I reflect how many such I am doomed to bear in the Absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable! And if it were possible that Nature could subsist on Sleep alone, I could with Pleasure renounce every Amusement whatever, and make the silent Pillow my Retreat.

Oh! may the Divine Being be your Protector against the many Dangers of that boisterous Element you are obliged to traverse! May he direct such gentle and favourable Breezes that may conduct you to your destined Port! May he add to this a happy and successful Voyage! and to crown all my Wishes, grant you a speedy and safe Return.

I have nothing worthy Notice to advise you of, but that we are all (God be praised) in the same good Health you left us, and are in great Expectation of the same comfortable Account in your Answer to this, from

Dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T-

L E T T E R XII.

From a young Woman just gone to Service, to her Mother at Home.

Dear Mother,

'TIS a Fortnight, this very Day, that I have been at Mr. Johnson's; and I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of our Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every Thing looked so strange about me: And when John got upon his Horse and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the Window, and looked after him, till he turned into the London Road, for (you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the farther Side of it) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some Relief. Many a Time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my Tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest Mother, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the kind Advice you were so good as to give me at parting; and I think it over often and often: But yet, methinks, it would be better if I had it in Writing; that would be what I would value above all Things: But I am afraid to ask for what would give you so much Trouble. So, with my Duty to you and my Father, and kind Love to all Friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XIII.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

I AM very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time. I have had my share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every Thing. You must consider, that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family

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Family will love and esteem you. You will get new Friends there ; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no Love here ; for we all talk of you every Evening ; and every Body speaks of you as fondly or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time, keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place ; and be always ready to assist your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them : And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any Body living, for I know you never used to do it : But if you hear a bad Story of any Body, try to soften it all you can ; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them ; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions : That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily. I might have said hourly : And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any Thing of your Health in your last ; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Cooper's young Man, who said he called upon you in his Way from London, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird.—You know James's Way of talking.—However, I was glad to hear you was well, and desire you will not forget to mention your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you my dear Child ! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIV.

The Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother,

THO' we begin to have such cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bed-Fellows; and she, and Robin, and Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarcely say which is the kindest. My Master is sixty-five Years of Age next April; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy smiling Countenance; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the Chambers, or in the Passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on more pleasantly. My Mistress is as thin as my Master is plump: Not much short of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be borne; for I have never heard my Master say a single Word of any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Business, with which he purchased this Estate here, and another in Suffex, some Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good House in London, as well as this here; but my Master and Mistress both love the Country best, and so they sometimes stay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer constantly; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you: And I have heard so much of the Wickedness of London, that I don't at all desire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that Betty (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to say the Truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promised to one another. Our Coachman, Thomas, seems to be a very good, worthy Man: You may see by his Eyes that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for

for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own it it, and rents another. Robin, the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I am sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such Fellow-Servants, and such a Master, I think it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in Spirits; only my Heart will heave a little still every Time I look towards the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there! and make a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother.

L E T T E R X V .

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

THE next Piece of Advice that I gave you, was, "To think often how much a Life of Virtue is to be preferred to a Life of Pleasure; and how much better, and more lasting, a good Name is, than Beauty."

If we call Things by their right Names, there is nothing that deserves the Name of Pleasure so truly as Virtue: But one must talk as People are used to talk; and, I think, by a Life of Pleasure, they generally mean a Life of Gaiety.

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in the very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life: They spend the greatest Part of the Night in Balls and Assemblies, and fling away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep. Their Life is too much opposed to Nature to be capable of Happiness: 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either;)

ther;) a perpetual seeking after what they call Diversions; and Insipidity, and Want of Taste, when they are engaged in them, and a certain Languishing and Restlessness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant Endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Constitution, make it worse by their absurd Way of Life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous, than the seeing their wrinkled fallow Faces all set off with Diamonds. Poor mistaken Gentlewomen! they should endeavour to avoid Peoples Eyes as much as possible, and not to attract them; for they are really quite a deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a standing Lesson against the strange Lives they lead.

People in a lower Life, 'tis true, do not act so ridiculously as those in a higher, but even among them too there's vast Difference between the People that live well and the People that live ill: The former are more healthy, in better Spirits, fitter for Business, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more uneasy, more contemptible, and more diseased.

In Truth, either in high or low Life, Virtue is only another Name for Happiness, and Debauchery is the High-Road to Misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that Moderation is always good for us, and Excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be followed and admired,—to have Presents offered from all Sides to one,—to be invited to all Diversions, and to be distinguished by the Men from all the rest of the Company?—Yes, my dear Child, all this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Presents, and if this Distinction of you was to last always: But the Mischief of it is, that these Things cannot be enjoyed without encreasing your Vanity every Time you enjoyed them, and swelling up a Passion in you, that must soon be baulked and disappointed. How long is this Beauty to last? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five-and-twenty; and how would you bear it, after having
been

been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some Time, to sink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very Persons who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you.

Do you remember the Gentleman that was with us last Autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty Flower one Day, on his coming out of the Garden. I don't know whether you understood him or not; but I could read it in his Looks, that he meant it for a Lesson to you. 'Tis true, the Flower was quite a pretty one; but though you put it in Water, you know it faded, and grew disagreeable in four or five Days; and had it not been cropped, but suffered to grow on in the Garden, it would have done the same in nine or ten. Now a Year is to a Beauty, what a Day was to that Flower; and who would value themselves much on the Possession of a Thing, which they were sure to lose in so short a Time.

Nine or ten Years, is what one may call the natural Term of Life for Beauty in a young Woman: But by Accidents, or Misbehaviour, it may die long before its Time. The greater Part of what People call Beauty in your Face, for Instance, is owing to that Air of Innocence and Modesty, that is in it; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base Man, all *that* would soon vanish, and Assurance and Ugliness would come in the Room of it.

And if other bad Consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more Sorts than one) you would lose your Bloom too, and then all's gone! But keep your Reputation as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a Beauty which shall last to the End of your Days; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by Time: That will secure your Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as a Blessing, and remember they come from the Heart of a tender and affectionate Mother.

E. C.

LET-

L E T T E R X V I .

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

Honoured Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for all your Favours; all I have to hope is, that the Progress I make in my Learning will be no disagreeable Return for the same. Gratitude, Duty, and a View of future Advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour for my own Improvement and your Satisfaction, and to shew myself, upon all Occasions,

Your most obedient and ever dutiful Son,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

L E T T E R X V I I .

A Letter of Excuse to a Father or Mother.

Honoured Sir, or Madam,

I AM inform'd, and it gives me great Concern, that you have heard an ill Report of me, which, I suppose, was rais'd by some of my School-Fellows; who either envy my Esteem, or by aggravating my Faults, would endeavour to lessen their own; though, I must own, I have been a little too remiss in my School-Business, and am now sensible I have lost in some Measure my Time and Credit thereby; but by my future Diligence, I hope to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a strict Regard to all your Commands, which I am bound to, as well in Gratitude as Duty; and hope I shall ever have Leave, and with great Truth, to subscribe myself,

Your most dutiful Son,

PHILIP COLLINS.

L E T T E R X V I I I .

To Mr. ———.

Tunbridge.

I Think I promised you a Letter from this Place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got safe hither. To any other Man I should make
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an Apology for troubling you with any Information so trivial; but among true Friends, there is nothing indifferent, and what would seem of no Consequence to others, has, in Intercourses of this Nature, its Weight and Value. A By-stander, unacquainted with Play, may fancy, perhaps, that the Counters are of no more worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the Game, know they are to be considered at a higher Rate. You see I draw my Allusions from the Scene before me: A Propriety which the Critics, I think, upon some Occasions recommend. I have often wondered what odd Whim could first induce the Healthy to follow the Sick into Places of this Sort, and lay the Scene of their Diversions amidst the most wretched Part of our Species: One should imagine an Hospital the last Spot in the World to which those in Pursuit of Pleasure would think of resorting. However, so it is; and by this Means the Company here furnish out a Tragi-Comedy of the most singular Kind. While some are literally dying, others are expiring in Metaphor; and in one Scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical Pains of Mankind. An ignorant Spectator might be apt to suspect that each Party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite Character; for the Infirm cannot labour more earnestly to recover the Strength they have lost, than the Robust to destroy that which they possess. Thus the Diseased pass not more anxious Nights in their Beds, than the Healthy at the Hazard-Tables; and I frequently see a Game at Quadrille occasion as severe a Disquietude as a Fit of the Gout. As for myself, I perform a Sort of middle Part in this motly Drama, and am sometimes disposed to join with the Invalids in envying the Healthy, and sometimes have Spirits enough to mix with the Gay in pitying the Splenetic.

The Truth is, I have found some Benefit by the Waters; but I shall not be so sanguine as to pronounce with Certainty of their Effects, till I see how they enable me to pass thro' the approaching Winter. That Season, you know, is the Time of Trial with me; and if I get over the next with more Ease than the last, I shall

shall think myself obliged to celebrate the Nymph of these Springs in grateful Sonnets.

But let Time and Seasons operate as they may, there is one Part of me, over which they will have no Power; and in all the Changes of this uncertain Constitution, my Heart will ever continue fixed and firmly your's.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

From a young Apprentice to his Father, to let him know how he likes his Place, and goes on.

Honoured Sir,

I Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you, and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happy in my Business; and my Master seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a Manner, that I have great Delight in it; and hope I shall answer in Time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is such good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as myself, knows his Duty, and does it with Pleasure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity is observed in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest, worthy Man; every Body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful, sweet-tempered Woman, and rather heals Breaches than widens them. And the Children, after such Examples, behave to us all likes one's own Brothers and Sisters. Who can but love such a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistress: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be as happy as they are, and as you, Sir, and my dear Mother have always been. If any Thing can make me happier than I am, or continue to me my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of your's, and my good Mother's Prayers, for,

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful Son.

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LETTER XX.

From a Daughter to a Mother, by Way of Excuse for having neglected to write to her.

Honoured Madam,

THOUGH the agreeable News of your Health and Welfare, which was brought me last Night by the Hands of my Uncle's Man Robin, gives me an inexpressible Pleasure; yet I am very much concerned that my too long Silence should have given you so much Uneasiness as I understand it has. I can assure you, Madam, that my Neglect in that Particular was no Ways owing to any Want of filial Duty or Respect, but to a Hurry of Business (if I may be allowed to call it so) occasioned by the Honour of a Visit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty Niece Miss Charlotte, who are exceeding good Company, and whom our Family are proud of entertaining in the most elegant Manner. I am not insensible, however, that neither this Plea, nor any real Business of what Importance soever, can justly acquit me for not writing oftener to a Parent so tender and indulgent as yourself: But as the Case now stands, I know no other Way of making Atonement, than by a sincere Promise of a more strict Observance of my Duty for the future. If, therefore, Madam, you will favour me so far as to forgive this first Transgression of the Kind, you may depend on my Word, it shall never be repeated by,

Honoured Madam, Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXI.

From Robin Redbreast in the Garden, to Master BILLY CARELESS abroad at School.

Dear Master Billy,

AS I was looking into your Pappa's Library Window, last Wednesday, I saw a Letter lie open, signed *William Careless*, which led my Curiosity to read it; but was sorry to find there was not that Duty and Respect in it, which every good Boy should shew to his Pappa; and this I was the more surpris'd at, when I found 'twas to ask a Favour of him. Give me Leave, there-

therefore, dear *Billy*, to acquaint you, that no one should ever write to his Pappa or Mamma, without beginning his Letter with *Honoured Sir*, or *Honoured Madam*, and at the same Time, not forget to observe, thro' his whole Epistle, the most perfect Obedience, in a very obliging, respectful Manner. By these Means, you may not only increase your Pappa's Affection, but obtain almost any Thing from him, that you can reasonably ask, provided it be proper, and in his Power to grant: What can any good Boy desire more? But here you must permit me, dear *Billy*, to whistle an unpleasing but very useful Song in your Ear; which is, "That you will never get so much as an Answer to any Letter that is not also wrote *handsome, fair, and large*; which, as I know you are very capable of, am surprised you will ever neglect it." And this you may depend on, for I know your Pappa extremely well, having frequently set for Hours at his Study Window, hearing him deliver his Sentiments to your Sisters, and advising them in the most good-natured affectionate Manner, always to behave obedient to their Parents, and pretty and agreeable to every Body else, as well Abroad as at Home; and I must say it, his Advice and Commands, together with your Mamma's Care and Instruction, have had so charming an Effect, that they are beloved and admired wherever they go; and at Home every Servant is extremely fond of them, and always ready to oblige and please them in every Thing, which I see daily, when I hop down into the Court to breakfast on the Crumbs from the Kitchen. How easy then it is for you, my dear *Billy*, who are so much older and wiser than your Sisters, to behave and write in the most dutiful and engaging Manner. And further let me advise you, never to lose Sight of the Love and Esteem of your Mamma, to whom you are all particularly obliged, for her constant Care to supply your continual Wants, which your Pappa, you are sensible, has not Leisure even to think of; besides, her good Sense and amiable Conduct, have so gained the Ascendant of your Pappa, that he does nothing relating to any of you without her Consent and Approbation; so that in gaining her Esteem, you are almost certain of his:

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his: But this you are very sensible of already, and I only just chirp it in your Ear, to remind you of good Conduct, as well as filial Duty.

But the Morning draws on, and my Fellow Songsters are abroad to whistle in the Day; so I must take my Leave on the Wing, and for the present bid you farewell; but beg I may never have Occasion again to write to you an unpleasing Letter of Rebuke; and that you will always remember, however distant you are, or however secret you may think yourself from your Friends and Relations, you will never be able to conceal your Faults; for some of our prying tattling Tribe will be continually carrying them Home, to be whistled in a melancholy Strain in the Ears of your Pappa, much to your Shame and Discredit, as well as his Dislike, and my great Concern, who am, dearest *Billy*, your ever watchful and most affectionate Friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

From my Hole in the Wall, at
Sun-rising, the 1st of June, 1775.

P. S. However neglectful you may be of your Duty, I know you have too much good Sense, as well as Good-Nature, to take any Thing amiss that I have said in this Letter, which was wrote with the Freedom and Concern of a Friend, and to which I was prompted both by Love and Gratitude, in Return for the Plenty of Crumbs I have received at your Hands, and the kind Protection you have always shewn me, both in the Court and in the Garden, from some of your idle Companions, who with Sticks and Stones, have often in your Absence, aimed at my Life.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LETTER XXII.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sister,

EVER since you went to London, your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. Friendly, and myself, have thought our rural Amusements dull and insipid, notwithstanding we have the Players in Town, and an Assembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember

member, you passed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but instead of that, it is now almost a Quarter of a Year. How can you serve us so? In short, if you keep us in Suspence much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Request, will highly oblige, not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Sister.

L E T T E R XXIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sister,

I Received your Summons, and can assure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourself, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have met with, and all the Diversions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you, within the Time proposed. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for that Uneasiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavour to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month at least, if not longer. I would advise you therefore to save an unnecessary Expence, as well as Fatigue, and rest contented where you are, till you see,

Your ever loving,

And affectionate Sister.

L E T -

LETTER XXIV.

From Lady Goodford to her Daughter, a Girl of fourteen Years old, then under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country.

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no Precepts under my Mother's Care to instruct you in all moral and religious Duties, yet there are some Things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I could wish you to do:—— I am certain you will be kept up to your Music, Singing, and Dancing by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifery is a most commendable Quality.——I would have you, indeed, neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at least, every Day to Reading.——My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in being, and as you are tolerably well acquainted with the French and Italian, would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul; and well-wrote Novels are an Amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself: But History is what I would chiefly recommend;——without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler.——I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you sit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you slightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiosity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Research will afford you little Advantage.——You must, therefore, consider what you read;——mark well the Chain of Accidents which bring

bring on any great Catastrophe; and this will shew you that nothing happens by Chance, but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power:—In distinguishing the true Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, and those strange Revolutions that have happened in most Kingdoms of the World, you will admire divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the Good dethroned, all Rights both human and divine sacrilegiously trampled upon, a Mock Authority established in the Place of a real one, and lawless Usurpation prosper; because at the same Time you will see that this does not happen till a People grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppression; and though innocent Individuals may suffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a just Sense of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways:—This the Historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this, the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I should be glad to see you have some Smattering in Natural Philosophy: For which Purpose let me recommend to your Perusal a Work intitled, *Speſtacle de la Nature, or Nature delineated, from the French of Abbe Le Pluche*; being very entertaining Philosophical Conversations, wherein the wonderful Works of Providence, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral Creation, are laid open, in four Pocket Volumes; in which are interspersed, a great Variety of useful and explanatory Cuts.—Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite

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Matter for a delightful Speculation; and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the Great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure.

I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries on new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work:—This may inform you that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in.—I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am
Your affectionate Mother, SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XXV.

To a young Lady, cautioning her against keeping Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Niece,

THE sincere Love and Affection which I now have for your indulgent Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long since deceased, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happiness and Welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town-rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. Freelove. You have been seen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-boxes at both Theatres; in St. James's Park on Sunday Night, and afterwards at a certain Tavern, not a Mile from thence, which is a House (as I have been credibly informed) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at Ranelagh Assembly, Vauxhall Gardens, and what is still more flagrant, at Cuper's Fireworks. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudiced or speak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you your Familiarity with him gives me no small Concern, as his Character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertain

tained too favourable an Opinion of his Honour. 'Tis possible as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Income, as 'tis reported, of 200l. a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Address an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be questioned, however, whether his Intentions are sincere; for notwithstanding all the fair Promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered that he is privately engaged to a rich, old doating Lady not far from Hackney. Besides, admitting it to be true, that he is really entitled to the Annuity abovementioned; yet 'tis too well known, that he's deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income, and has very little, if any, Regard for his Reputation. In short, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boasting of Favours from our weak Sex, whose Fondness and Frailty are the constant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicule.

All Things therefore duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his Company as you would a mad Man; for notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good Name may be irreparably lost by such open Acts of Imprudence. As I have no other Motive but an unaffected Zeal for your Interest and Welfare, I flatter myself you will put a favourable Construction on the Liberty here taken by

Your sincere Friend and affectionate Aunt.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Letter of Thanks, &c.

S I R,

I Received the Favour of your's, with a very kind Present; and know not indeed at this Time, any other Way to shew my Gratitude than by my hearty Thanks for the same. Every Thing you do carries a Charm with it, your Manner of doing it is as agreeable as the Thing done. In short, Sir, my Heart is full, and would overflow with Gratitude, did I not stop and subscribe myself,

Your most obliged, and

Obedient humble Servant,

JOHN WADMAN.

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L E T.

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L E T T E R XXVII.

From an Apprentice to his Friends.

Honoured Father and Mother,

BY these I let you know, that by your good Care and Conduct I am well settled, and pleased with my Station, and think it is my Duty to return you my hearty Thanks, and grateful Acknowledgment of your Love and tender Care of me: I will endeavour to go through my Business chearfully: and having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the End, that I may be a Comfort to you hereafter, and in some Measure make a Return for your Love and Kindness to me, who am,

Your most dutiful and obedient Son and Servant,
CHARLES SEDLEY.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From an elder Brother to a younger.

Dear Brother,

AS you are now gone from Home, and are arrived at Years of some Discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in mind, that your childish Affairs ought now to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place; whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for 'twill be an Ornament in Youth, and a Comfort in old Age.

You have too much Good-Nature to be offended at my Advice, especially when I assure you that I as sincerely wish your Happiness and Advancement in Life as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remembered to you: Pray write as often as Opportunity and Leisure will permit; and be assured a Letter from you will always give great Pleasure to all your Friends here, but to none more than

Your most affectionate Brother
And sincere humble Servant,

EDWARD STANLEY.
L E T-

LETTER XXIX.

A Letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a Letter of Rebuke.

Honoured Sir,

I Received your kind Advice, and by the Contents of your Letter perceive I have been represented to you as one of immoral Principles. I dare not write you any Excuse for the Follies and Frailties of Youth, because in some Measure I own I have been guilty of them, but not to that Degree which you have had them represented; however your Rebuke is not unseasonable, and it shall have the desired Effect, as well to frustrate the Designs of my Enemies, (who aim to prejudice you against me) as to please you, and obey all your Commands and Advice; which I now sincerely thank you for giving me, and promise, for the future, I will make it my Study to reform, and regain, by adhering strictly to your Instructions, the good Opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me. I beg my Duty to my Aunt, and am,

Your most obliged and ever dutiful Nephew,
HENRY MONTAGU.

LETTER XXX.

A Letter from a Niece to her Aunt.

Madam,

THE Trouble I have already given you, really concerns me when I think of it, and yet I can't help intruding again upon your Goodness, for Necessity, that Mother of Invention, forces us to act contrary to our Inclinations; therefore, pray, dear Madam, excuse me if I once more intreat your Assistance in this Affair, in any Manner that you shall think proper; and I hope at least one Time in my Life to be able to convince you that I have a thorough Sense of the many Obligations your Goodness has conferred upon

Your most dutiful and truly obliged Niece,

And very humble Servant,

JANE PEMBERTON.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Letter from a Youth at School to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

YOUR kind Letter of the 24th Inst. I received in due Time, and soon after the Things you therein mentioned, by the Carrier, for which I return you my sincere Thanks. They came very opportunely for my Occasions. I hope soon to improve myself at School, though I own it seems a little hard and irksome to me as yet, but my Master gives me great Encouragement, and assures me I shall soon get the better of the little Difficulties that almost every Boy meets with at first, and then it will be a perfect Pleasure instead of a Task, and altogether as pleasant and easy as it is now disagreeable and hard.

My humble Duty to yourselves; and I beg the Favour of you to give my kind Love to my Brothers and Sisters, and remember me to all Friends and Acquaintance; and you'll oblige

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son,

CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Letter from an Apprentice in Town to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE Bearer, Henry Jones, came to see me last Night, and told me he should set out for Home the next Morning. I was not willing to let slip the Opportunity of sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am very well, and like both my Master and Mistress, and by what I can see of it, the Business extremely well, and do intend (please God) to use my utmost Endeavours to make myself Master of every Thing that belongs to it, in which I shall have treble Satisfaction; first, in pleasing my Master, secondly in pleasing my Friends, and thirdly in benefiting myself. I have but little Leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but will take every Opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great Gratitude,

Your ever dutiful and most obedient Son,

T. R.
L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From an elder Brother in the Country to his younger Brother put Apprentice in London.

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new Situation into which the Care of your Friends has put you; but I would have you pleased not with the Novelty of it, but with the real Advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less Restraint than you were, for a Master neither has Occasion nor Inclination to watch a Youth, so much as his Parents: But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish satisfaction, may, in the End, betray you into Mischief; nay, to your Ruin. Though your Father is not in Sight, dear Brother, act always as if you were in his Presence; and be assured, that what would not offend him, will never displease any Body.

You have more Sense, I have often told you so, than most Persons at your Time. Now is the Opportunity to make a good Use of it; and take this for certain, every right Step you enter upon now, will be a Comfort to you for your Life. I would have your Reason, as well as your Fancy, pleased with your new Situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, Brother, that the State of Life that charms you so at this Time, will bring you to Independence and Affluence; that you will, by behaving as you ought now, become Master of a House and Family, and have every Thing about you at your own Command, and have Apprentices as well as Servants to wait upon you. The Master, with whom you are placed, was some Years ago in your Situation; and what should hinder you from being hereafter in his? All that is required is Patience and Industry; and these, Brother, are very cheap Articles, with which to purchase so comfortable a Condition.

Your Master, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withal: In that he was worse than you; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome Manner. So you have sufficient Inducements to be good, and a Reward always follows it. Brother, farewell! Obey your Master, and be civil to

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all Persons ; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most that you will meet with, is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault, confess it at once ; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself. Go to Church constantly ; and write to us often. I think I need not say more to so good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue so.

I am your affectionate Brother.

LETTER XXXIV.

A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Assurance 'twas not out of Disrespect.

THERE are Times, Madam, in which it is failing in Care, not to write to one's Friends ; there are others in which it is Prudence. Methinks it better becomes an unhappy Man to be silent than to speak ; for he tires if he speaks of his Misery, or he is ridiculous if he attempts to be diverting. I have not done myself the Honour of writing to you since my Departure, to avoid one or other of these Inconveniencies. I have too much Respect for you, Madam, to importune you with my Grievs ; and I am not Fool enough to have a Mind to laugh. I know very well that there may be a Mean between these two Extremes ; but after all, the Correspondence of the unhappy are seldom pleasing to those who are in Prosperity. And yet, Madam, there are Duties with which one ought not to dispense ; and it is to acquit myself of them, that I now assure you that no one can be with more Esteem and Respect than I am, Your faithful and affectionate Servant,

I. B.

LETTER XXXV.

A Letter from a Servant, in London, to his Master in the Country.

S I R,

AS I find you are detained longer in the Country than you expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at Home ; and to assure you

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you that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your Return as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful Servant,
SAM. TRUSTY.

LETTER XXXVI.

From a Father to his Son, just beginning the World.

Dear Billy,

AS you are now beginning Life, as it were, and will probably have considerable Dealings in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate Acquaintance one or two, whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary; for by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal Effects you may hereafter experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a Judgment of those who are fit to be your Advisers by the Conduct they have observed in their *own Affairs*, and the *Reputation* they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a Landmark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

Old Age is generally slow and heavy, Youth headstrong and precipitate; but there are old Men who are full of Vivacity, and young Men replete with Discretion; which makes me rather point out the Conduct than the Age of the Persons with whom you should chuse to associate; though, after all, it is a never-failing good Sign to me of Prudence and Virtue in a young Man, when his Seniors chuse his Company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense, and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, *A Man is known by the Company he keeps*. If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their

Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice; and be sure remember one Thing, that tho' you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than speak; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a Man two Ears, and but one Tongue. Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas, that you may, at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other Peoples Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who having seen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out by open Mouths and closed Ears all Possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement! A silent young Man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. When therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this Means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recall; when perhaps a silent Genius in Company has burst out upon them with such Observations as have struck Conscience and Shame into the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly, from Time to Time, communicate to me whatever you may think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you; for I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate Father.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVII.

To an intimate Acquaintance to borrow Money.

PRAY favour me, Charles, with Twenty Guineas, by the Bearer, who is my Servant. I have immediate Occasion; but will repay it again whenever you please to make a Demand. This Letter will answer all the Purposes of a Note: From your obliged humble Servant,
RICHARD ROLT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money for a little Time.

Dear Sir,
IF it be quite convenient and agreeable to you; I'll beg the Favour of you to lend me fifty Pounds for the Space of three Months precisely: Any Security that you shall require, and I can give, you may freely ask. A less Time would not suit me; a longer, you may depend on it, I shall not desire. Your Answer will oblige, Sir, your very humble Servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

LETTER XXXIX.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sir,
ANY Thing in my Power is always very much at your Service; the Sum you mention I have now by me, and can very conveniently spare it for the Time you fix, and you are most heartily welcome to it: Any Hour that you shall appoint To-morrow I'll be ready; and am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

CHARLES NUGENT.

LET-

L E T T E R X L.

Miss J——, in answer to Mrs.——, making an Apology for not answering her Letter sooner.

Madam,

TIS paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters I've met with for some Years, remain so long unacknowledged. But when I inform you I have had a House full of Strangers almost ever since, who have taken up all my Time, I am sure you'll excuse, if not pity me. "Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands: But he who filches from me my precious Moments, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor in deed." 'Tis owing to this Want, I should not say Loss of Time, (for the Hours have not passed by unimproved or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you sooner how much I envy that Leisure and Retirement, of which you make such admirable Use. There 'tis the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the Forms and Incumbrances of this World, (which, like Garments trailed about for State, as some Author has it, only hinder our Motion) and seizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O when shall I see my little Farm! That calm Recess, low in the Vale of Obscurity, my Imagination so often paints to me! You know I am always in Raptures about the Country; but your Description of Richmond is enough to intoxicate the soundest Head.

Adieu! I am interrupted and in Haste, so obliged to conclude,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R X L I.

Miss J—— to Miss Lovelace, on the present Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.

WANT of Time, is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and your's in Haste, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part my whole Life is little more than a perpetual

tual Hurry of doing Nothing; and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I have a Mind to do, so can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank, is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed; but though I am excessive good-natured, I'm resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and, if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, should conclude this to be a Master-Piece of the Kind, both in Easiness of Thought and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which Mr. Wycherly says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though it must be confessed he out-does me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over dressed. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a Genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas 'tis notorious that the Israelites made Bricks without that Material as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this, I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with: Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLII.

To Miss L—, in Answer to her Description of Windsor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of Windsor, and your Invitation to them, is equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in mind of the Elysian Groves, where the great Souls of Antiquity repose themselves on Beds of Flowers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft Music, and gliding about their ancient Mansions in Fresco; and the latter, of some gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of some Maid of Honour (rather too plump for a Ghost) who beckons me into them. I'm impatient till I land in those calm Retreats, that Asylum from curtsying and Compliment, which I despaired of arriving at in this sublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Groupe, all Distinction ceases; where, you say, I may do any Thing I have a mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, disengaged from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this nether World, I am like to be in perfect good Humour with myself, which, in most other Places, would be reckoned excessively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with you so near the Seat of polite Education, much less in King's Palaces, and among their honourable Women. — Tuesday, then, I set out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I choose to give you as little Trouble as possible, shall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monsters in Maidenhead Thicket. These Difficulties being overcome, shall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Castle, and ever after remain,

Your peaceful Servant, &c.

L E T -

LETTER XLIII.

Miss J. to Miss L. from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey,

ALAS! the Transition!—From Yesterday, Henrietta-Street, Mrs. L. and Mrs. —, to a nasty Inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp Sheets, and perhaps the Itch before Morning. Yet say not I want Resolution; never Virtue had more. Sick to Death from the Moment you left me, Head-Ach beyond Description, five Men and two Women to compliment my Way thro' in the Afternoon; yet boldly rushed through them all, and took my Place in the Stage-Coach myself. After all, lost five Shillings Earnest by a Blunder, went in a wrong Coach at last, and such a Morning!—But then I had a worshipful Society! All silent and sick as myself; for which I thanked my Stars; for if they had spoke, I had been murdered. Mrs. — had almost talked me into Non-Existence Yesterday Morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come in and restored me to my Identity. Pray tell her this in Revenge for my Head-Ach.

All our Friends that we took up in the Morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we set out upon the Journey of Life; and now I've only a young Student of Oxford to finish the Evening of my Day with, and prepare for the grand Events of Tomorrow. I've just been eating a boiled Chicken with him, and talking about Homer and Madam Roland; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my Bedchamber, whom I shall dismiss with her Warming-Pan in a Moment. If you do not permit me to pour out the present Set of Ideas upon all this Paper, I am inconsolable; for I've no Book, and was too absent till now to think I should want one. How sudden and how capricious are the Transitions of this mortal Stage! Pleasure and Pain are parted but by a single Moment. Windsor, Fern-Hill, Brook-Street, and your grey Gown, are no more; nor with Mr. Locke's Associations can I associate a single Idea of the past with the present. Even Lady — is defunct. And yet she might—but she is no more: Et de Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

While

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While Virtue shines, or sinks beneath—

This Effort of Poetry, and that Scrap of Latin, which I don't understand, has so exhausted all my Forces, that I find myself gradually sinking into the Arms of Sleep, and must now resign to the gentle Power of Dreams.

*Farewell—and when, like me, oppress'd with Care,
 You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
 To taste a Mouthful of sweet Country Air;
 Be mindful of your Friend, and send me Word
 What Joys your Fountains and cool Streams afford:
 Then to assist your Rhapsodies I'll come,
 And add new Spirit, when we speak of Rome.*

JUVENAL.

LETTER XLIV.

To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made Use of in Letters.

THE Money and Books came sound as a Roach. *Safe* is so common an Expression, that I am tired of telling People for ever, Things came *safe*. We Geniuses are forced to vary our Expressions, and invent new Terms, as well to shew our surprising Compass of Thought, as our great Command of Language. This sometimes appears stiff and affected to the common Class of Readers, or Hearers, who are apt to be out of their Element, upon hearing any new or unusual Sounds; but our nicer Ears cannot always bear the same Cadences. There's something peculiar in the Make and Structure of the auditory Nerve that requires Diversification and Variety, as well as some Skill in the Anatomy of Language, to make an Impression on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this Reason, when I ask a Favour (a Thing I seldom chuse to do) I always select the most delicate Phrases I am Mistress of; but in Regard to Forms, which most People are sick of, and yet surfeit their Friends with, these I vary, according
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as my own Humour or Inclination preponderates. Of Consequence, when I come towards the End, or Peroration of a Letter, I sometimes communicate my Compliments—sometimes desire they may be made known—or where there's a large Family, and of Consequence a Number of Civilities to be paid, the laconic Stile of—my Deferences as usual, has sometimes succeeded beyond my Expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, I beg my Compliments to such a one—But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular Dissertation upon Stile, and as I've many Flowers of Rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the Words above-mentioned into the Form of a Letter, and communicate all the Things I have to say in the Postscript.

L E T T E R XLV.

From Miss Jones to Lady —.

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Yours from Hatfield revived in me those pleasing Remembrances which not only enliven but expand the Heart; that very Heart, which, but the Moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the pleasure: The Moment she saw your Hand, she cried Half!—and read it most complacently over my shoulder.

'Tis to no Purpose to tell you how much you are missed by every Body that staid in Town; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I've run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your Health, and to order John, when I go to Town again, to tie up that Knocker. I could tell you many Stories of the sensible Things; but of all the insensible ones upon this Occasion, your Lamp provoked me the most. To see that Creature, when I've gone by in the Evening, burn so prettily, and with so much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpose should he
light

light us into your House now? Or who'd be obliged to him for his poultry Rays!—I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dressing-Room once or twice; but 'twas so like walking over your Grave, that I could not bear to stay.—Lady H. departed two Days after you; and, in short, I lived to see almost every Body I loved go before me. So last Saturday I made my own Exit, with equal Decency and Dignity; that is, with a thorough Resignation of the World I left, and an earnest Desire after that I am now enjoying with Lady Bowyer and Miss Peggy Stonehouse. I shall begin verging towards my last Home, after having just touched upon the Confines of Lady H. B.'s World, there to subside and be at Peace, where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a Letter from you.

I have implored St. Swithin in your Behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater Compliment, weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a terrible Journey; for scarce a Day has passed that he has not shed many Tears.

LETTER XLVI.

From a Tradesman to a Correspondent, requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money.

S I R,

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in Hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging it, you will readily excuse the Freedom I now take with you; and, as 'tis an Affair of such Consequence to my Family, I know the Friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

ROBERT JONES.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IT gives me singular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to answer your Demand, and am able to serve a Man I so much esteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for Half of which I have procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and sent one Half by the Carrier, as you desired, and have here enclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other Difficulty that lies in the Road to Happiness, and am,

Sir,

Your's sincerely,

RICHARD TOMPKINS.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer.

My dear Harriot,

I Don't know whether I flatter myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern at our parting for the Summer, on our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in London?—

Vauxhall is not for more than twice; and I think Ranelagh one would not see above Half a Dozen Times in the Year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together. I would fain persuade you not to be in Love with so disagreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to stay this Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on Monday: Will you go with us? For there is a Place in the Coach; or will you come when we are settled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You

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You have not seen our House; but it is a very pleasant one. There are fine Prospects from the Park, and a River runs through the Garden; nor are we quite out of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a great deal of Company about the Place; and we have an Assembly within a Mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come? Why I will tell you, that you will make us all the happiest People in the World; and that when you are tired you shall not be teased to stay. Dear Harriot, think of it; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the truest Respect,
Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XLIX.

From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him.

S I R,
YOUR Demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared to answer it. I know the stated Credit in this Article used to be only four Months; but as it has been a Custom to allow a moderate Time beyond this, and as this is only the Day of the old Time, I had not yet prepared myself. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any Deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little Time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the Trade. If you will be pleased to let your Servant call for one Half of the Sum this Day three Weeks, and the Remainder a Fortnight afterwards, it shall be ready. However, in the mean Time, I beg of you not to let any Word slip of this, because a very little Thing hurts a young Beginner. Sir, you may take my Word with the greatest Safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular Cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the Money; for if I want Credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the World, not knowing what it is that can have given you these distrustful Thoughts concerning

Your humble Servant.

L E T.

LETTER L.

The Wholesale Dealer's Answer.

S I R,

I AM very sorry to press you, but if I had not Reason I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any Disrespect to you that I have made the Demand, but we have so many Losses that it is fit we should take Care. However, there is so much seeming Frankness and Sincerity in your Letter, that I shall desire Leave first to ask you whether you have any Dealing with an Usurer in Bread-Street, and, if you please, what is his Name? Until you have given me the Satisfaction on this Head, I shall not any further urge the Demand I have made upon you; but as this may be done at once, I desire your Answer by the Bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your Servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in Consideration of the great Opinion I have of your Honour, that I refer the Demand I have made to this Question; for it is not customary, and is supposed not to be fair or prudent, to mention our Reasons on these Occasions. If this is cleared up to me, Sir, as I wish, but I fear it cannot be, I shall make no Scruple of the Time you mentioned. I beg your Answer without Delay, and am sincerely,

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER LI.

From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship, to a Relation, requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money.

S I R,

I Can remember nothing but Kindness from you to our unhappy Family ever since my Infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any Thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your Favour, provided you retain the same kind Thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the
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Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour in the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you should seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman of a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being a Master in one of the most advantageous Trades that can be thought of: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least, I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk to lose any Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 200*l.* carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniences about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to complete the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any Thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and
most obedient humble Servant,

I. B.

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The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.
LETTERS of Courtship and Marriage.

LETTER I.

*From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman, desiring
Leave to wait on his Daughter.*

SIR,

I HOPE the Justness of my Intentions will excuse the Freedom of this Letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER II.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr. Lovewell, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and prest me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might seem to be, till I had your Thoughts on so important an Affair; and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his Addressee, or keep him at least in Suspence till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no Ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in Regard to good Sense or good Manners—I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addressee with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore, in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir, your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER III.

From a Daughter to her Mother upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Prudence, a Governess of a noted young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her Assistant. She has treated me, ever since I have been with her,

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with the utmost Good-Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavoured to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other Hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gained me the Love and esteem of the whole House, but young Mr. Byron, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye upon me some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite of Mrs. Prudence, a Man of unblemished Character, and very extensive Business, I thought it would be an Act of the highest Ingratitude to so indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair wherein my future Happiness or Misery must so greatly depend.—As to his Person, Age, and Temper, I must own, Madam, with a Blush, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his Addresses. I flatter, myself, however, that I have so much Command of my own Passions, as in Duty to be directed in so momentous an Affair by your superior Judgment. Your speedy Answer therefore, will be looked upon as an additional Act of Indulgence shewn to,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. Byron, and as that is a very weighty Affair, I shall return to London as soon as possible, in order to make all due Enquiries. And in Case I find no just Grounds for Exceptions to the Man, I have none to his Occupation; since 'tis suitable enough to that State of Life for which you seem to have a peculiar Taste. However, though I should rejoice to see you settled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and

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tho' you seem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too hasty, my Dear; consider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often false and perfidious; promise fair, and yet, at the same Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Desires. I don't say that Mr. Byron has any such dishonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not, for which Reason I would only have you act with Discretion and Reserve; give him neither too great Hopes of Success, nor an absolute Denial to put him in Despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this; that you have no Aversion to his Person; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of so serious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Application to me on my first Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care shall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happiness and Advantage. I am,

Dear Daughter, Your truly affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.

S I R,

I AM no more fond of the fashionable Modes of Courtship, than yourself. Plain Dealing I own is best; but methinks common Decency should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgment of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Influence your future Addresses may have over me I cannot say; but to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the Heart of,

M I R A.

LET

LETTER VI.

The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion.

S I R,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of squandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased; yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman, of Lincoln's Inn, who is my Counsel upon all Occasions, and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person: If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of ill Success in his Addresses.

Dear Nephew,

I Received your doleful Ditty, in regard to your ill Success in your late Love Adventure with Miss Snow. No Marble Monument was ever half so cold, or Vestal Virgin half so coy! She turns a deaf Ear, it seems, to your most ardent Vows! And what of all that? By your own Account, it appears, she has given you no flat Denial; neither has she peremptorily forbid your Visits. Really, Nephew, I thought a young Gentleman of your good Sense and Penetration, should be better vers'd in the Arts of Love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the Field upon the first Repulse. You should consider, that she is not only a Beauty,

but a very accomplished Lady. You must surely be very vain to imagine, that one of her Education, good Sense, and real Merit, should fall an easy Victim into your Arms. Her Affections must be gradually engaged; she looks upon Matrimony as a very serious Affair, and will never give Way, I am fully persuaded, to the Violence of an ill-grounded Passion. For Shame, Nephew, shake off that unbecoming Bashfulness, and shew yourself a Man. Lovers, like Soldiers, should endure Fatigues. Be advised: Renew the Attack with double Vigour; for she's a Lady worth your Conquest. The Revolution of a Day (as the ingenious Mr. Rowe has it) may bring such Turns as Heaven itself could scarce have promised. Cheer up, dear Nephew, under that Thought. When I hear from you again, a few Weeks hence, I am not without Hopes, if you will follow my Advice, of your carrying the Siege, and making her comply with your own Terms of Accommodation. In the mean Time depend upon it, no Stone shall be left unturned on my Part, that may any Ways contribute towards your good Success, as I cannot, without Injustice to the Lady, but approve your Choice.

I am, Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER VIII.

From a Daughter to a Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had proposed to her, with a Gentleman much older than herself.

Honoured Sir,

THO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgences towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequences thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in Case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily

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for me, you seem to approve of, 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommend to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady, of more Experience and of a more advanced Age, would, in my humble Opinion, be a much fitter Help-Mate for him. To be ingenuous (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man almost in his grand Climacteric, can never be an agreeable Companion for me; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper; which has hitherto been indulged by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over agreeable to him. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet, as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarred of every Diversion suitable to my Years; tho' never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess; and there, like my Lady Grace in the Play, sit pensive and alone, under a green Tree. Your long experienced Goodness, and that tender Regard, which you have always expressed for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown, and that my Compliance with so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of,

His ever obedient Daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

S I R,

IT is a very ill Return which I make to the Respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the Day of our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long Conversations we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was constrained to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both here and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a secret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for your tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will, on this Occasion, let Reason take Place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompence for your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit.

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,
M. H.

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LETTER X.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity.

S I R,

THE Freedom and Sincerity with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim to a Return of the same Confidence; but I have Reason to fear that the best of Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wished to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular, and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; tho' perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another, in answer to the foregoing.

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your Thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you? Sweet Quarreller, you know this: What Afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Diffate, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obedient

dient to your Commands; for I promise you, you shall never get any other Cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking with another, when it was my Business not so much as to look at you. Miss Peacock is a very old Acquaintance: She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and she very well knew all that Civility and Earnestness of Discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me; but I will make you ask my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me of those few which might have been passed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My sweetest Quarreller, I am coming to you. After this never doubt but that I am,

Yours most truly.

LETTER XII.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

Madam,

YOU must not be surpris'd at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one who cannot but have Reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company.

You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished: And if I refuse to believe my Eyes, when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while: Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancies myself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying that I deserve it: But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions, for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleas'd with the meanest of them? And what can be the Meaning that I am

told,

told, you last Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow, and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you my Heart so entirely, I shared yours with any-body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for Want of Respect to you. While I write this, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

Your most unhappy.

L E T T E R XIII.

From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her of receiving the Addressee of another. In Answer to the above.

S I R,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of you Letter, I should not answer you at all. But altho' I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any Thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen: However, I wonder that other Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice as yours by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself; and I shall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry,

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you will not see me in that State with any other; nor courted by any Man in the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. — I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon, and might not be so easily overlooked, tho' I should wish to do it. I should say, I will not see you To-Day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come or not, as you please.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen in Public.

Madam,

PERHAPS you will not be surprised to receive a Letter from a Person who is unknown to you, when you reflect how likely so charming a Face may be to create Impertinence; and I persuade myself that when you remember where you sat last Night at the Play-House, you will not need to be told this comes from the Person who was just before you.

In the first Place, Madam, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater Liberty I now take in writing to you: But after this, I beg Leave to say that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am; I shall not pretend to be any better. I keep a Shop, Madam, in Henrietta-Street, and tho' but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Custom. I do not doubt but it will increase, and I shall be able to do something for a Family. If your Inclinations are not engaged, I should be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time if you please to desire any Friend to ask my

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my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against, Madam,
Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the above.

S I R,

THERE has come into my Hands a Letter which you wrote to Miss Maria Stebbing; she is a Relation of mine, and is a very good Girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her in consulting her Friends in such an Affair as that you wrote about: Besides, a Woman could not well answer such a Letter herself, unless it was with a full Refusal, and that she would have been wrong to have done until she knew something of the Person that wrote it, as wrong as to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your Designs; and as you gave Permission to enquire about you among your Neighbours, I being her nearest Friend, did that for her. I have heard a very good Account of you; and from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some Fortune, and I shall tell you farther, that she took Notice of you at the Play, and does not seem perfectly averse to seeing you in the Presence of

Your humble Servant,

A. H.

LETTER XVI.

From a Lover who had Cause of Displeasure, and determines never to see the Lady again.

Madam,

THERE was a Time when if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a Letter as I am now writing, I would as soon have believed that the Earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains arising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen: One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing

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ing it, which is, that you should have given me the Cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer when I impose this Command upon my own Heart; but I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility of changing my Resolution.

It gives me some Pleasure, that you will feel no Uneasiness for this, tho' I should also have been very averse some Time ago even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday to your Behaviour to Mr. Henly. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own: But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Authority, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such a Man as

Your humble Servant,

R. S.

LETTER XVII.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the Address of a young Tradesman.

Honoured Sir,

I Think it my Duty to acquaint you that a Gentleman of this Town, by Name Wills, and Business a Linen-Draper, has made Overtures to my Cousin Harcourt, in the Way of Courtship to me. My Cousin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, because he has Dealings with him, and has a high Opinion of him and his Circumstances. He has been set up three Years, has very good Business, and lives in Credit and Fashion. He is about twenty-seven Years old, a likely Man enough, seems not to want Sense or Manners, and is come of a good Family. He has broke his Mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me: Though I assure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement; but

but told him that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition yet a while; and should never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents; therefore desired him to talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Esteem. I would not, Sir, by any Means omit to acquaint you with the Beginning of an Affair which it would be Want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a Guilt and Disobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always shewn to, Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

My humble Duty to my honoured Mother; Love to my Brother and Sister; and Respects to all Friends. Cousin Harcourt and his Wife and Sister, desire their kind Respects. I cannot write enough of their Civility to me.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does not approve of the young Man's Addresses.

Dear Polly,

I HAVE received your Letter, dated the 4th Inst. wherein you acquaint me of the Proposals made to you, thro' your Cousin Harcourt's Recommendation, by one Mr. Wills. I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no Encouragement to him; for I by no Means approve of him for your Husband. I have enquired of one of his Townsmen who knows him and his Circumstances very well, and I am neither pleased with them, nor with his Character; and wonder my Cousin would so inconsiderately recommend him to you. Indeed I doubt not of Mr. Harcourt's good Intentions; but I insist upon it, that you think nothing of the Matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you.

L E T -

L E T T E R XIX.

The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does approve of the young Man's Addressee.

My dear Daughter,

IN Answer to your's of the 4th Instant relating to the Addressee of Mr. Wills, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his Suit; for if, on Enquiry into his Character and Circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your Cousin's good Opinion of them, and his own Assurances, I know not but his Suit may be worthy of Attention. But, my Dear, consider that Men are deceitful, and always put the best Side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strict Enquiry, which the Nature and Importance of the Case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you therefore, to act in this Matter with great Prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for Men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your Cousin will give him Hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him: And in the mean Time, he may be told, that you are not at your own Disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my Determination and Direction, in an Affair of this great Importance; and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will, in this Case, as in all others, study your Good, as becomes your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends send their Love and Respects to you.

L E T T E R XX.

A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to him for her Niece.

Good Madam,

I Have several Times, when I have been happy in the Company of your good Niece, thought to have spoke my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value and Affection I have for her: But just as I have been about

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about to speak, my Fears have vanquished my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Design. I have thrown out several Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break the Way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you, and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin.—My Fortune and Expectations make me hope that I may not, on those Accounts, be deemed unworthy: And could I, by Half a Line from your Hand, hope that there is no other Bar, I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excuse, good Madam, I beseech you, this Trouble, and this presumptuous Request, from

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XXI.

The Aunt's Answer, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement.

S I R,

I Cannot say I have any Dislike, as to my own Part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have; because Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respect. She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all: So I cannot say, what will be the Event of your Declaration to her: Yet so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return To-morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me; and is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness

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(permit me, though her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,
Your Friend and Servant.

L E T T E R XXII.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I Have long struggled with the most honourable and respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man; I have often tried to reveal it personally, as often in this Way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated, as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this a strong Token of ardent Love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations? Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not to say my Designs and Motives are honourable: Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition that such an Assurance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion by one favourable Line, that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble Address will not be quite unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer, and devoted Servant.

L E T.

LETTER XXIII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory in our Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in yours. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and a high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Formality in Courtship.

Dear Madam,

IRemember that one of the Antients, in describing a Youth in Love, says, he has neither Wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his Tongue. If this be a just Description, the Sincerity of my Passion will admit of no Dispute: And whenever in your Company I behave like a Fool, forget not that you are answerable for my Folly. Having made bold to declare thus much, I must presume to say, that a favourable Reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your Notice; but your Disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle Fallacies, and airy Compliments, to prevail on your Judgment, is a Folly for any Man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good Sense and Endowments have raised you far above the Necessity of practising the mean Artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your Sex: You are not to be so lightly deceived; and if you were,
give

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give me leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the Trouble that would attend such an Attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable Letter from one who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest Hero of Romance: But as I would hope, that the Happiness I sue for should be lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no Step to procure it, but what will bear Reflection; for I should be happy to see you mine, even when we have both outlived the Taste of every Thing that has not Virtue and Reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolished Address,

Your most respectful Admirer,

And obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXV.

The Lady's Answer, encouraging a farther Declaration.

S I R,

I AM very little in love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship; Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments; yet I see no reason why common Decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Stile, that when I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a Loss to answer you. Mean Time, as there is abundant Room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lower End. If this be the Case, I know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Impression, yet perhaps as much as you intend, on,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his Passion.

NOW I have the Hope of being not more despised for my acknowledged Affection, I declare to you with all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had a most sincere Passion for you; but I have seen Gentlemen

Gentlemen led such Dances, when they have given up their Affections to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts, and could not help themselves, that I had no Courage to begin an Address in the usual Forms, even to you of whose good Sense and Generosity I nevertheless had a good Opinion. You have favoured me with a few Lines, which I most kindly thank you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be pleased to encourage my honourable Suit, you shall have so just an Account of my Circumstances and Pretensions, as I hope will intitle me to your Favour in the honourable Light in which I profess myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and faithful Admirer.

Be so good as to favour me with one Line more to encourage my personal Attendance, if not disagreeable.

LETTER XXVII.

The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the Matter on a sudden Issue.

S I R,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary Trouble, as well as unnecessary Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you that Mr. Dunford, of Winchester, has the Management of all my Affairs; and is a Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters of Consequence without him. I have no dislike to your Person; and if you approve of what Mr Dunford can acquaint you with in Relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman that I have either an insolent or a fordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion.

Andover.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

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LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

I AM much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Finger Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquility of a Man a Twelvemonth married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam!—And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause —

I have heard, says he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. Thomas is a fine Man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish Church. That's right, Madam, to be sure: What was your Subject To-Day? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was, Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir, I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any Subject.

I rung

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I rung for the Tea-Kettle, for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word I find) a very excellent one truly; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave; for I would not ask him to stay Supper: And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helens. And then, (though I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity; at least, I believe so) he prest my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear, in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know, but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Richards an honest Man; but am at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think Mr. Richards so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely, when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the Advantages from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have had him directly fall upon the Subject of Love the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon on a Sunday; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Psalms, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of others, would still take greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin Jenny, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the Land
of

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of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happiness, with Respect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you so much wish for on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have at your Journey's End.

In short, I should rather have wished that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he should bring down his to your Level. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn Appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than mere Appearance.

Upon the whole, Cousin Jenny, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously, a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; though, at the same Time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you and Mr. Richards too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable to each other's Mind than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXX.

A Sailor to his Sweetheart.

My dear Peggy,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every Hour; for you are never out of my Thoughts; and when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear Peggy. I wear my Half-Bit of Gold always at my Heart, tied to a blue Ribbon round my Neck; for True Blue, my dearest Love, is a Colour of Colours to me. Where my dearest do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it: For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear: For God will never bless you if you break the
Vows

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Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my Peggy. O, my dearest Love! you are the Joy of my Life! my Thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my Hopes and my Wishes are only to be yours. God send it may be so!

Our Captain talks of soon sailing for England; and then, and then, my dearest Peggy!—O how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in England, and joining Hands with my Peggy, as we have our Hearts before, I hope. I am sure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship Elizabeth, Captain Winterton, which is returning to England, as I hope we shall soon, promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand; and he will bring you too six Bottles of Citron Water, as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Lady's Taste, it is so good; and is what they say Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John says he will have one sweet Kifs of my dearest Peggy for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my dearest, than so. But oh! that I was in his Place!—One Kifs should not serve my Turn, though I hope it may his.—Yet if he takes two, I'll forgive him, one for me and one for himself. For I love John dearly; and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say more?—or rather what shall I say next? for I have an hundred Things crowding in upon me, when I write to my Dearest; and alas, one has so few Opportunities? but yet I must leave off; for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends, and Duty to both our Mothers, conclude me

Your faithful Lover till Death.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Her Answer.

Dear William,

FOR so I may call you now we are sure; and so my Mother says; this is to let you know that nothing shall

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shall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true: And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make love to me: But do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you? — To be sure I will. These Sailors run such sad Chances, said one, that you and I both know. They may return, and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his Friends, their dear Billy so many a Time, and often. They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I; and I'll trust Billy Oliver all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro'? and for me, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but your's.

God send us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against Sailors, they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of Old England long ago but for them? I am sure the Lazy, good-for-nothing Land-Lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me; and of all Sailors, my dear Billy Oliver, believe this Truth from

Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you as I had an Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with hers. That's very kind and condescending: Is it not?

L E T T E R XXXII.

Miss Molly Smith to her Cousin, giving her an Account of a very remarkable Instance of Envy, in one of her Acquaintance, who lived in the City of York.

Dear Cousin,

I Promised, you know, to write to you, when I had any Thing to tell you: and as I think the following Story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my Word.

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Some

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Some Time ago there came to settle in this City, a Lady whose Name was Dison : We all visited her : But she had so deep a Melancholy, arising, as it appeared, from a settled State of ill Health, that nothing we could do, could afford her the least Relief, or make her chearful. In this Condition she languished among us five Years, still continuing to grow worse and worse.

We all grieved at her Fate. Her Flesh was withered away ; her Appetite decayed by Degrees, till all Food became nauseous to her Sight ; her Strength failed her ; her Feet could not support her tottering Body, lean and worn away as it was ; and we hourly expected her Death. When at last, she one Day called her most intimate Friends to her Bedside, and, as well as she could, spoke to the following Purpose : “ I know you all pity me : But, alas ! I am not so much the Object of your Pity as your Contempt ; for all my Misery is of my own seeking, and owing to the Wickedness of my own Mind. I had two Sisters, with whom I was bred up ; and I have all my Life-time been unhappy, for no other Cause but for their Success in the World. When we were young, I could neither eat nor sleep in Peace, when they had either Praise or Pleasure. When we grew up to be Women, they were both soon married much to their Advantage and Satisfaction. This galled me to the Heart, and tho’ I had several good Offers, yet, as I did not think them, in all Respects, equal to my Sisters, I would not accept them ; and yet was inwardly vexed to refuse them, for fear I should get no better. I generally deliberated so long, that I lost my Lovers, and then pined for that Loss. I never wanted for any Thing ; and was in a Situation in which I might have been happy, if I pleased. My Sisters loved me very well ; for I concealed, as much as possible, from them my odious Envy ; and yet never did any poor Wretch lead so miserable a Life as I have done ; for every Blessing they enjoyed was a Dagger to my Heart. ’Tis this Envy that has caused all my ill Health, has preyed upon my very Vitals, and will now bring me to my Grave.”

In

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In a few Days after this Confession she died; and her Words and Death made such a strong Impression on my Mind, that I could not help sending you this Relation; and begging you, my dear Suky, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our Minds, the very first rising of a Passion so detestable, and so fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs. Dison. I know I have no particular Reason for giving you this Caution; for I never saw any Thing in you, but what deserved the Love and Esteem of

Your ever most affectionate Cousin,
M. SMITH.

LETTER XXXIII.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady to a young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her Affections; but as she never had it in her Power to make any proper Impression on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows:

S I R,

I RELY on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own? It is now a Year and a Half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but frequent Sight of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park To-morrow, exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person is altogether what the flattering World calls handsome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous;

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but, you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My Hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Gentleman did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady; but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, tho' reprov'd for it by his Acquaintance; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following.

S I R,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done, by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderneſs, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindneſs and Want of Generoſity in expoſing my Letter, becauſe the Man that is ſo unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Reſentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and ſo cruelly to ſport with the Miſery of a Perſon whom you knew nothing worſe of, than that ſhe had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you!

For your own Sake, I am loth to ſpeak it, but ſuch Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Deſect of Underſtanding; but whatſoever be the Reaſon, amidſt all my Diſappointments, I cannot but think myſelf happy in not ſubſcribing my Name, for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conqueſt; and how great my Confuſion muſt have been, to be expoſed to the Scorn, or at leaſt to the Pity of the World, I may gueſs from the Mortifications I now feel from ſeeing my Declarations and Profeſſions returned without Succeſs, and in
being

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being convinced, by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen, (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any Thing severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness; yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former: If you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! How lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault, to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband,

and an aukward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in the Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has, by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage, to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the Sylvan Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradise, like the first happy Pair. But, prythee, leave these Whimsies and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice, at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure, as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together. If you presume to enter the Ring at Hyde-Park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving Couple, most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him, in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, though, I am very much afraid, you'll be so silly to think Porcia, Sabine, &c. Roman Wives, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated

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tiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit, as well as Air of a Roman Matron. You make, already, the Entertainment at Mrs. Modish's Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but, she says, she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as Bellmour, to transform him to a mere sober Husband, 'twas unpardonable. You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than,

Your humble Servant,
LYDIA.

LETTER XXXVI.

Harriot's Answer to the above.

BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no public Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste; He's almost the End of my Devotion; Half my Prayers are for his Happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness; but am sorry to see, by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all

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you tax me with : She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman ; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish ; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old Age.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

HARRIOT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The following pretty entertaining Letter was written by our Poet Waller, to the Lady Sidney, on the Marriage of her Sister.

To my Lady Lucy Sidney, upon the Marriage of my Lady Dorothy to my Lord Spencer.

Madam,

IN the common Joy at Penshurst * I know none to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship ; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress ; and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to the Imprecations of the deserted ; which just Heaven, no Doubt, will hear !

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her : And may this Love, before the Year goes about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a

* They were married, as we are informed, at Penshurst, July 11, 1639.

Mother !

Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

May she that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children; and hereafter of her Grand Children! And then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old Age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where we are told, there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again! My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may, in good Time, be happily supplied with a more constant Bedfellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hand, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble
EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Wit and Spirit which gave Lady Mary Wortley Montague, during her Life, such Rank in the polite World, was in no Instance more happily displayed than in the following Letter. We think the polite Reader will be of Opinion with us, that there is no Letter in the Collection lately published, and supposed to have been wrote by the same Lady, where the Life and Spirit of the Writer is to be more admired, or the Sentiments more approved.

A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague, against a Maxim of Mons. Rochefaucault's, "That Marriages are convenient, but never delightful."

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a Maxim established by so celebrated a Genius as Mons. de Rochefaucault, and implicitly received by a Nation which calls itself the only perfectly polite in the
G 5 World,

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World, and which has, for so long a Time, given Laws of Gallantry to all Europe.

But, full of the Ardour which the Truth inspires, I dare to advance the contrary, and to assert, boldly, that it is Marriage Love only which can be delightful to a good Mind.

We cannot taste the Sweets of perfect Love, but in a well-suited Marriage. Nothing so much distinguishes a little Mind as to stop at Words. What signifies that Custom (for which we see very good Reasons) of making the Name of Husband and Wife ridiculous? A Husband signifies, in the general Interpretation, a jealous Mortal, a quarrelsome Tyrant, or a good Sort of Fool, on whom we may impose any Thing; a Wife is a Domestic Dæmon, given to this poor Man, to deceive and torment him. The Conduct of the Generality of People sufficiently justifies these two Characters. But I say, again, What signify Words? A well regulated Marriage is not like those of Ambition and Interest: It is two Lovers who live together. Let a Priest pronounce certain Words, let an Attorney sign certain Papers; I look upon these Preparations as a Lover does on a Ladder of Cords, that he fixes to the Window of his Mistress.

I know there are some People of false Delicacy, who maintain that the Pleasures of Love are only due to Difficulties and Dangers. They say, very wittily, the Rose would not be the Rose without Thorns, and a Thousand other Trifles of that Nature, which make so little Impression on my Mind, that I am persuaded, was I a Lover, the Fear of hurting her I loved, would make me unhappy, if the Possession was accompanied with Dangers to her. The Life of married Lovers is very different, they pass it in a Chain of mutual Obligations and Marks of Benevolence, and have the Pleasure of forming the entire Happiness of the Object beloved; in which Point I place perfect Enjoyment.

The most trifling Cares of Œconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by the Sentiments of Tendernefs. To furnish a Room, is no longer furnishing a Room, it is ornamenting the Place where I expect my Lover; to order a Supper is not simply

simply giving Orders to a Cook, it is amusing myself in regaling him I love. These necessary Occupations, regarded in this Light by a Lover, are Pleasures infinitely more sensible and lively than Cards and public Places, which make the Happiness of the Multitude incapable of true Pleasure—A Passion happy and contented, softens every Movement of the Soul, and gilds each Object that we look on.

To a happy Lover (I mean one married to his Mistress) if he has any Employment, the Fatigues of the Camp, the Embarrassments of a Court, every Thing becomes agreeable when he can say to himself, It is to serve her I love. If Fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on Merit) and gives Success to his Undertakings, all the Advantages he receives are Offerings due to her Charms, and he finds, in the Success of his Ambition, Pleasure much more lively and worthy a noble Mind, than that of raising his Fortune, or of being applauded by the Public. He enjoys his Glory, his Rank, his Riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her Lover she hears praised when he gains the Approbation of the Parliament, the Praises of the Army, or the Favour of his Prince. In Misfortune, it is his Consolation to retire to a Person who feels his Sorrow, and to say to himself in her Arms, “ My Happiness does not depend on the Caprice of Fortune; here is my assured Asylum against all Grief; your Esteem makes me insensible to the Injustice of a Court, or the Ingratitude of a Master. I feel a Sort of Pleasure in the Loss of my Estate, as that Misfortune gives me new Proofs of your Virtue and Tenderness. How little desirable is Grandeur to Persons already happy? We have no Need of Flatterers or Equipage; I reign in your Heart, and I possess in your Person all the Delights of Nature.” In short, there is no Situation of which the Melancholy may not be softened by the Company of the Person we love. Even an Illness is not without its Pleasures, when we are attended by one we love. I should never have done, was I to give you a Detail of all the Charms of an Union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the Senses in the most delicate and

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and most extended Pleasure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the Satisfaction of seeing each Day increase the amiable Pledges of our tender Friendship, and the Occupations of improving them according to their different Sexes. We abandon ourselves to the tender Instinct of Nature, refined by Love. We admire in the Daughter the Beauty of the Mother, and respect in the Son the Appearances of Understanding and natural Probity which we esteem in the Father. It is a Pleasure of which God himself (according to Moses) was sensible, when seeing what he had done, he found it good.

A-propos of Moses, the first Plan of Happiness infinitely surpassed all others, and I cannot form to myself an Idea of Paradise more delightful than that State in which our first Parents were placed: That did not last, because they did not know the World; (which is the true Reason that there are so few Love-Matches happy). Eve may be considered as a foolish Child, and Adam a Man very little enlightened. When People of that Sort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at first, but that cannot last. They form to themselves, in the Violence of their Passions, Ideas above Nature; a Man thinks his Mistress an Angel, because she is handsome; a Woman is enchanted with the Merit of her Lover, because he adores her. The first Change of her Complexion takes from him his Adoration, and the Husband ceasing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other Foundation for her Love; by Degrees they are disgusted with one another, and, after the Example of our first Parents, they throw on each other the Crime of their mutual Weakness; afterwards Coldness and Contempt follow a great Pace, and they believe they must hate each other because they are married; their smallest Faults are magnified in each other's Sight, and they are blinded to their mutual Perfections. A Commerce established upon Passion can have no other Attendants. A Man, when he marries his Mistress, ought to forget that she then appears adorable to him; to consider that she is but a simple Mortal, subject to Diseases, Caprice, and ill Humour. He must prepare his Constancy to support

port the Loss of her Beauty, and collect a Fund of Complacency, which is necessary for the continual Conversation of the Person who is most agreeable, and the least unequal. The Woman, on her Side, must not expect a Continuance of Flatteries and Obedience. She must dispose herself to obey agreeably, a Science very difficult, and, consequently, of great Merit to a Man capable of feeling. She must strive to heighten the Charms of a Mistress by the good Sense and Solidity of a Friend. When two Persons, prepossessed with Sentiments so reasonable, are united by eternal Ties, all Nature smiles upon them, and the common Objects become charming.

I esteem much the Morals of the Turks, an ignorant People, but very polite, in my Opinion. A Gallant convicted of having debauched a married Woman, is looked upon by them with the same Horror as an abandoned Woman by us; he is sure never to make his Fortune; and every one would be ashamed to give a considerable Employment to a Man suspected of being guilty of so enormous a Crime.—What would they say in that moral Nation, were they to see one of our Anti-Knight-Errants, who are always in Pursuit of Adventures, to put innocent young Women in Distress, and to ruin the Honour of Women of Fashion; who regard Beauty, Youth, Rank, and Virtue, but as so many Spurs to incite their Desire to ruin, and who place all their Glory in appearing artful Seducers, forgetting, that with all their Care, they can never attain but to the second Rank, the Devils having been long since in Possession of the first!

I own, that our barbarous Manners are so well calculated for the Establishment of Vice and Misery (which are inseparable from them) that they must have Hearts and Heads infinitely above the common, to enjoy the Felicity of a Marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so given to change, that it is difficult to support the best founded Constancy, amidst those many Dissipations that our ridiculous Customs have rendered inevitable. A Husband, who loves his Wife, is in Pain to see her take the Liberties which Fashion allows; it appears hard to refuse them to her,
and

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and he finds himself obliged to conform himself to the polite Manners of Europe; to see, every Day, her Hands a Prey to every one who will take them; to hear her display to the whole World the Charms of her Wit; to shew her Neck in full Day; to dress for Balls and Shows, to attract Admirers, and to listen to the idle Flattery of a thousand Fops. Can any Man support his Esteem for a Creature so public, or, at least, does she not lose much of her Merit?

To return to the Oriental Maxims, where the most beautiful Women content themselves with limiting the Power of their Charms to him who has a Right to enjoy them; they have too much Honour to wish to make other Men miserable, and are too sincere not to own they think themselves capable of exciting Passion.

I remember a Conversation I had with a Lady of great Quality at Constantinople, the most amiable Woman I ever knew in my Life, and for whom I had afterwards the most tender Friendship: She owned ingenuously to me, that she was content with her Husband. What Libertines you Christian Women are! (she said) it is permitted for you to receive Visits from as many Men as you please; and your Laws permit you, without Limitation, the Use of Wine. I assured her she was very much mis-informed; that it was true we received Visits, but those Visits were full of Form and Respect; and, that it was a Crime to hear a Man talk of Love, or for us to love any other than our Husbands. Your Husbands are very good (said she, laughing) to content themselves with so limited a Fidelity. Your Eyes, your Hands, your Conversation, are for the Public, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana (added she, embracing me) I have all possible Inclination to believe what you say, but you would impose upon me Impossibilities. I know the amorous Complexion of you Infidels, I see you are ashamed of them, and I will never mention them to you more.

I found so much good Sense and Truth in all she said, that I could scarcely contradict her; and I owned at first, that she had Reason to prefer the Morals of the

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the Mussulmen to our ridiculous Customs, which are surprisingly opposite to the severe Maxims of Christianity. And, notwithstanding our foolish Manners, I am of Opinion, that a Woman, determined to find her Happiness in the Love of her Husband, must give up the extravagant Desire of being admired by the Public; and that a Husband who loves his Wife, must deprive himself of the Reputation of being a Gallant at Court. You see that I suppose two Persons very extraordinary; it is not then very surprising such a Union should be rare in a Country, where it is necessary, in order to be happy, to despise the established Maxims.

I am, &c.

The



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PART III.

Familiar Letters of Advice and Instruction, &c.
in many Concerns of Life.

LETTER I.

A Letter from Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, to his Children; on the serious Observance of the Lord's Day (commonly called Sunday) when he was on a Journey, which well deserves our Attention.

I AM now come well to —, from whence I intend to write something to you on the Observance of the Lord's Day; and this I do for these Reasons; 1st, Because it has pleased God to cast my Lot so, that I am to rest at this Place on that Day, and the Consideration therefore of that Duty is proper for me and you, viz. The Work fit for that Day. 2dly, Because I have, by long and sound Experience, found that the due Observance of that Day, and the Duties of it, have been of singular Comfort and Advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our Time, and lends it us; and it is but just we should consecrate this Part of that Time to him; for I have found by a strict and diligent Observation, that a due Observance of the Duty of this Day, has ever had joined to it a Blessing on the rest of my Time; and the Week that hath been so begun, has been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other Side, when I have

have been negligent of the Duty of this Day, the rest of the Week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular Employment; so that I could easily make an Estimate of my Successes the Week following, by the Manner of my passing this Day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately; but upon a long and sound Observation and Experience.

L E T T E R II.

The Earl of Stafford to his Son, just before his Lordship's Execution.

My dearest Will,
THESE are the last Lines that you are to receive from a Father that tenderly loves you. I wish there was a greater Leisure to impart my Mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all Things by his Grace, and will guide and protect you in all your Ways; to whose infinite Goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all Things. Be sure you give all Respects to my Wife, who hath ever had a great Love unto you, and therefore will it be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your Love and Care to your Sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you: For this will give others Cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a Duty that you owe them in the Memory of your excellent Mother and myself: Therefore your Care and Affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like Regard must you have to your youngest Sister; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her Father's and Mother's Sake. Sweet *Will*, be careful to take the Advice of those Friends, who are, by me, desired to advise you for your Education. Serve God diligently, Morning and Evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your Eyes in all your Ways. With Patience hear the Instructions of those Friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their Counsel. For, till you come by Time to have Experience in the World, it will be far
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more safe to trust to their Judgment than your own.—
Lose not the Time of your Youth, but gather those
Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge which may be of Use
to yourself, and Comfort to your Friends for the rest of
your Life. And that this may be the better effected,
attend thereto with Patience, and be sure to correct
and restrain yourself from Anger. Suffer not Sorrow
to cast you down, but with Chearfulness and good
Courage go on the Race you have to run in all So-
briety and Truth. Be sure with an hallowed Care to
have Respect to all the Commandments of God, and
give not yourself to neglect them in the least Thing,
lest, by Degrees, you come to forget them in the great-
est; for the Heart of Man is deceitful above all Things.
And in all your Duties and Devotions towards God,
rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God
loves a chearful Giver. For your Religion, let it be
directed according to that which shall be taught by
those who are in God's Church, the proper Teachers
thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to your-
self, or be led by Men that are singular in their own
Opinion, and delight to go in Ways of their own find-
ing out: For you will certainly find Soberness and
Truth in the one, and much Unsteadiness and Vanity
in the other. The King, I trust, will deal graciously
with you; restore you those Honours, and that For-
tune, which a distempered Time hath deprived you of,
together with the Life of your Father; which I rather
advise might be by a new Gift and Creation from him-
self, than by any other Means, to the End you may
pay the Thanks to him, without having Obligations to
any other. Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to
enquire after those that have been sharp in their Judg-
ments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer
Thought of Revenge to enter into your Heart; but be
careful to be informed who were my Friends in this
Prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them
your Friends also; and on such you may rely, and be-
stow much of your Conversation amongst them. And
God Almighty, of his infinite Goodness, bless you and
your Children's Children; and his same Goodness bless
your Sisters in like Manner; perfect you in every
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good Work, and give you right Understanding in all Things. *Amen.*

Your most loving Father,
T. WENTWORTH.

L E T T E R III.

From a Gentleman at Lisbon, immediately after the Earthquake, to his Son in London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy Father, you will have heard of the Destruction of this Place, and of the calamitous Situation of its few remaining miserable Inhabitants. God, in his infinite Mercy, protect us! All that you have heard, will fall short of what I have seen; for no Words have Energy sufficient to convey an Idea of a Scene so amazingly dreadful.—Your poor Mother is no more! ask me not for your Sisters! and as for myself, I am a Vagabond, and condemned to seek my Bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*—I am satisfied.—All may be for the best, and our Friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent City, whose Foundations are not to be shaken, and where Sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear Child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do so, let us live here, that we may fear no Dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a Death-bed Repentance; for you see we have not a Moment that we can call our own. St. Austin says, *We read of one Man who was saved at the last Hour, that none may despair, and of but one, that none may presume.* How unsafe, how foolish, therefore, it is, to put off that until To-morrow, which is so essentially necessary to be done To-day? To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that! you may be snatched away in an Instant, as Thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the Arms of the Almighty: No! the Attempt would be vain, would be presumptuous, would be impious! and you will find, my dear Son (I hope not too late) that the only Security against Accidents

cidents of this Sort, is the leading a religious and good Life.

I am,

Your truly affectionate Father..

LETTER IV.

To Amelia, with a Gold Thimble.

Sept. 28, 1775.

CAN you believe me, my little Friend, when I say that the Present I now make you may be of more Service to you, in the Course of your Life, than the Ring of Gyges, and that I deserve your Thanks as much as if I had given you the Cap of Fortunatus. Perhaps you may have heard only of the latter, I will explain to you the Virtues of the Ring: This, my little Fair, would render you invisible, whenever you chose to be so; you might then range thro' the Apartments of your Play-fellows unseen, play ten thousand little Tricks, which, at present, is not in your Power to do; but, indeed, the greatest Advantages of the Ring are reserved for another Age, when you may be present with your Lover, and discover the true Sentiments of his Heart, perplex your Rival, hide her Brussels and her Jewels the Night before a Ball, and torment her with all the Arts of ingenious Mischiefs. These are Advantages which, at present, perhaps, may not tempt you; the Cap, as I can easily imagine, is to be rather the Object of your Wishes; but tell me, you say, how this Thimble can be of such infinite Service?

At your Age, my little Friend, Employment is of the utmost Use; to be busy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at least protect you from the contrary Impressions: Whilst your Imagination is employed how best to shade a Rose, or your Fancy determines the Colours of the various Parts of your Work, Vanity will scarce have Time to whisper in your Ear, that you have more Beauty than another, or inspire you with too early a Love of Gaiety and Pleasure.

When you have lived to that Age in which your Reason shall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that those little Follies which your Sex are guilty of, proceed

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proceed from a Fault in your Education, and that Idleness is the Parent of Vice. Thus then, in the early Years of Life, whilst you place the Thimble on your Finger, you are guarding your Bosom against the Approach of Foibles which might banish those from your Society, who were attracted by the Charms of your Person.

Another of its Virtues, which, in all Probability, you can never want to experience, is, that, if properly applied, it contains a Charm against the Calamities of Poverty. I have known many a Female, who, by its Assistance, has supported herself with Decency, and felt the Pleasure of living without depending on the Beneficence of others.

A few Years hence, when the Youth, whom your Eyes have wounded, shall beg your Acceptance of some Trifle, in the warmest Terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preserve it; but I, on the contrary, shall desire you to be frequent in the Use of this, and to wear it out for my Sake.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

On the Vicissitudes of human Life.

REMEMBER, my Son, that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We rise in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour and full of Expectation; we set forward with Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with Diligence, and travel on a while, in the strait Road of Piety, towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short Time we remit our Fervor, and endeavour to find some Mitigation of our Duty, and some more easy Means of obtaining the same End. We then relax our Vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a Distance, but rely upon our own Constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the Bowers of Ease, and repose in the Shades of Security. Here the Heat softens, and Vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another Advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the Gardens of Pleasure. We approach them with Scruple and Hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling,

trembling, and always hope to pass thro' them without losing the Road of Virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our Sight, and to which we propose to Return. But Temptation succeeds Temptation, and one Compliance prepares us for another; we, in Time, lose the Happiness of Innocence, and solace our Disquiet with sensual Gratifications. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance of our original Intention, and quit the only adequate Object of rational Desire. We entangle ourselves in Business, immerse ourselves in Luxury, and rove thro' the Labyrinths of Inconstancy, till the Darkness of old Age begins to invade us, and Disease and Anxiety obstruct our Way. We then look back upon our Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who learn not to despair, but shall remember, that tho' the Day is past, and their Strength is wasted, there yet remains one Effort to be made; that Reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere Endeavours ever unassisted; that the Wanderer may at length return after all his Errors, and that he who implores Strength and Courage from above, shall find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him.

LETTER VI.

From a Father to his Son, on his Admission into the University.

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with Danger, and requires Caution. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the Care of Tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have Concern or Affection enough to advise you faithfully.—Your Conduct must a good deal regulated by your own Reflections. The only secure Paths are those of Religion and Virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that Simplicity of Life, which the Rules of Academical Societies prescribe. Mix not Intemperance with your growing
Years,

Years, nor treasure up Infirmities against an Age the fittest for Employment. You have received Health from your Parents, and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company, pay Civility to all; have Friendship with few; not too quickly with any: An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I trust to, to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with Persons of superior Age, or Quality, or Station, or Endowments, pay a Deference to them; so much is due to their Experience and Character. Modesty is a most amiable Virtue, especially in a young Man who professes himself a Learner. Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a Value amongst their ill-bred Companions, by daring to say and do abusive Things to their Governors; but do not you imitate such Examples; for Prudence is not Magnanimity. A brave Mind is seen in persevering thro' the Difficulties of a virtuous Course; in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any Thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with Politics, which, when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the Humours or Resentments, or private Interests or public Views of Men in Power: A Study, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your present Purpose, and in which, if you could really have any Skill, at your Age it would seem to be affected. Take the proper Advantages of living in a Society. Observe the different Tempers and Dispositions of Men; shun their Vices, imitate their Virtues, make Use of their Learning, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Consciousness of your Duty, and the Indignation to be insignificant, raise an Emulation in you to excel in some Kind of Art or Knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take Care of your Reputation. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence.

Not

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Notwithstanding the Affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the Service I desire, unless you assist me with your Character. And, in all doubtful Cases, let not your Father, who loves you best, and your Governors, who are well able to direct you, be the only Friends that you will not consult.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

To Demetrius, with a Present of Fruit, on early Rising.

June 28, 1775.

YOU would have received a much larger Quantity of Fruit, but to say the Truth, my Band of Musicians have made bold with more of it this Summer than usual; however, when I consider that 'tis the only Wages I pay them, I am no otherwise displeased with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my Friends in Town as I could wish.

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of Birds, and she says, it would be cruel to deprive them of their Liberty, when we can be entertained with their Songs without it; to encourage then their Residence amongst us, they are not denied a great Share of the Productions of my Garden.

We were this Morning at Six o'Clock in our Garden, an Hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithstanding, affords the noblest Scene which a human Creature can be present at.

The Sun, my Demetrius, was just risen above the Horizon, and all the Eastern Sky was tinged with Blushes; the Zephyrs, as they passed, were fraught with Fragrance from the opening Flowers, and the feathered Songsters were waked to their respective Parts, in the Morning Hymn to the Author of Nature.

Whilst my Lucinda and I were walking, like a fond old-fashioned Couple, Arm in Arm, I could not but recollect that Part of the Paradise Lost, where Milton has described our first Parents as rising to their Labours, and addressing their grateful Orisons to the bounteous Father of every Blessing.

There

There is indeed something which, at this time, inspires us with Gratitude to our Maker, and produces Sentiments in almost every Bosom, like those which are given to Adam :

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous Fair, thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who first above these Heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest Works, yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

There is likewise something which must create a grateful Sense of our Obligation to Heaven, when we wake again to Life, with the Blessing of Health, and recollect that many have passed the Night in all the Anguish of Pain and Disease. As for myself, I should retire to Sleep with no little Anxiety, if I were not assured that we are protected in those Hours by our Maker, when we are not conscious of our own Existence. There cannot surely be a more comfortable Reflection, than being convinced that a Power who commands and directs all Nature is our Guard, without whose Knowledge no Action is committed, nor even the most secret Thought can arise.

With this Confidence of Security, the good Man commits himself to the Arms of Sleep, where all besides must fear it, and feels Serenity, where every other Breast must be discomposed.

The unusual Serenity of the Morning, which inspired every Warbler with Chearfulness, detained us in the Garden till our little Boy came running to inform us that the Breakfast waited.

' Is it not extremely absurd, said Lucinda, as we
' returned, for Mankind to complain of the short Du-
' ration of their Lives, when they even refuse to live
' a Number of Hours which Providence has bestowed
' on them. How many can we recollect amongst our
' Acquaintance, who have been lost to every Joy this
' Morning has afforded us, and who may, notwith-
' standing, before Night, assert, that the Age which
' Men in general attain to, serves only to conduct
' them to a superficial Knowledge of the Sciences, or,

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‘ that old Age approaches almost as soon as we begin to live.’

Such, indeed, is frequently the Language of human Creatures, who lose the most valuable Parts of every Day. Such too have I heard from your Mouth, but then, indeed, you rise—by Eleven.

Lucinda and myself, who are great Advocates for early Hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes; and should therefore rejoice to see you amongst us; there is then some Probability of your seeing the Sun rise, which I sincerely believe you have not done for many Years, and which is one of the most pleasing Scenes upon the Theatre of Nature. I am, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Lucinda, *on the Happiness of a domestic Matrimonial Life.*

July 5, 1774.

AFTER so many Years which we have passed, my Lucinda, almost without Separation, one would naturally imagine that the few Days Absence I have known should not be displeasing, and yet, believe me, I am already tired of the Town, and am preparing to leave it with the utmost Expedition to return to domestic Joys.

When I reflect on my Disposition, I am greatly thankful to Providence that the same Dislike for public Pleasures has always prevailed in Lucinda as myself, and that we have been actuated by the same Inclinations during the Tenor of our Lives.

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the Town, yet I never fail of seeing Objects in it which remind me of my own Felicity, and increase the Love I bear you. Alas! my Dear, the fashionable Tenor of matrimonial Lives is so little suited to my Turn of Mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a very good Wife. I could by no Means have endured to see the Heart of the Woman I loved, entirely devoted to Pleasure, nor have ever been content to share it with the King of Trumps.

It

It is, however, happy for Mankind, that the same Delicacy does not universally prevail, as there are now many Couples who are thought to be happy, because the Wife has never transgressed the Bounds of Virtue, nor the Husband treated her with Language which he would be ashamed to use to a Stranger. Their Amusements are distinct from each other, they know nothing of that Heart-felt Joy which arises from being with those they love, secluded from every Eye, and breathing the Sweets of the balmy Evening. Their only Care is refining those Pleasures which Repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new Arts to pass the tedious Day, which, notwithstanding their Endeavours, affords some Hours in which that most impertinent of all Companions, called *Self*, never fails of Intrusion.

There are many Women in the World, I believe, to whom I might have made a good Husband; but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda who could have made me a happy one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy amiable Disposition and Virtues, since Indifference and Content are to be incompatible in the Marriage State. To Heaven, likewise, my sincerest Thanks are due, for preserving its best and most valuable Gift to bless my Life. For as Milton elegantly expresses it,

With thee conversing, I forget all Time;
 All Seasons and their Change, all please alike.
 Sweet as the Breath of Morn her Rising Sweet,
 With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
 Glist'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
 After soft Show'rs; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gems of Heaven, her starry Train:
 But neither Breath of Morn when she ascends
 With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
 Glist'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance, after Showers;
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,

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With this, her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starlight, without thee is sweet.

Having once begun those beautiful Lines of my Lucinda's favourite Poet, I found it impossible to break off sooner; nay, I was pleased to be able to express so elegantly the Language of my Heart.

Arathes, who is just come in, and has looked over my Shoulder, upon seeing so much Poetry, cried out, very fine, truly, I shall take the first Opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I assure you. If you have any Thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make Use of me, for I am now writing to her. How's this, says Arathes, what, larding your Letters with Poetry, after more than twenty Years Marriage? I concluded you were addressing some other Fair One, and endeavouring to soften her inexorable Heart by the Muse's Assistance. But come with me to Lady ——'s. Not a Word, however, of Lucinda all Night; to be seen with such an old-fashioned Creature as you, would spoil my Reputation entirely, if your Character should once be known.

You know Arathes, my Lucinda, extremely well, and will perceive, by this, that he is still the same Man as ever. He desires me to apologize for his taking me from you, as he calls it, and at the same Time to send you his Compliments. My Blessing to the Children, whom I shall make happy by some little Presents at my Return; to thee, my Love, I shall bring a Heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy Virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own Felicity. Believe me, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

To Cleanthes, on Friendship, Age and Death.

Nov. 15, 1774.

IT is no small Alleviation of that Anxiety which the Loss of a Friend produces, to reflect that the same Virtues which procured him our Esteem, will likewise entitle him to eternal Happiness. This Consolation I received upon closing the Eyes of Aristus,

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the last and most melancholy Office which Friendship can perform.

At length, my Cleanthes, that Friendship which we once divided, is now confined to ourselves. We have seen those who advanced with us along the Vale of Life, sink into the Grave, and have lived to be the only Links of the Chain of Friendship which we helped to constitute at our Entrance on the World. We have together, in the Hours of Youth, looked back and despised the Toys of Infancy, in our Manhood we have smiled at the Pleasures of our Youth, and are now come to that Age in which we look back on all alike, and consider every Prospect that terminates on this Side the Grave as beneath our Notice or Regard.

At this Season of Life, one of the most considerable Pleasures which remain to human Nature, is the Recollection of the Moments which are past. Now, whilst I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with Satisfaction the Time in which we were induced, by a Parity of Sentiments, to form the social Connection, and the steady Union in which we have passed from that Hour to the present. The Time approaches which must put a Period to our Friendship. None hope that Providence will extend their Lives to an unusual Length but those who fear to die; as for ourselves, we have reached that Age which few are born to attain, and which, in the Language of an admired Writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myself, that our Days have been so spent, that we have no Reason to tremble at the Thought of our last, nor imbitter the remaining Part of our Life with Apprehensions for the inevitable Hour to come.

We have lent the Tear of Pity to Distress, and alleviated the Misfortunes of our Fellow Creatures; we have neither indulged our Passions, nor neglected the Praise we owe the Author of our Mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble? We leave a World, whose Pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing; we have passed thro' its Enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happiest of States: And yet the tender Tie of Parents holds us; we must leave those whom Nature obliges us to love: Yet let us re-

member that we leave them to the Care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilst their Minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from the Budding to the Bloom of Reason.

If at any Time a Kind of Wish arises which would defer the Hour that Heaven has allotted for my last, 'tis when I am surrounded by my Family, and observe the Looks of Tenderneſs which they gratefully beſtow on me; yet ſometimes their being preſent has the oppoſite Effect, and I am apprehenſive leſt the Moment ſhould not arrive till I mourn the Loſs of a Child.

I know not that any Thing would give more conſiderable Amuſement than our reviewing together our paſt Lives, and recollecting the Dangers we have paſt from the Storms of our Paſſions, when now Time has lulled them to reſt. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various Opinions and Ideas we have had of the ſame Object, and mark the Progreſs of the human Mind through the different Stages of Life. Cleantes, therefore, who enjoys the Bleſſing of Health in a more eminent Degree than his Friend, will haſten to ſee and give him the greateſt Satisfaction he can poſſibly know.

I write this from the Grotto which Lucinda's Fancy decorated, and where we have paſſed ſo many happy Hours. Providence has taken Care to wean us from the Love of Life by Degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened Age of Manhood before we have more Friends in the Grave than ſurviving, and from that Moment, which is almoſt the firſt of ſerious Reflection, we begin to perceive the Vanity of human Happineſs. It was the Will of Heaven that I ſhould mourn the Loſs of my Lucinda, and feel the Pang of Separation, yet not till we had grown old in Love, and ſweetened the greateſt Part of our Lives with connubial Happineſs. Since the Retrospect Part of our Lives preſents us with nothing which ſhould terrify our Imagination, let us paſs the remaining Days which Heaven ſhall allot us in calm Serenity, and in Reſignation to the divine Will.

Whenever

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Whenever the destined Hour shall come, my Cleanthes, may we sink contented from the World, and in the perfect Assurance of eternal Happiness.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

A Letter from Bishop Atterbury to his Son Obadiah, at Christchurch College, in Oxford.

(Containing some useful Hints in regard to writing Letters.)

Dear Obby,

I Thank you for your Letter, because there are manifest Signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and of Consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both Respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling Nature, pass through your Pen negligently; get but the Way of writing correctly and justly, Time and Use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much Care may give a Stiffness to your Stile, which ought in all Letters, by all Means, to be avoided. The Turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an Image of private and familiar Conversation. I mention this with Respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an Air of Poetry, and do therefore naturally resolve themselves into Blank Verses. I send you your Letter again, that yourself may now make the same Observation. But you took the Hint of that Thought from a Poem, and it is no Wonder, therefore, that you heightened the Phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly there is an Air of Duty and Sincerity, which, if it comes from your Heart, is the most acceptable Present you can make me. With these good Qualities an incorrect Letter would please me, and without them the finest Thoughts and Language will make no lasting Impression on me. The great Being says, you know—*My Son, give me thy Heart*, implying, that without it all other Gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any Thing, either in a Letter, or common Conversation, that you do not think; but always to

let your Mind and your Words go together on the most trivial Occasions. Shelter not the least Degree of Insincerity under the Notion of a Compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a Man of Probity, is only the most civil and obliging Way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away Truth for Breeding: I need not tell you how little his Character gets by such an Exchange.

I say not this as if I suspected that in any Part of your Letter, you intended to write what was proper, without any Regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in Earnest from the Beginning to the End of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am,

Your loving Father, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a young Lady in one of the Canary Islands, to her Sister in England, whom she had never seen; containing a pressing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place, in Order to prevail on her.

MUST we for ever, my dear Sister, converse only at this unhappy Distance? — Are we born of the same Parents, to be eternal Aliens to each other — I have been told Wonders of your Wit, Ingenuity, and Good Nature — Must Strangers, or at least very distant Kindred, reap all the Benefit of these amiable Qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the Want of it. — They say there is a secret Sympathy between Persons of the same Blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you? — Have you never any of those Yearnings, those Longings, to see the Daughter of your Father and your Mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily Musings and my nightly Dreams? — If not Affection, Pity should make you wish to be with a Sister, who stands so much in Need of your Assistance. You know, my Father's great Affairs suffer him seldom to be with his Family; — Death has deprived me of my Mother, and Devotion of her Sister; but she forsakes me only to join

join herself to her Creator; you have no such Plea: And as you are six Years older than myself, and of a much superior Understanding, it is a Kind of Duty in you to be with me, to correct the Errors of my unexperienced Youth, and form my Mind by the Model of your own.——Believe me, I would be most obedient to your Instructions, and love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.——What can with-hold you from coming to a Place where your Presence is so ardently desired?——What can you find so pleasing to you in a Kingdom rent with internal Divisions?——Where Father against Son, and Brother against Brother, maintain unnatural Contest!——A Kingdom, where Pride, Injustice, Luxury, and Profaneness, are almost universal, and Religion become a Reproach to the Profession!——A Kingdom, sinking by swift Degrees into Misery and Contempt, yet infatuated so far as to doat on the Cause of their Undoing.——At least this is the Account we have of it——Can this be agreeable to a Person of your nice and distinguishing Taste!——O my dearest Sister! listen to the Dictates of Reason, of Duty, and of Nature, all join to call you from that worse than *Egypt* into the Land of *Canaan*——Here Peace and Innocence go Hand in Hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleasures, wait upon their Steps——No foreign Wars, no home-bred Jars, no Envy, no Distrust, disturb the soft Serenity of these blissful Seats, but all is Harmony and Love——Eternal Zephyrs watch our Morning Wakings, bringing ten thousand Odours on their Wings, and tempt us to the Groves from whence they spring——In Troops we wander through the *Jessamine* Lanes, or sit in *Orange Bowers*, where Fruits, ripe and in Blossom, charm our Smell and Taste——Sometimes on Mules we take short Journeys to *Teneriffe*, and on the Foot of that stupendous Mount, recline on Banks of Roses umbrella'd over with spreading Myrtles:——Then change the Scene, and view the spacious Vineyards, where huge Alcoves of clustering Grapes hang pendant over our Heads.——Sometimes we roam through a long Gallery of stately Pines, whose loaded Boughs present us every Kind of Fruit in one.——But there is no describing Half the various

Sweets which Nature, with a lavish Hand, pours on these Isles, which justly have the Name of *Fortunate!* nor (I flatter myself) will there be any Need of farther Arguments, to bring you to us;—my Father has just now informed me, that Captain *** carries his positive Orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured Hope of enjoying the Happiness I so long and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more—I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that, with your Obedience to our Father, some little Share of Love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more Readiness, by the Thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an Affection for you, and thinks it the greatest Blessing to subscribe herself,

My dear Sister,

Your most affectionate and most obedient Servant,
MARIA BOYLE.

L E T T E R XII.

From Miss Middleton to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for Worcestershire, in order to follow my Sister, who, you know, has been some Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last Friday, and died in two Days after.——Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay,——for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes;——hushed is that Voice that gave so much Delight; those Limbs which Art has ransack'd to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb.——Ah! what is Life!——What all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! What the vain Adoration of a flattering World!——delusive Pleasures,——fleeting Nothings. how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being!——You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no Doubt, be surprized to find Expressions of this Kind fall from my Pen; but,
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my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake:——My Sister's Fate has roused me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment.—Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is!——And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!——In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years; (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)——I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it.——Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage, I must one Day take into another World:——What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I proposed to stay a few Weeks, or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation. Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of the endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of:——Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force;——vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that divine Power without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated by finding I am become at last a reasonable Creature. I
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enclose you the Letter she sent, to the End you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments she left this World.—Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,
Your most afflicted humble Servant,
MIDDLETON.

L E T T E R XIII.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.—None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of seeing another Morning.—Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the World without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour, you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive:—We have had the same Sort of Education,—have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces.—Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study.—Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition.—Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God.—How often alas! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven! How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that Futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One Moment, methinks,

thinks, I see the blissful Seats of Paradise unveiled ;— I hear ten thousand Myriads of Myriads of celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praise, to the unutterable Name.—The next a Scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.— My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves me in a sad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom : On one Hand beckoning Angels smile upon me, while on the other the Furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting Soul.—Methinks, I dare not hope, nor will the Rev. Dr. G*** suffer me to despair ;—he comforts me with the Promises in holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before ; but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conscience.—Dear, dear Sister, I must bid you eternally adieu ;—I have discharged my Duty in giving you this Warning : O ! may my Death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that Weight I wish and pray for : You are the last Object of my earthly Cares.—I have now done with all below,—shall retire into myself, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

Your sincere Friend,
And most affectionate and departing Sister,
BERINTHIA.

L E T T E R X I V .

A Letter to Miss W——, advising her to take Care of her House, &c.

AS you are a Tenant at Will in a very handsome genteel House, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest Manner, ruling it by the strictest Maxims of Œconomy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a few cursory Hints in an Affair of so much Importance.

Your Building is composed of some of the finest Materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any Flaw or Spot that may accidentally touch it.—'Tis erected of a proper Height, a just Size, rear'd

rear'd on a regular Plan, and finished with the most accurate Proportion.——On the Top stands an eminent Turret, furnished with a Room of globular Form, which I observe has two crystal Windows in the Front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive Prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the House. I advise you not to look thro' them at every Object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at Night, and you may open them as early as you please in the Morning.——On each Side I discover a small Portal to receive Company; take Care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crouded with Visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructing Parent, the advising Friend, or the supplicating Orphan.—I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what Visitors you let out publickly, lest any of ill Characters be seen coming from it, and you draw a Scandal upon your House: It will be necessary therefore to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters, who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet; just without the Ivory Palisades.—I have seen some People paint the two Pannels, just below the Windows; but I would advise you to the contrary, for your natural Colours far exceed all the Decorations of Art.—This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of *Corinthian* Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabaster Semi-Globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain of admirable Needle-Work.

Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite Workmanship; this, I suppose, is the Place of your secret Retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful intimate Friend.—I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the best practical Authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return Home from Church, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-Table: Let the Outside of
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the Hall not appear like an Herse hung round with Escutcheons, nor like a Coach of State bedaubed with Gilt and Colouring; but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the World that 'tis kept more for Use than Ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surpris'd to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, tho' you have lived in it no longer, which are plain Intimations that the House will one Day fall.——You may soon be turned out——the Landlord may give you Warning, or may not——this is all uncertain——be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice.——One Thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the House, no other Tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lie waste and in Ruins; yet the Proprietor will some Time or other rebuild it for your Reception in a more durable Manner, with the same Materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no Accident or Decay; and as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be new reared in some other Place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well sheltered from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Lease never expire.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT N.

LETTER XV.

From a sensible Lady, with a never-failing Receipt for a Beauty-Wash.

AS you seem so intent on improving the personal Charms of your already amiable Daughter, I can no longer Delay answering your Letter.—You would be glad, you say, of a Receipt to make a Wash; but it must be perfectly innocent. What I recommend, Madam, is truly so, and will greatly illustrate and preserve her Complexion.

Pray

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Pray let her observe the following Rules :

In the Morning, fair Water is to be used as a Preparatory ; after which she must abstain from all sudden Gusts of Passion, particularly Envy, as that gives the Skin a fallow Paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of Temperance ; yet must this be attended to, both in Eating and Drinking, if she would avoid those Pimples, for which the advertised Washes are a boasted Cure. Instead of *Rouge* let her use moderate Exercise, which will excite a natural Bloom in her Cheeks not to be imitated by Art. Ingenuous Candour, and unaffected Good-Humour, will give an Openness to her Countenance that will make her universally agreeable. A Desire of pleasing will add Fire to her Eyes, and breathing the Morning Air at Sun-Rise will give her Lips a Vermilion Hue. That amiable Vivacity, which she now possesses, may be happily heightened and preserved, if she avoids late Hours and Card Playing, but not otherwise ; for the first gives the Face a drowsy disagreeable Aspect, and the last is the Mother of Wrinkles.—A white Hand is a very desirable Ornament ; and a Hand can never be white unless it be kept clean : Nor is this all ; for if the young Lady will excel her Companions in this Respect, she must keep her Hands in constant Motion, which will occasion the Blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful Effect. The Motion I would recommend, is working at her Needle, brushing up the House, or twirling the Distaff.—It was this Industry in our Grand-Mothers which gave *Kneller* an Opportunity of gratifying Posterity with the View of so many fine Hands and Arms in his incomparable Portraits.—A few Words more, and I have done.—Let her preserve an unaffected Neatness in her Apparel ; her Fortune will permit her to dress elegantly ; but her good Sense should always prevent her from descending to Gaudiness, which strikes the Eyes of the Ignorant, but disgusts those of true Taste and Discernment ; besides, Madam, your Daughter has so many natural Charms, that she can have no Occasion to wear Cloaths that will attract all the Attention of the Multitude. She possesses more Beauties than she is acquainted with.

with, which is no small Addition to her Merit; but how can it be otherwise, when she is your Daughter, and has you for an Example? I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

Domestic Rule the Province of the Wife.

Madam,

I Must assert, that the Right of directing domestic Affairs is, by the Law of Nature, in the Woman; and that we are perfectly qualified for the Exercise of Dominion, notwithstanding what has often been said by Male Cots to the contrary. Those who pretend to direct our bringing-up, seem to have destined us to that Power which they would afterwards dispute. We are employed in our Samplers, or diverting ourselves with our Babies: We pass from our Mother's Nursery to our own, and from imaginary Visits to real ones, without fatiguing ourselves with a Variety of unnecessary Acquirements, on which the Men most value themselves.——Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a Pursuit of, we are taught Singing and Dancing; but what are these to the Drudgery of Schools and Universities? The Business of a Family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no Room for any Thing except innocent Relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to understand Domestic Policy than the Men, who have twenty other Things to mind: A mere Housewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing else, I admit, and will make a Man a very unsociable Companion. But as some Men of great Application to their respective Professions, have, notwithstanding, a very polite Behaviour, so a Woman may make the Government of her House the principal Care, without suffering it to become the principal Theme of her Discourse; nor do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a Character as a Manager, her Husband should twice or thrice a Week hear her scolding the Servants. This is one of the great Objections to Female Government, and our Adversaries would fain present it as a Thing as necessary to us, as a standing Army to the Administration. But both may be

be Calumnies, and the mere Effects of a Desire to get into other Folks Places. Experience is only on our Side; for, wherever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cook-Maid as well as the Coachman, we observe a great Deal of Discord and Confusion. When a Man, who is always a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of setting them to rights, incroaches on the Woman's Province, it is the ready Way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But when a Woman of tolerable good Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controul, all Things go well; she prevents even her Husband's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. It is with great Concern that I perceive our Sex, of late, inclined to mind any Thing rather than their Families, which Inclination must have fatal Consequences. Can there be any Thing more honourable for a Woman, than the right Management of her Family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their Choice either to manage their Children and Servants, or to be managed by them. If Liberty is the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road; a Woman's Freedom consists in Power, and not in a Licence to gad about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddiness of Soul below Compassion. The Conduct of the Estate or Business ought surely to be in the Husband; and if he parts with it, it is an Act of Weakness: The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Wife; and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of such Concerns.—
 Adieu, dear Friend! incroach not on the Province of your Husband, but continue to be Mistress in your own.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,
 SYLVIA SHARP.

LET-

L E T T E R X V I I .

From a Lady to her Acquaintance on growing old.

My dear Lucy,

I HAVE been thinking that *Human Understanding* is no less liable to be unhinged, than the Mechanism of the *Human Frame*. The least Jar of a Surprise puts it out of Tune, and one cannot presently get into order again.—We have certainly *Passions* of the *Mind* as well as *Diseases* of the *Body*, which we are not aware of, till some sudden Accident calls them forth; and the *one* are no less capable of suspending the *Faculties* of *Reason* for a Time, than the *other* are of obstructing that *Animal Fluid*, to the proper Circulation of which we owe our Health and Vigour.

I was led into this Reflection by catching myself in a Folly which I shall not be much ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some Passages my Observation supplies me with, I find the Foible inherent, in a more or less Degree, to the whole Species of Human Kind, though few are ingenuous enough to acknowledge it.

I was sitting Yesterday in my Parlour Window, looking carelessly on the People as they passed, when all at once a Fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse Voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine Spectacles*, and at the same Time thrust a Pair of those Nose-Saddles within the Sash: You cannot imagine, dear Lucy, how I was shocked; I gave the Man a short Answer, and immediately drew down the Window.—*Good God!* said I to myself, *do I look old enough to be supposed to want Spectacles?* not considering that it was the Fellow's Trade to offer them to every Body, and that many People younger than myself were obliged to make Use of them.—I ran however to my Glass, and fancied I perceived what they call the Crow's Feet appear at the Corners of my Eyes.—I looked and looked again, and the more I did so, the more I thought these cruel Marks of Time were visible; and now recollecting that my last Birth-Day brought me into my one-and-thirtieth Year, and that a very few more of them

them would rank me among the Number of the Aged, I fell into such a Fit of the Vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable? —Where now was my Understanding?—where my Reason? The little Share I have is sufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this World, must grow old, and few of us there are who desire to die young: Why was not this Knowledge at Hand to make me easy under the common Course of Nature?

I do assure you, I had grown two or three Hours older, before I could bring myself to be reconciled with the Apprehensions that every Moment brought me nearer to that so-much dreaded Stage of Life; but, thank Heaven, I got the better of it at last, and laughed at the foolish Part my Imagination had been acting.

That we all, however, have a natural Aversion to grey Hairs and Wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to overcome the Uneasiness which their Approach inflicts, requires the utmost Exertion of our Reason; yet is not this an Inconsistency, a Kind of Absurdity in our Habit of thinking?—We ridicule a thousand lesser Follies of Mankind, yet pass over that which more than all deserves Censure, the being ashamed or afraid of attaining what all the World, as well as ourselves, would wish to arrive at—But we would live for ever if we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the Depredations of Time from Fifteen to Sixty; and even then not be content perhaps to be thought in our Decline.

Were old Age terrible to us merely as it is the Fore-runner of Death, or as it is generally attended with Infirmities which render Life a Burden, I should not be so much surprized; but, alas! we see Death and Diseases seize on Youth and Strength; no Time of Life is a Security against either.—Nor is it altogether the Apprehension of being deprived of what Share of Beauty Nature may have bestowed upon us, that renders it so alarming, since that also may be lost by the Small-Pox, and a thousand other Accidents.—No, it is only the *Name*, not the *Effects*, we so much dread;
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and I believe most People would rather chuse *Deformity with Youth*, than *Comeliness with Old Age*.

This, and some other Propensities of the Mind, in my Opinion, are sufficient to convince any thinking Person of the Importance of *Human Understanding*, and oblige us all to own with the Poet, that

“ Reason in Man is but a twinkling Lamp

“ Of wand’ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns;

“ Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining.”

You will imagine, by my being so serious, that I have not yet got over the Fright the Man put me into, and indeed I am not sure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have Resolution enough to wish, from the very Bottom of my Heart, that you and I may grow old in Friendship, and that whatever Effect Time may have upon our *Persons*, our *Minds* may remain as now united; which will be a Balance against the Mortifications in the Power of the old Gentleman with the Hour-Glass, to,

My dear Lucy,

Yours, with the most perfect Amity,
HILLARIA.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery, to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that Concern you express.——You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one of his sharpest Weapons; and if you have received some Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory, than Blemishes.——What if your Complexion has lost some Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether so delicate; the less Charms your Glass present you with, the more you will find in your Closet; and deprived of vain Pleasure in contemplating the Graces of your out-

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outward Form, you will have the greater Leisure to improve and embellish those which are not so easily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of so much Value to all the Young and Gay; but, if we consider seriously, we shall find that it is Virtue, good Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and Complaisance, of which the Girdle of *Cytherea* should be composed.—The finest Face in the World without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Understanding, as the Poet truly says,

“Beauty soon grows familiar to the Eye;
“Virtue alone has Charms that never die.”

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greatest Part of our Sex: I confess, the Beauties of the *Person* greatly contribute to set off and render those of the *Mind* conspicuous, and for that Reason should lament extremely any Defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engross the whole Attention of as many as know you; and that they may every Day increase in the Lustre of true Dignity, is the sincere Wish of,

My dear *Ophelia*,

Yours,

SOPHRONIA.

The



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant Letters on various Subjects, to improve
the Stile and entertain the Mind; from eminent
Authors.

LETTER I.

The following Letter, written by Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightening, is reckoned a Master-Piece in epistolary descriptive Writing.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven; for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been
con-

consumed to Ashes.—Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! But unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beach-Tree. John Hewit was a well-set Man of about five and twenty : Sarah Dew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age : They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction ; if she milked, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he brought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat ; and the Posey on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood ; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other Views, than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage.—It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and John was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to choose her a Knot for the Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightening and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley : John, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder ; every one was solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stepped to the Place where they lay ; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and then spied this faithful Pair. John with one Arm about Sarah's Neck, and the other held over her, as if to skreen her from the Lightening. They were both
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struck in this tender Posture. Sarah's left Eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day interred in Stanton-Harcourt Church-Yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows :

*When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire ;
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound :
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Light'ning and the Victims seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little Poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

The following most charming and affectionate Letter, universally admired, was written by Mr. Pope, to the Bishop of Rochester, about a Month before his Banishment.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last; the Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good Night; may you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Conversation. But
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upon

upon the Whole, I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future ; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies ; they will tend to the Benefit of Men, against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity : And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life, but a Censure or Critic on the past ? Those whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it : The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility ; and you will never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist, in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth hath long involved it : To shine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazled the most ; in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death : But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing ? it was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guiders to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds ; but Revenge will never harbour there : Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe

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Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit entered into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality, where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you: But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness.

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

To Lady —, from Mr. Pope, on witty and serious Letters.

Madam,

I AM not at all concerned to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a Friend that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth, makes a much less Present than he that gives you his Heart; and true Friends would rather see such Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World: They who can set a right Value upon any Thing, will prize one tender well-meant Word above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken so much Pains to endeavour to please you, by Writing, or any Thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want, at least in the Degree that I see others have it, who would at all Seasons alike, be entertaining; but I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myself, and of more Service to my Friends. I would cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Disposition than to laugh only myself and laugh at all my Neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the World may thank you for it: For if I could have seen you every Day, and imagined my

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Company could have every Day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the World. How many Verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of than your Friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my Life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my Death? Alas! they would both be of no Advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: But my Sentiments about it, you will see better by this Epigram.

*What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.*

LETTER IV.

To the Hon. Mrs. H——, from Mr. Pope.

Madam,

ALL the Pleasure, or Use of familiar Letters is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare; at least, 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despiser of what they call fine Letters. In this View, I promise you, it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your Good at my Heart, and am that Thing which many People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments upon, a Friend; which is a Character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your Stile: 'Tis very pretty, therefore I don't like; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a Farthing for such Letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost Mrs. L***, I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other People, and sometimes better. You must allow me

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me to say, you have not said a sensible Thing in all your Letter, except where you speak of shewing Kindness, and expecting it in Return: But the Addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the Stile of Wit and Abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you wrote, in all your Letters, you've never told me how you do. Indeed I see 'twas absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continue to take more Notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to say, Kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which, if I want, I am not much concerned, because Judgment is a better Thing; and if I had, I would make Use of it, rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what Manner you may most agreeably write to me: Tell me you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a Loss about that Article. As I have opened my Mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H—, who will see by it, what Manner of Letters he must expect, if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his Servant, to put Turns upon you instead of good Wishes, so in Return, I should have nothing but honest plain how-d'ye's, and pray remember-me's; which not being fit to be shewn to any Body for Wit, may be a Proof we correspond only for ourselves, in meer Friendliness; as doth, God is my Witness,

Your very, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Steel, on Sicknefs and dying young.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution, is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and I hope I have received some

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Advantage by it, if what *Waller* says be true, that
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Let's in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.

Then surely Sickneſs contributing no leſs than old Age to the ſhaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may diſcover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickneſs is a Sort of early old Age: It teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inſpires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand Volumes of Philoſophers and Divines: It gives ſo warning a Concuffion to thoſe Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we then think of fortifying ourſelves within, where there was ſo little Dependance upon our Outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and ſmoother Manner than Age: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the Sight, but at the ſame Time it is undermining it at the Root in Secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral Proſpects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptineſs of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unſatisfactory Nature of all human Pleaſure. When a ſmart Fit of Sickneſs tells me this ſcurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in Bed in the great Storm ſome Years ago, and told the Houſe would tumble over his Head, made Answer, "What care I for the Houſe, I am only a Lodger." I fancy 'tis the beſt Time to die when one is in the beſt Humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with Conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconfiderable little Atom every ſingle Man is, with Reſpect to the whole Creation, methinks 'tis a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of ſuch a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will riſe as bright as ever;
the

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the Flowers smell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they used to do. The Memory of Man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but one Day. There are Reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the Prospect of Death: "For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length of Time, or is measured by Number of Years. But Wisdom is the grey Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age. He was taken away speedily, lest Wickedness should alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul," &c.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

From her LOOKING-GLASS.

To the beautiful Angelica.

Madam,

I Have enjoyed the Honour of serving your Ladyship some Years, during which Time, as you have been pleased to favour me with evident Marks of your Esteem, and a Familiarity that none of your other Utensils can boast of, tho' many of them my Betters by far; as therefore I have shewn you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my Fidelity approved of by your Ladyship, I hope you will pardon my Boldness, in taking this Method to discover to you some Failings in yourself, which my Surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you consult me much too often; and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me. How many thousand Times must you be told that you are handsome?—I assure you of it every Day; but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every Hour, nay, almost every Moment.—I cannot lie; your Person is exceeding amiable; but I must at the same Time inform your Ladyship with my usual Sincerity, that you would be

infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think so.— Consider, Madam, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand Times a Day, I cannot make you a Bit the better, or the handsomer: But shall certainly destroy one of the finest Ornaments of Beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections. Whenever you stand before me with all your Charms set forth to the best Advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourself with too great Pleasure, and grow proud and conceited of your own Beauty, which, in Time, will make other People despise and ridicule you; and therefore I honestly and ingenuously intreat you to avoid my Company; for, Madam, I must confess, that the worst Enemy the Fair Ones have, can't do them so much Prejudice as I their chief Favourite. It grieves me to the Heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their Fondness of me, when I so continually do them Mischief.— Whether it be, as a witty Gentleman once said of me, from my Talent, of casting Reflections;—or whether it be from the large Quantity of Quicksilver which belongs to me, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the Learned observe, Madam, Mercury is highly prejudicial to your Sex, either where there is too much of it in the Composition of a Fair Lady, or when it is used externally as an Help to Beauty: As, in the former Case, it is generally the Cause of extensive Levity, so, in the latter, it is always observed to hurt the Eyes, and deface those Charms which it is designed to assist and improve:—Or whether my gaily gilded Frame is too apt to infect the Mind of the Beholder with Vanity:—Or lastly, whether it be from the Brittleness of my other Materials, which, by a Kind of Sympathy, affect People who are too frequently conversant with me.—From whatever Cause it proceeds, a Lady who has a fine Face, might almost as well fall into the Small-Pox, as to be often in my Company. How many charming Creatures have I spoiled, and made Beauty the greatest Misfortune that could befall them!—I can't think on't without Concern:—Why am I fatal to be thus unlucky, and injure those the most that love me best?—
Alas!

Alas! Why was I made a Looking-Glass! Was it my Desire to be covered with Silver, and inclosed in a Frame of Gold!——Did I aspire to be fixed in this honourable Place, and become a Lady's Favourite!—Oh! that I had been some meaner Piece of Furniture, less respected, and less mischievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I beseech you, from an unhappy Thing, which Destiny makes pernicious to the loveliest Creature under Heaven, or I shall soon infect you with the worst Disease incident to Beauty; and that is Vanity.——I am, 'tis true, a useful Servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is seldom; but if a Lady grows so fond of me, that she runs to ask my Opinion of every Look; if she consults me forty Times for once that she goes to her Prayer-Book or Bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than Age or Ugliness. I beg, Madam, that you'll interpret what your poor Servant says, to proceed wholly from Respect and Love for you:—The tender Regard I have for your Ladyship, together with some Symptoms I lately have discovered, make me fearful for you.—I dread the Apprehension of bringing Contempt on so good a Mistress, and would not for the World be the Occasion of your losing any one Grace of a fine Woman: No! rather let me be broken into a thousand Pieces! I am not without Fear of giving Offence by the Freedom I have taken; but tho' you banish me your Presence, I cannot forbear speaking in a Case where your Ladyship's Good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us to part for ever.—Better for you to be without my Service, than to suffer by it; and better for me to lose my Lady, and be thrown into a Corner, than to remain where I am, and be accessory and instrumental in spoiling as much Sweetness and Beauty as ever Looking-Glass had the Happiness to shew. I am, Madam,

With the most dutiful Respect;

Your most faithful and devoted humble Servant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

L E T T E R VII.

From Hortensius, to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.

I Write this while Cleora is angling by my Side, under the Shade of a spreading Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious than Strada's, is serenading us from a Hawthorn Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty; while

—————Gentle Gales,
Fanning their odourif'rous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils. MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was engaged, with more than ordinary Distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "That he looked upon those to be the happiest Men in the Nation, whose Fortune had placed them in the Country above a High-Constable, and below the Trouble of a Justice of Peace." It is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging in the Drudgery of Business, and with Desires much too humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions: The Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon my Repose. I endeavour to practise the Maxim of a French Poet, by considering every Thing that is not within my Possession as not worth having. Is it impossible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unambitious Sentiments, and to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Happiness?—Let me at least prevail with you to spare a Day or two from

from the *Certamina Divitiarum* (as Horace, I think, calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead in the Country. If there is any Thing wanted to complete the Happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a Witness to it. Adieu!

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

I Should never have believed, Madam, that one of your Letters could have afflicted me, how bad News soever it had brought me. The bare Sight of your Writing seemed to me a Remedy against every Evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you it is an extreme Grief to me that I have been informed of the Loss we have had. Our Friend was valuable in every Respect, she was beautiful, tender and generous, witty, and of so just a Judgment, that she valued you above every Thing in the World. She had over and above in dying the only good Quality which she wanted during her Life, that is, she bore with a Resolution a Thing, the bare Name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this Greatness of Soul with so truly a Christian Piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too selfish an Affection to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other World a Repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make Advantage of the Exhortation you gave me to follow so good an Example, and it will not be the first Time that you have made me a better Man. The Troubles I have hitherto had will not ill assist your Admonitions; for, I think, few Things contribute more to make us die without Reluctancy, than to have no Pleasure in Life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my Career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the Advantage

vantage of seeing you again, and of protesting to you to what a Degree I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

From a Gentleman to his Son, just arrived from Paris, against servile Complaisance and Talkativeness; with some Directions how to behave politely in Company.

Dear Tom,

THERE is something in your Behaviour since your Return from Paris, that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefitted by travelling. You have, by keeping Company with Coxcombs, or by mistaking Ceremony for Politeness, contracted a Habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling Manner, but of sacrificing every Thing to Compliment. Even your Sincerity is offered up to Ceremony; and you think yourself obliged, in Point of Good-Manners, to agree, like Polonius in the Play, with every Thing that is said, whether right or wrong. You don't want Understanding, Tom; nor are you without a good Share of Learning; and yet that eternal Simper, that Cringe and Obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your Acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your Behaviour, and speak of this behind your Back, tho' they have not Friendship enough to confess it to your Face. But your Father, who loves you sincerely, and who considers you as a Part of himself, can never see you do any Thing that may tend to your Disadvantage, without warning you of the Consequence; for that Father must have a very bad Heart, or a very bad Head, indeed, who does not inform his Son of his Faults. Yours is not an Error of Disposition, but of Judgment, and therefore it may be easily rectified. You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for Civility and Politeness; but you are mistaken. Forced and affected Compliments are the Reverse. Politeness is ever attained with Ease and Freedom, and despises every Thing that is unnatural. Besides this, Cringing and Fawning render your Sincerity suspected. Those who make large Professions to every body, are esteemed by no body.

It

It is all considered as Froth, and their Friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their Conversation. Cast off therefore, my dear Tom, this Sort of Behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and consistent with the Character of your Family, who were always esteemed for their Openness, Freedom, and Sincerity, which entitle a Man to more Respect than all the fine Speeches and low Bows in the World. Not that I would have you entirely disregard what you brought from the Dancing-School: A proper Deportment is necessary, and even a little Ceremony may be consistent with Politeness and Good-Manners; 'tis the Excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. Montagu, for in this Case one Example is better than ten Precepts; he is esteemed an accomplished Gentleman, every one is pleased with his Behaviour, all are charmed with his Conversation; and the Means he pursued to attain this Art of pleasing universally, are these:

He takes Care to keep none but good Company, (for by his Company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished) among such his Ears are ever open to receive Instruction; for he considers, that a silent young Man generally makes a wise old one. He attends to every Body, and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the Opinions of the whole Company, well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than speaking on any Subject; and that by this Means, he not only fathoms the Capacities of the Company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each Person, by giving him an Opportunity to talk; and especially when with proper Questions he introduces such Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of displaying his Talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal Good-Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who having seen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and
Ridicule,

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Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand? What Mr. Montagu says is always to the Purpose, is properly addressed, and every Body hears him with Satisfaction; for tho' he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks, it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth; but always delivers his Sentiments in such a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company; and when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, Tom, Excess of Ceremony will never gain Man Friends, but impertinent Babbling will undoubtedly create him Enemies; for Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself? Besides, the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks, has no Time to hear, and consequently can reap no Benefit from what is said in Company. Another Vice in Conversation, (if I may be allowed that Expression) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely, which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools; since, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes:

*Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
For want of Decency is want of Sense.*

I am, dear Son,
Your truly affectionate Father.

L E T-

LETTER X.

*The following Letter was written to the Dean of Waterford by a Widower, the Father of six Children, under the fictitious Name of Elzevir.——The Design of it was to invite the Dean and his Company to Supper, particularly Miss Elizabeth Marshal, a young Lady about 18, and whose Fortune was 30,000*l.* who was lodged in the Dean's Study, he having much Company at that Time.*

Rev. Sir,

I AM told there is a Book which lies in your Study in Sheets; and all who have seen it, admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called Marshal's Epithalamium, or some such Name; but lest I should be mistaken in the Title, I will describe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful Manuscript, the Ink very black and shining on the whitest Virgin Vellum that can be imagined; the Characters are so nice and delicate as to discover it to be the Work of some masterly Hand; and there is such a Symmetry and exact Proportion in all its Parts, and the Features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the Reader often to a Stand in admiring the Beauties of them.

The Book has an additional Ornament, which it did not want, all the Margin being flourished with Gold; but that which commends it more is, that though it has been written full eighteen Years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied nor stained; insomuch, that one would think it was never once turned over by any Man.

The Volume itself does not appear to be of any great Bulk, and yet I understand it has been valued at 30,000*l.*

'Tis pity so valuable a Piece should ever be lost, and the Way to prevent this, is by increasing the Copies of it. If the Author will give Consent, and you will license it, I will immediately put it into the Press. I have all the necessary Apparatus for the Purpose, and a curious Set of Letters, that were never used but in the Impression of one Book, and of this too, no more than
Half

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Half a Dozen Copies : So that you must imagine they are never the worse for wearing. For my Part, I will spare no Pains to embellish and adorn the Whole with the most natural and lively Figures ; and I shall not despair of producing an Edition as beautiful in the Eyes of Men as the dear Original is at present in mine. — Methinks I could read it with Pleasure Night and Day.

If therefore you will do me the Favour to let me have your Company this Evening, and bring this incomparable Piece along with you, it will add to the Entertainment of every one, but particularly of him, who is always with great Respect,

Rev. Sir, -

Your most obedient Servant and faithful Friend,
ELZEVIR.

LETTER XI.

*From **** to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retirement.*

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some rural Abode, than appear in the World ; such Persons as you are fatal to the public Tranquility, and do Mischief without ever designing it : But I must own, when Belles and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the Sake of Heavenly Contemplation, the World will be well reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable while the serious Hours are divided between Hyde-Park and the Opera ; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantastic Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of other Pursuits, how few know the Emphasis of these few Lines :

*Sweet Solitude ! when Life's gay Hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last ;*

Toss'd

*Toss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
And ask if Virtue has enlarged the Span:
If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
Trust future Ages and contented die.* TICKEL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness; quietly to withdraw from the Crowd, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows may be properly called a Digression.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Granteurs of the Earth! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss? No:—One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Granteurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am,
Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R XII.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope.

PRAY what is your Opinion of Fate? for I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination—No, I cannot go as far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a Sort of Free-will; for we may be able to resist Inclination, but not Compulsion.

Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous Fashion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing the Petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this Time of the Year, but then, my Dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty Look.

Ay, so has my Muslin Apron; but I would not chuse to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I'll swear, Child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty Dress; let me die if I don't think a Muslin Flounce made very full, would give one a very agreeable Flirtation Air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all Things——Do you think there are any such Things as Spirits?

Do you believe there is any such Place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the World To-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has loved most in this World?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't tell me all; you know I abominate Reserve.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments.

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employed in preparing for the King's Birth Day, than for their own last; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in the Dancing-Room, than for a Seat in Paradise.

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I was last Night with ———; a Barge of Music followed us; but in the midst of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in mind of Mortality: I had such a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Softness of the Music, nor the Beauty of the Evening could give me any sincere Delight. — If Pleasure be the Lot of Man, it must be in something beyond the Grave; for on this Side, constant Experience tells us, all is Vanity.

But this Confession has hardly any Influence on human Conduct; for People in a high Rank must often act against their Reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable; and for Fear of being thought mad by the modish World, most act in a Manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to be in Vogue with their polite Cotemporaries.

I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being, endued with Reason, and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loss what to imagine we were; and had he no Informer, but was to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a Species who were insured always to live in the World we now inhabit; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least Expectation of a future Judgment, Punishment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much Pleasure the Intunction gives to,

Yours unalterably,

C L E O R A.

L E T T E R X I V .

From Mr. Locke, directed thus:

For Anthony Collins, Esq; to be delivered to him after my Decease.

Dear Sir,

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for ****. And I know no better Way to take Care of him than to put him, and what I designed for him, into

into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, secures the Trust which by your Permission I have placed in you; and the peculiar Esteem and Love I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you; so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one Thing, which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory ****.

May you live long and happy in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Consciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say upon Experience. and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. Adieu, I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER XV.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Sayille.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely; for, I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now to me, who thinks the World as giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in them: For my own Part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle
 forever

foever they seem to the busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G——y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night; but G——y would be rich; and, by my Truth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes. He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the Repartee to Black Will, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear Harry, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together as may not be ashamed of passing by Woodstock, and if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining D——s, and would have you be generous to her at this Time: For that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R X V I.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville.

Dear Saville,

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But hearing what Heirs and Successors were decreed in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those Tidings proved untrue. My Passion for living is so increased, that I omit no Care of myself, which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be an ill-natured Man, will not think it an easy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some News from your Land of the Living. And tho' I have little Curiosity to hear who is well, yet I would be glad my
few

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few Friends were so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself

Your faithful affectionate humble Servant,
ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVII.

To CLEORA.

August 11, 1771.

TH^{O'} it is but a few Hours since I parted from my Cleora, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to you: You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Stile of my former Conversation: And I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Cheerfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested to wish a Circumstance, so little consistent with my Repose, should be altogether reconcilable to your's, I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Nest, is still returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderneſs are centered. Adieu.

LET

LETTER XVIII.

*To Colonel R****s, in Spain.*

From his Lady in England.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more Concern to me; the Indisposition in which you (to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty) left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my Physicians, I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me, and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind: Give me Leave to say to you, O best of Men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment; to be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed; to administer Slumber to the Eye-lids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a Guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with
which

which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in, upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see your Face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XIX.

LAURA to AURELIA.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the Beau Monde.

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country-Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the Mall, or even in Cheapside, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land

to

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to the Antipodes; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from London, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills and silent Vallies: The Satyrists may laugh, but to me -

*Green Fields, and shady Groves, and crystal Springs,
And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things.*

I had rather hear London Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Music of the Woods; the Smell of Violets gives me the Hysterics; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryades and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an airy Lover with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian Splendor: Day-Light makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lassies to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not penetration enough to discover them. Not the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast, and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself but little at Ease in this

Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; and 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better; and I wish, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. Adieu.

L E T T E R XX.

From Polydore to Alonzo, giving an Account of his accidentally meeting Aurelia, and of her Falshood to him, &c,

YOU have spent so many Hours at the Earl of ———'s fine Seat in the Country, that 'tis unnecessary to describe those beautiful Scenes with which you are so well acquainted: Here have I passed a great Part of the Summer Season, in a Manner suitable to my contemplative Humour. Having no Taste for Country Diversions, or any Kind of Rural Sports, my Pleasures were confined to the charming Shades in Gardens, with which the House is surrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmolested Tranquility, till a Fit of Curiosity led me to make an Excursion into the wide Champagne, that opened before me from the Borders of the Park.

If I begin with the rosy Dawn, you will pardon my romantic Stile, relating to the surprising Adventure: But without telling a Lie, the Morning was yet dusky; the balmy Dew, and fragrant Gales, perfumed the Air with their untainted Sweets; while with Thoughts free as the airy Songsters that warble on the Branches, I wandered from rising Hills to winding Vales, through flow'ry Lawns to leafy Woods, till I found myself under the Shades of a venerable Row of Elms, which put me in Mind of Sir Roger de Coverly's Rookery; the

the aged Trees shot their Heads so high, that, to one who passed under them, the Crows and Rooks, which rested on their Tops, seemed to be cawing in another Region. I was delighted with the Noise, while, with the Spectator, I considered it as a Kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation; my Thoughts were inspired with a pleasing Gratitude to the beneficent Father of the Universe, till the Sequel of my Devotion was interrupted by the Sight of a beautiful Girl, about four or five Years old, sitting on the Grass, with a Basket of Flowers in her Lap, which she was sticking in the snowy Fleece of a little Lamb, that stood by her.

I began to hope it was one of the Fairy Race, or some pretty Phantom that haunted the Grove; for the adjacent House belonging to this reverend Avenue looked more like a Dormitory for the Dead, than an Habitation for the Living; every Thing about it appeared ruinous and desolate: I could neither hear the Voice, nor trace the Steps of mortal Man in this obsolete Solitude; nor had I any Hopes of knowing in what wild Region I was got, unless the pretty Figure sitting on the Grass could give me some Intelligence.

I made my Approaches very respectfully: But what was my Surprise, in drawing near, to find the Air, the Complexion, every Feature in Miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once so passionately doated. A thousand tormenting Ideas rushed into my Mind at the Sight of this lovely Creature, who smiled on me with the most enchanting Innocence. Whilst I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herself entered the Walk, and confirmed the Suspicion that this Child was a living Proof of her Infamy.

'Tis about six Years since she eloped from the public View, regardless of her own illustrious Family, or the Obligation she was under to the generous Cleone, who treated her with the utmost Confidence, and was the last that suspected her Husband's criminal Affair with her:—Be my own Wrongs forgot, and all the Contempt with which she treated whatever Proposals Honour and disinterested Passion could make.

I found her now an Object of Pity rather than Resentment; the Dejection of her Mind was visible in her pale haggard Looks, and the wretched Negligence of her Habit. I could hardly persuade myself this was the celebrated Lady that once appeared in all public Places with such a Parade of Equipage and Vanity.

She was in the utmost Confusion at this Interview, till excusing myself I told her this Intrusion was undesigned, and purely the Effect of Chance, as I was taking a Morning's Ramble from the Earl of ——'s, where I had spent some Time; and that she might depend upon my Word, not to discover her Abode to any one in that Family.

By this Time she was a little composed, and invited me to rest myself after my Walk: I followed her into the House, which looked more like the Mansions of Despair than a Retreat for a Lady of Pleasure: An awful Silence reigned in every Room, through which I made a Shift to find my Way by a dim Twilight that glimmered through some Windows of as antique a Figure as those of an old Abbey: The Furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from Times immemorial; it looks more like unwieldy Lumber, than any Thing designed for Use or Ornament: There was nothing of a modern Date but a Tea-Table, and that in ruinous Circumstances.

It was now about Ten o'Clock, Aurelia ordered Tea and Chocolate to be brought: All her Attendance was a fresh-coloured Country Lass, who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a Relation of Aurelia's Misfortunes, but durst not ask any Question, for fear it would look like insulting her Distress; so only renewed my Excuses for interrupting her Privacy.

To which she replied, that though I was the last Person in the World she would have chose to be a Witness of her Infamy, yet she thought herself happy in having an Opportunity to make some Apology for her Injustice to me, in refusing those Terms of Honour I once offered, and complying with such reproachful Conditions, as had made her the most miserable Creature on Earth.

“ It was my criminal Inclination (continued she) for Cassander, that made me inflexible to your Entreaties,
and

and my Father's Commands to marry you. But whatever Wrong this was to your Merit, my Guilt, with Regard to the generous Cleone, is of a higher Nature : The Intrigue I had with her Husband was attended with Circumstances of the blackest Treachery : I have broke through the tenderest Engagements of Friendship, and granted all that my dissolute Lover could ask ; when, finding myself with Child, to hide my Infamy, he brought me to this dismal Place, an old Mansion-House belonging to his Family, where I am cut off from human Society, except two or three stupid Peasants, his Tenants, who reside in some Part of this Gothic Structure. 'Tis now six Years since I breathed and slept (for I cannot call it living) in this melancholy Confinement, without Hopes of a Release, being entirely dependent on Cassander's Allowance and Caprice, who but too well knows his own Power and my Folly ; which makes him, instead of the humble Lover, act the imperious Tyrant : his Visits are seldom, his Stay short, and I am left whole Months to languish alone in a detested Solitude.

" This Child (continued she weeping, and taking the lovely Creature in her Arms) this Child, which might have been my Joy, proves my greatest Affliction : Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to Hardship and Necessity ; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous Example. How can I give her Instructions to avoid those Vices, which my Practice approves ? or recommend that Virtue, whose sacred Rules I have so openly violated ! And still I love this worthless Man ; were I penitent, could I resolve on a Reformation, this Leisure and Retirement would be a Blessing and Advantage to me ; but I am obstinate in Guilt, while I despair of Happiness in this World or the next : 'Till I came hither, my Hours were spent in Frolic and Gaiety ; a constant Series of Diversions shortened the Days, and gave Wings to the jovial Hours, which now have leaden Feet, and burdened with Grief, lag heavily along. No Sort of Reflection gives me Joy ; whether I look backward or forward, all is Darkeness and Confusion : I am no Way qualified for Retirement ; Books are my Aversion.

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Thinking is my Horror; I am weary of living and afraid to die."

I heard this Account with a Heart full of Compassion, and said what I could to persuade her to break off this criminal Commerce with Cassander, and to throw herself on the Care of Providence, and the Generosity of her Friends: But I had too much Value for my own Peace, and too great a Contempt for a Woman of Aurelia's Character, to make any particular Proposals for her Freedom; and bidding her adieu, hasted back to the Earl's, without saying one Word of my Adventure; which I commit to your Secrecy, and subscribe myself

Your most humble Servant,
POLYDORE.

LETTER XXI.

From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England; giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death.

YOUR not hearing from me, my dear Beville, has given you too many dismal Apprehensions about the Manner of my Death; and the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguished with the Breath of Life, oblige me to give this Satisfaction.

I made a longer Stay at Constantinople than I intended, and there it pleased Heaven that I should resign my Life, which for some Months gradually declined, but without any violent or painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehension that my Distemper was fatal. But my Days were numbered, and when the destined Hour drew near, after a sleepless Night, I rose with the Sun; and as I never had been so ill as to confine myself, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the Bosphorus.

After a short Walk, I found my Spirits sinking, and retiring to a Cypress Shade, I threw myself on a flowery Bank for some Refreshment: A gentle Slumber soon

soon closed my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call; the Voice perfectly resembled the charming Almeria's, whose Death, you know, was the Occasion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listened to hear the gentle Summons again; but found I had neither Strength to rise nor Power to call Assistance: An icy Coldness stopped the Springs of Life, and after a little Struggle, my Spirits got unburthened of its Clay; the Curtain fell, and the invifible World appeared. The first gentle Spirit that welcomed me to these new Regions was the lovely Almeria; but how dazzling! how divinely fair! Extacy was in her Eyes, and inexpressible Pleasure in every Smile! Her Mien and Aspect more soft and propitious than ever was feigned by the Poets of their Goddess of Beauty and Love. What was airy Fiction there, was here all transporting and Reality. With an inimitable Grace she received me into her ætherial Chariot, which was sparkling Sapphire studded with Gold: it rolled with a spontaneous Motion along the heavenly Plains, and stopped at the Morning Star, our destined Habitation. But how shall I describe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting Land of Love! the delectable Vales and flowery Lawns, the Myrtle Shades and rosy Bowers; the bright Cascades and crystal Rivulets rolling over orient Pearls and Sands of Gold, which here spread their silent Waves into broad transparent Lakes, smooth as the Face of Heaven, and there break with rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethyst: Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the sparkling Cliffs, and adorn the Prospect with unspeakable Variety.

Oh, my Beville! could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and soft Recesses where pleasure keeps its eternal Festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested Freedom! Whatever can raise Desire, whatever can give Delight, whatever can satisfy the Soul in all the boundless Capacities of Joy, is found here! Every Wish is replenished with full Draughts of vital Pleasure, such as elevate angelic Minds, and gratify the noblest Faculties of immortal Spirits: Oh, Beville! my Al-

meria is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth.

ALTAMONT.

LETTER XXII.

*From **** to his Sister, demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his sudden Death, since 'twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Bliss.*

MY dear Sister, I have often, since I left the World, had the Privilege to supply the Place of your Guardian Angel: I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death, and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I can give you no Account how my Soul was released. I fell asleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentle Slumbers of Innocence and Peace awaked in immortal Bliss. (How common is sudden Death!) I found myself in a Moment got above the Stars, and outshining the Sun in its meridian Splendor; Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallowed up in Life and Immortality; O Death! I cried in the Exultation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Terror! where is thy boasted Victory? Where is thy Sceptre and imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State and dreadful Attendants? Where are thy vast Dominions, the cheerless and formless Darknefs, the Shade and the Emptiness, the Seats of Corruption and Decay? The Spell is broken! the Enchantment is dissolved! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the visionary Terrors fly! the celestial Morning dawns, and the charming Scenes arise; but, oh! how endless, how various, how transporting the Prospect.

Still lost in Joy and Wonder, tell me, I said, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround me, what easy Passage has my Spirit found from its mortal Prison? What gentle Hand has unlocked my earthly Fetters, and brought me out of Darknefs and Confinement into immense Light and Liberty? Who was the kind
 Messenger

Messenger that conveyed the welcome Invitation to my Ear? What melodious Voice called me away from yonder cold tempestuous Regions, to these soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found my Passage through the trackless Æther, and gained the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, a flattering Vision? Oh, no! 'tis all blissful and transporting. Certainly! I see, I hear Things unutterable, such as never entered into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive. — Read and believe; believe and be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely Fate. Could I be happy too soon? I left the World, indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure: But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Virtue in a longer Trial; it was indulgent Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me with the Reward of Victory: 'Tis past the Toil, the Danger is over; and all to come is endless Peace and Triumph.

If you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it as you will certainly do on your Death-Bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous: I only can design it beneficial; you may make it so.

L E T T E R XXIII.

A Letter from Aristus, giving his Friend a Relation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing.

MY Fate will furnish you with a full Evidence of the Vanity of human Happiness: My last Letter was wrote in the Height of Success, with the most arrogant Expectations and Boast of a lasting Felicity; now 'tis all changed, and the Shadows of Night come over me.

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my Wishes, the very Morning she gave me her Hand, before the sacred Ceremony

remony was finished, was surprized with the fatal Message of Death, and carried in a Swoon from the Chapel to her Chamber, where she soon expired in her Mother's Arms. This Hour she appeared with all the Cost and Splendor of a youthful Bride; the next she is pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly Shroud: Those Charms, that in the Morning promised an eternal Bloom, before the Evening have dropped their smiling Pride; the sparkling Eyes are sunk in Darkness; the soft, the tuneful Voice, is for ever silent; while a livid Hue sits on the late rosy Lips.

*Thus airy Pleasure dances in our Eyes,
And spreads false Images in fair Disguise,
T' allure our Souls; till just within thy Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost to Shades, and mingle with the Night.*

O Death! how cruel was thy Triumph! Youth and Beauty, Joy and blooming Hope, lie here a Victim to thy Rage: The darksome Prison of thy Grave must now confine the gentle Captive; instead of the Pomp of a bridal Bed, the cold Earth must be her Lodging, Dust and Corruption her Covering.

You will now expect I should practise the Principles I have so often asserted, in exercising my boasted Reason and Moderation; or leave you to insult me with the Arguments I lately produced, to allay your Grief, under the Pressure of an uncommon Misfortune: This Reproach would be but just at a Period when Heaven has given me a full Evidence of the Truths I confessed; and set Vanity of human Hopes in the clearest Demonstration before me. One would think I should now, if ever, find it easy to moralize on these Subjects, and act the Philosopher from meer Necessity, if not from Virtue.

Were the Case your's, or any Body's but my own, how many wise Things should I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more easy is it to dictate than to practise: And yet I am reasonable by Intervals; I am in more than Name a Christian; in some bright Periods,

riods, I feel the Force of that Profession, and pay Homage to its sacred Rules: A heavenly Ray scatters my Grief, and cheers my Soul with divine Consolations: The gay and the gloomy Appearances of mortal Things vanish before the Gleams of celestial Light: Immortal Pleasures, with gentle Invitations, call me to the Skies, and all my Thoughts ascend.

But how short my Triumph! how easy the Transition from Reason to Madness! Of what surprising Variety is a human Mind capable! Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell, seem blended within; 'tis all Chaos, and wild Disorder: That Reason which one Moment relieves me, the next seems with a just Train of Ideas to torment me.

See, there, all pale and dead she lies;

For ever flow my streaming Eyes:

Fly Hymen, with extinguisht Fires;

Fly nuptial Bliss, and chaste Desires:

Ermina's fled, the lovliest Mind,

Faith, Sweetness, Wit, together join'd.

Dwelt Faith, and Wit, and Sweetness there?

Oh! view the Change, and drop a Tear.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. Pope, to Mr. Addison.

I Have been lying in wait for my own Imagination this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of this Sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, though never so low and vulgar, are yet pleasing, when openly and artlessly represented: It would be diverting to me to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write its innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope

a Letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more Unreservedness than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your Good-Nature with the whole Range of my Follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an Act of Goodness and Benevolence; the other a Kind of constrained Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every Hour of my Life my Mind is strangely divided; this Minute perhaps I am above the Stars, with a Thousand Systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole Comprehension in the boundless Space of Creation, in Dialogues with Whiston and the Astronomers; the next Moment I am below all Trifles, grovelling with T. in the very Center of Nonsense! Now I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. Steel in his liveliest and freest Humours darts about him; and now levelling my Application to the insignificant Observations and Quirks of Grammar of C, and D.

Good God! what an incongruous Animal is Man! how unsettled in his best Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The Constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blast of Wind! What is he altogether but one mighty Inconsistency! Sicknefs and Pain is the Lot of one Half of him: Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Bustle we make about passing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little Instant of our Life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a Sleep? Our whole Extent of Being is no more, in the Eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible Moment of Duration. Those Animals, whose Circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturalists tell us, are yet as long lived, and possess as wide a Scene of Action as Man, if we consider him with a View to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plots, what Atchievements a Mite may perform in his Kingdom

dom of a Grain of Dust, within his Life of some Minutes? And of how much less Consideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the Sight of God, who is for ever, and for ever.

Who that thinks in this Strain but must see the World and its contemptible Grandeurs lessen before him at every Thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupified in a Poise of Inaction, void of all Desires, of all Designs, of all Friendships.

But we must return (thro' our every Condition of Being) to our narrow selves, and those Things that affect ourselves: Our Passions, our Interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere Mortals. For my Part, I never return so much into myself as when I think of you, whose Friendship is one of the best Comforts I have for the Insignificancy of myself.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

The following Letter was written by a Gentlewoman to her Husband, who was condemned to suffer Death. The unfortunate Catastrophe happened at Exeter, in the Time of Oliver's Usurpation. A Gentleman, whose Name was Penruddock, to whom the Letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least Appearance of Justice. He asserted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceeding, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence; and the Night before his Death, his Lady wrote to him this Letter, which is so much admired, and is as follows.

Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband.

My dear Heart,

MY sad Parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear Embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful Testimonies of an indulgent Husband, have charmed my Soul to such a Reverence of your Remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own Blood, cement your dear Limbs to Life again; and (with Reverence) think

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think it no Sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a Martyr. O, my Dear, you must now pardon my Passion, this being my last (O fatal Word!) that ever you will receive from me, and know, that until the last Minute that I can imagine you alive, I will sacrifice the Prayers of a Christian, and the Groans of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not (which sure by Sympathy I shall know) I shall wish my own Dissolution with you, that so we may go Hand in Hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turned out of Doors because I came to beg Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood to their Charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; Passion begins to drown my Reason, and will rob me of my Devoir, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand Times, my dearest Dear; and since I must never see you more, take this Prayer: May your Faith be so strengthened, that your Constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither Grief and Love will, in a short Time (I hope) translate,

My Dear, Your sad, but constant Wife,
Even to love your Ashes when dead,
ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3d, 1665, 11 o'Clock at Night.

P. S. Your Children beg your Blessing, and present their Duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any Thing so affectionate as that Line, Those dear Embraces which I yet feel!

Mr. Penruddock's Answer has an equal Tenderneſs, which I shall recite also, that you may see whether the Man or the Woman expressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to imitate them in less Circumstances of Distress, for from all no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

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LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady.

Dearest, best of Creatures,

I Had taken Leave of the World when I received yours: It did at once recall my Fondness for Life and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my Resolution to part from you; so when I reflect I am going to a Place where there is none but such as you, I recover my Courage. But Fondness breaks in upon me; and I would not have my Tears flow To-morrow, when your Husband and the Father of our dear Babes, is a public Spectacle: Do not think meanly of me, that I give Way to Grief now in private, when I see my Sand run so fast. I within a few Hours am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the Merciless and Insolent, that have wrongfully put me to a shameful Death, and will object that Shame to my poor Children. I thank you for all your Goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that Virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded; since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other Things, afford me, with Chearfulness, the Precedence in this.

I desire your Prayers in the Article of Death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Person in Town, to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I Have this Day been satisfying a Curiosity, I believe natural to most People, by seeing an Execution at Tyburn: This Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person at a Spectacle

so

so awful and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same Species with the unhappy Sufferer.

That I might the better view the Prisoners, and escape the Pressure of the Mob, which is prodigious, nay almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month, I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were five in Number. I was much disappointed at the Unconcern and Carelessness that appeared in the Faces of three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other two were spread with that Horror and Despair, which is not to be wondered at in Men whose Period is so near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being hastened by their own voluntary Indiscretion and Misdeeds. The Exhortation spoken by the Bell-Man, from the Wall of St. Sepulchre's Church-Yard, is well-intended; but the Noise of the Officers, and the Mob was so great, and the silly Curiosity of People climbing into the Cart, to take Leave of the Criminals, made such a confused Noise, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when spoken, tho' they are as follow:

"All good People pray heartily to God for these poor Sinners who are now going to their Deaths, for whom this great Bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable Tears. Ask Mercy of the Lord for the Salvation of your own Souls, through the Merit, Death and Passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-Hand of God, to make Intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him."

"*Lord have Mercy upon you! Christ have Mercy upon you!*"

Which last Words the Bell-Man repeats three Times.

All the Way up Holbourn the Crowd was so great, as at every 20 or 30 Yards, to obstruct the Passage; and Wine, notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice, was brought the Malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not suit well with their de-

deplorable Circumstances: After this the three thoughtless young Men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew more shamefully daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a Manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumstance whatever: They swore, laughed, and talked obscenely; and wished their wicked Companions good Luck, with as much Assurance as if their Employment had been the most lawful.

At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew still more shocking; and the Clergyman who attended, was more the Subject of Ridicule than their serious Attention. The Psalm was sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandoned and profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (so stupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparations of the unhappy Wretches seemed to serve only for the Subject of a barbarous Kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as soon as the poor Creatures were half-dead, I was much surprised, before such a Number of Peace-Officers, to see the Populace fall to pulling and hauling the Carcasses with so much Earnestness as to occasion several warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. These, I was told, were the Friends of the Persons executed, or such as, for the Sake of Tumult, chose to appear so, and some Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Dissection. The Contests between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at; so that I made the best of my Way out of the Crowd, and, with some Difficulty, rode back among a large Number of People, who had been upon the same Errand with myself. The Face of every one spoke a Kind of Mirth, as if the Spectacle they beheld had afforded Pleasure instead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other Nations, common criminal Executions are said to be little attended by any beside the necessary Officers, and the mournful Friends; but here all was Hurry and Confusion, Racket and Noise, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and Singing of Psalms. I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own from the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures;
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to which Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, ascribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast; but in this, the Behaviour of my Countrymen is past my accounting for; every Street and Lane I passed thro' bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Deaths of five Members of the Community.

One of their Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the Way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubbed Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly covered with Earth.

This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no Way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to behold. I am,

Dear Brother, Your's affectionately.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I AM a Thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss Vokes, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paltry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes place of dear Variety.—Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to see Half a Dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, Charlotte, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days before these mistaken good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do you think we came at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. Bartlett drove us five Pair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads

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to see a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpse of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. Bartlett for ever hauling up one's Hand to be looked thro' for the Advantage of the Perspective (he says).

So down we came again, wiser undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have seen London fine Town till their dizzy wise Heads have turned round upon the Tip-Top of the Monument.——If you'll believe me, my dear Charlotte, I am fatigued to Death and worried to Distraction with seeing no-body, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a human Creature to be seen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News and the No-Letters, I may say, from dear Vokes) and now and then a Man with a Keg of Newcastle Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. Bartlett, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will sit and smile, and read you such a Lecture (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in short, such a Canterbury Tale of its Advantages, as if she really believed that Towns and Cities, and all populous Assemblies, were a sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear, says I, Mrs. Bartlett, amuse yourself and welcome with the pleasing Melancholy of the shady Grove and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness and the Garden Scene, from the Rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light, but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellectuals! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myself Penetration enough to discover, why good Sense and Parts, and Genius, and all human Accomplishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Resort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, or a Warren.

Dear

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Dear Charlotte, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence, with

Your affectionate,
SUKEY PAGET.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

London, Tuesday Night.

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear Miss Paget that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, Miss Moxon and I, and Lady Susan Lawson, and Mr. Hartly, and Mr. Dyer, and Miss Popple, and Mrs. Beddingfield, made a Party to Ranelagh.—The Weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chesnut. Mrs. Dimsdal and Mrs. Bradbury were under the same Operation of the Dog-Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Rose, and the other the express Image of a Rasher of Bacon. Miss Bennet had appareled her Nob in a frightful Fanny Murray Cap, and looked five and forty; the Girl's mistaken if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her Tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Duchesse of ——— may venture to imagine ornamental.—Mrs. Adcock was in a pale blue and Silver Night Gown: She was expected in Bombazeen—and it would have become her.—The dear Colonel Lovelace departed this transitory Life no longer ago than Saturday.—There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. Adcock has a Smile at Heart.—But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflexions as crowd themselves this Moment into my Imagination.—After we had sailed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love, and Pleasure—away we transmographed ourselves to Vauxhall; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. Bartlett, we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear Mrs.

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Mrs. Bartlett, that the paler Blaze of Moon-light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, Sukey, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o'Clock, Ma'am, the Croud of Go-to-beds had taken themselves away. Lady V. Consonant was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. Beverly played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he played delightfully; but he is my Averfion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute could have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no doubt, have been in Raptures.—But the Atom is so satisfied with his own Applause, that he desires no Body's else.—So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.—There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any Thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp, Beau Randal, with two of his aukward Sisters, and Mrs. Partingdon with her Husband.—Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss Paget, and remember

Your sincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXX.

Miss Paget to Miss Vokes.

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage and Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear Charlotte. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.—'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball when 'tis over, only serves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, Charlotte, may be again.—So, Vokes, you must know, that Mrs. Islip's Coach (but
no

no Miss Rumzey, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. Bartlett, in order to go in Company to Edgerton-Green. Mrs. Bartlett was dressed in a white Lutestring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and Sukey Paget had on her Yellow and Silver (never was but once at Leicester-House) and my Silver Tissue Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never since offered to take them again. A dear Creature! But she hoped, she said, I would not be disoblged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. Ashburnham to Despair, tho' she tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more.——Liberty, my dear Vokes, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at Edgerton; it was all another Ranelagh. The Bride was in a white Lutestring Sack, pink'd and full-trimm'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver Cord; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion; seeming, to use Mamma's Expression, to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. Bargrove, and opened the Ball with Lady Susan Lawson, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. Lawson twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and in Imitation of Lady Susan, calling no other Partner. Mr. Lawson singled out red Lucy Benson, with a dark Pair of new Eyebrows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second awkward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like

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a Water-wag-tail; I forget his Name, but it is something like the Sieur Hugglebatch, or Gubblebatch, and of an uncouth harsh Buiness, as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. Gubblebatch shewed he had some Taste by taking out Mrs. Bartlett. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Music, so politely graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet Nancy Bartlett (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a frightful Figure, Mr. Selkirk, in Saxon Blue; the Man, Charlotte, was really tipsy, though indeed every Body said, he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but Jenny Rowland's nipped short Waist like a Honey Pot, or Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I can't but say, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her Lilly Hand to? Mr. Appleby of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop, to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched since dancing was created: but Hob fitted me for my Contempt, by seizing upon me of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was secretly not displeased at it—For I was sensible that I should appear to no Disadvantage after his former Maux, and was under some very disagreeable Apprehensions, that Miss Edly's Tapestry Garment would have swept the Ground before me.—Indeed, Charlotte, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud Ardelio. Mr. Bartlett had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I shall, says I, Mr. Bartlett—but faith I never intended it; for I hate of all Things, Charlotte, to dance with a married Man: Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wait on one to Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, or so,

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so, but never chuse 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless 'tis of getting rid of him.——Sally Leeson and Miss Finch eyed me most deliciously; for I love dearly to see Fòlks bursting with Envy.——They were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop.——But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, Charlotte, he knows it so perfectly well,—but how can any body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves!——and yet I hate him so irreconcilably, because he danced Country-Dances with Sally Leeson. Her Charms though, Charlotte, what Mortal could resist, elegantly attired as she was, in a large Pattern embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear Charlotte, and I must run down to Dinner——You and I write like Clarissa Harlowe and Miss Howe, only not totally in the same Strain——but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

Sunday Evening.

Though it should tire my dear Miss Vokes (as I am but too conscious that it must) to read any farther Description of the merry Dancers A-la-mode de Francois, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Ma'am, I must acquaint you, that Miss Finch, because she could not have Ardelio, mortified herself so charmingly, as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no small Pleasure to be sure. She all the while affecting not to look disappointed, sat smiling from Ear to Ear, with much the same Sensation at the Heart as Children have, who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of good Manners.——Omit not, dear Charlotte, to be told, that Mrs. Langford, with her Colt's Tooth at Threescore, puddled herself into a Minuet, and squirmed round and round the Room like Madam Catherine: I thought her Clock-work never would have stood still: But it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing of

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of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with Sally Leeson, the principal Original of a Group, in Taste A-la-mode, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedizened out with such a Rainbow of Ribband, that she absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by Way of Contrast, the squeeze Mrs. Ellen Risborough, contracting her Minuteness to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. Bartlett's Nancy, a Child of five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well chosen Sweetening of a Partner was Ned Saunderson's Uncle, with a little tiny short Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and fat, and frowzy as a Stilton Cheese——Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of Sukey Beverley, determined to shew the good Company, that though she was not altogether as sharp, she was as strait as an Arrow; for which Reason she fancied herself under a Necessity of looking all the while she danced like a Walking Stick.——Her Powder Monkey was Dick Commings, ogling and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would insinuate a Belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Namesake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he succeeded better in a second, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. Patrick's humoured Family——Hopes of Ilchester, whose real Name is Affectation. I thought if her Sidling and Swaddling, and foolish unalterable Simper did not provoke the Country-dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with blessed Impatience for such a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how

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tiresome Minutes are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in them.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, Charlotte, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Group, and avoid Confusion, though one may venture with some Prospect of Success now and then upon a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know when the Features are pretty coarse and indelicate, as one may say——In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Show, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the Considerable and the Magnifique in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend.——My Punch (to use a Puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well made and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless, though, Charlotte, and over punctual, sprawling confusedly about at right Hand and Left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear Charlotte.——Sally Leeson had got away my Ardelio, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper with every Body, but really with nobody more than Miss Finch and Miss Rowland; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honour of their Hand at right Hand and Left, for Fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually that Jenny thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Distinction herself, but thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. Hartfield, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-keeper's Wife; with her first come first serve; I detest such Vulgarness.

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Miss Leeson too was not over and above guilty of Politeness: What because she has an agreeable Partner, she is to give herself an Air when she has bounced down twenty Couple to leave the rest of the Company till another Dance is called: That she did, Vokes, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or six at once; she that makes such an over-parading Rout about Behaviour: But such Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright ill manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, Charlotte, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. Compton danced with the Rev. Mr. Audley, in a Perriwig as big as Judge Burnet's; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day, at Paget Bury, that she was ashamed that Parsons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen; so 'tis to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies. Lady Susan Lawson and Mrs. Bartlett were incomparably the greatest Beauties there; and Mrs. Lawson (who did not dance for Fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profusion, Charlotte; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady Louisa's Jewels (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old fashioned Breast-plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from grey Hairs, or Mrs. Pembroke's French Plate Tea-kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, Charlotte, for I think I have pretty well satisfied you, the Ball continued its Briskness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like Jenny Widemansol, that every Body says grows shorter and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

*So, Charlotte, have I seen (excuse
The Pertness of a Female Muse)*

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A Birth

*A Birth-night stately Dame array'd
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:
Whilst near her plac'd an humble Fair,
Of easier, less affected Air,
Could with superior Lustre shine
In simple Lutestring or Tobine.*

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing) from,

Dear Miss Vokes,
Your truly affectionate and sincere

S. P A G E T.

L E T T E R X X X I.

From Miss Vokes to Miss Paget, not quite in the usual Strain.

Hampstead, Thursday—

IT is an Age since I heard from dear Miss Paget, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Assistance of a present Friend, and the Correspondence of an absent one. My poor dear Aunt Wallingford hastens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which she has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuse Consolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleasure. We all read to her by Turns, and say Prayers constantly twice every Day.—I hope, dear Sukey, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greatest of Blessings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like Tunbridge Wells this Season? But your Party is so perfectly agreeable, that it is impossible not to like the Place for the Sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. Morton finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Absence from Evelyn-hall (Miss Anderson told Mrs. Coldham) is so much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miss Evelyn's Praises at the Long-room, where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. Coldham and Miss Peters are for ever telling me of her Accomplishments, and wish that Tunbridge Wells may be

be as agreeable to her, as the Place, whilst she continues there, must be to every Body else.

I beg, Dear Sukey, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Miss Evelyn to Lady Evelyn,

Of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur.

Tunbridge Wells, August 8.

E N V Y, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. Macnamara is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells—Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. Macnamara, in all the Innocence of a white and Silver full-trimmed French Sack, her Hair so dressed and powdered with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when Sukey Paget, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her—Tuesday Mrs. Macnamara was at the Concert, full of Rapture (though formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan like Handel at an Oratorio.—Wednesday, Mamma, Breakfast was given by Mr. Macnamara, and the Company treated (O magnifique et galant!) with Morning Salvagers of Champagne—At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. Macnamara in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy—and, Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Macnamara gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imagination. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Vo-

lume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure.——The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilded Chariot of Papier machè, lined with a pale blue Sattin, blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon-blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white, like Sir Joseph Wenman's, with the Addition only of Silver Shoulder-knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. Macnamara's Person, entirely à la Pompadour, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model.——Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly English Complexion, but a Forgetfulness of her Friends——and of herself. To me indeed she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Duchess, or Lady Mary; but dear Mrs. Morton cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. Sukey was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. Morton ought always to be known. One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to Sukey. Mrs. Finch the Millener waited on her with a fine French Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But Sukey not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. Finch directed her Ban-box to Mrs. Macnamara. Mrs. Macnamara ordered the Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. Macnamara at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honourable Mrs. Macnamara——Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor Sukey with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even though I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. Morton tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for she is very sure Mrs. Macnamara will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach which

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which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, said she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin Morton's Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, en passant, is in one's own Eye an easy pardonable Fault, but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after Sukey's Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one * of her Superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Pappa and Sisters,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Moreton salutes you.

* Dr. Swift.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

The celebrated Miss Rowe, to the Countess of Hertford.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a Friendship, 'tis for Immortality. This Confession, I own, is enough to put you in some Terror that you are never like to drop my Conversation in this World, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the Realms of Light, and get a new Set of Thoughts to entertain you with at your Arrival there, which for the public Interest I wish may be long after I am sleeping in the Dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful Spirit that will welcome you to the immortal Coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest Songs of Paradise at your Arrival——Mr. Rollie would think these all gay Chimeras and gay Visions, but how much more so are all the charming Scenes on Earth?

*As the fantastic Images of Night,
Before the opening Morning take their Flight;
So vanish all the Hopes of Men; their Pride,
And vain Designs the laughing Skies deride.*

You'll think, Madam, I am resolved you shall remember your latter End, whoever forgets it. I suppose you'll expect the next Picture I send you will be Time with a Scythe and an Hour-glass; but really these Mementos of Mortality are necessary to People like you in the Height of Greatness, and the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty—If I go on, you'll think me in the Height of the Vapours, and the Perfection of the Spleen; but in all the Variety of my Temper,

I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

I admire the Verses you inclosed, and am surprised at the Author.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Clitander, a melancholy Valetudinarian.

TO convince you that I am incapable of forgetting you at a Time when Dissipation will scarcely suffer me to remember any Thing besides, I have embraced the Hour when

“Midnight listens to the slumb'ring Earth”
to thank you for your obliging Favour. If I did not write to you whilst others slept, your kind Letter must remain unanswered; for Bellario, whose Sincerity and Good-nature rise up in Arms against me, whenever I presume to think that he whisks me about too much, has been my Visitor ever since I saw you last. It was my Intention, when I took up the Pen, to have raised your drooping Thoughts by playing the Buffoon; but the melancholy Parts of your Epistle, have made me as mournful as yourself, and if your Virtues were as infectious as your low Spirits are, I should be one of the two best, and gloomiest Men alive. I hope, and would believe, that many of your Fears are but the Phantoms of the Imagination, not the frightful Creatures of Reality. Pray throw these sad, perplexing Sentiments aside. Perhaps

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haps they may be all ill grounded. Let us suppose they are. Indeed I will abuse you greatly, if you do not tell me in your next Letter that you are determined to seek for Entertainment from the gay, and find some Pleasures more than those which must arise from the Consciousness of Integrity. I have been looking at a short Hymn to Health, which is amongst the Fragments of the Greek Poets. To borrow the Sentiments of a favourite Writer, who had perused this fine Address to that fictitious Deity of the Heathens, I must tell you that her Power of exalting the Happiness of Life, of heightening the Gifts of Fortune, and adding Enjoyment to Possession, is inculcated with so much Force and Beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the Discomforts and Infirmities of a lingering Disease, can read it without feeling the Images dance in his Heart, and adding from his own Experience, new Vigour to the Wish, and from his own Imagination new Colours to the Picture. The particular Occasion of this little Composition is not known; but it is probable that the Author had been sick, and in the first Raptures of returning Strength, addressed Health, in a Manner as like the following, as one Alteration, which I have taken the Liberty to make in the Construction of it, will permit it to be:

Health! most venerable of the Powers of Heaven! With thee may the Remainder of Clitander's Life be blest! Nor do thou refuse to cheer him with thy Residence! For whatever is of Beauty, or of Pleasure in Wealth, in Descendants, or in sovereign Command, the highest Summit of human Enjoyment; or in those Objects of Desire which we endeavour to chace into the Toils of Love; whatever Delight, or whatever Solace is granted by the Celestials to soften our Fatigue, in thy Presence, thou Parent of Happiness! all those Joys spread out, and flourish; in thy Presence blooms the Spring of Pleasure, and without thee no Man is happy.

As I can give you nothing of my own that can appear with this, I will stop short, and with all Sincerity, Affection, and Esteem, bid you Adieu.

EUGENIO.

LETTER XXXV.

To Aristodemus.

I Have heard you, my inestimable Parent! observe that it is a common Excuse with many that they should have written often to their Friends, if they had gotten any Thing particular enough to write about. How much am I indebted to you for teaching me to differ from the Multitude in this Respect! When in your last endearing Letter, you gave a Loose to all the Innocence of Levity, I was at once convinced that Trifles may become Matters of agreeable Importance, when they are told by those we value and esteem. I, now, remember to have found Harmony in a Voice which had observed that the Morning began to lighten, or the Evening to grow dark, for no other Reason but because I had been accustomed to enjoy a Pleasure from the Sound of it. I have locked a Letter in my Desk, with more Anxiety to save it for future fond Perusals, than if every Syllable of its Contents had breathed more than the Fire of a Milton, or the Elegance of a Pope. Perhaps the favourite Epistle had no where mentioned ought but what I knew before, and yet it was dear to me, because its Writer was beloved. Were he that should receive these Lines, to say no more than that they reached his Hands, his Words would entertain me most. I hope I am not singular in this Opinion; and should retain more Sons and Daughters on my Side, had they to whom they owe their Birth, but mixed, like you, the Parent and the Friend so charmingly together, that the one could never be distinguished from the other. Much less than I have written would I, ve convinced you that my Affection and your Merit must make your Letter welcome to me; the same Tendernefs in my Father will prove a Surety for the Fate of this: But if only an equal Set of Virtues could secure me your Esteem, I should tremble for the Consequences that must befall,

Your dutiful, and affectionate,

EUBULUS.

To

To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer.

S I R,

Though Matrimony is out of Fashion, I cannot help sending the inclosed Epistle, till Wedding-Rings shall come in Vogue again. I am, Sir, Your s, &c.

WRITE then—as you will have it so, I will tell you, my dear sweet Niece, what I think will be your Fate with my Friend Heartfree, as you are fixed upon marrying him:—You love him, and in Truth he will deserve your Love, and if it is not your own Fault, you will be very happy with him.

As he is nearer Forty than Thirty, you must expect some Ingredients of the old Batchelor in him, but not a Grain of the Ill-nature;—though not a Rake, you know he has been no Joseph, till your sweet Self made him so;—now all Women are indifferent to him but you;—from his Experience in the Sex, he well knows you would not always be the Angel he calls you at present, if your good Heart, amiable Temper, and fine Sense, were not to continue you so. I am sure he is so sensible of it, that he will almost confess to any Body but you, that by the End of the Honev-moon, you will hear no more of your rosy Lips, love-darting Eyes, Vermilion Cheeks, lilly Hands, and snowy Breast; and it is ten to one but you are taken down in your Wedding-shoes;—nay, and strange as you think it now, take my Word for it, you will not be entitled to the Flitch of Bacon;—still you have no Cause to complain; you will enjoy his constant Love; you will find him ever happy in you, and ever watchful to make you so in him.—If you cease to be his Angel, you will please your Thoughts that you are his beloved Belinda;—and if you do not find what you young Lovers expect—that

*Extatic Blifs shall every Hour employ,
And every Sense be lost in endless Joy—*

you will not, believe me, have any Reason to repent your engaging with Heartfree.

How

How then am I to keep his Love; I fear the Experience of the old Batchelor. — Fear not, my Belinda, though Time has riveted some Peculiarities, you will take more Pleasure in conforming to them, than some, I hope not many, of your Sex would to oppose them. If you find him fond of Cleanliness, you will not call him nice and finical. If he loves Punctuality at Meal-times, you will not teach your Servants to think him peevish and impatient; — should he say this Chicken is too much roasted, you will not say it is done to a Turn: — if he condemns the Sauce of that Fricassee, you will not insist, it is the same he admired a few Days before; — you will not make a Point to contradict him in every Complaint he shall make at Table, as if you thought his censuring the Cook was an Affront to the Mistress; — if you see he loves Order and Regularity among the Servants, you will not encourage them to say he is so particular, that nobody can live with him; — if you see him grave, upon the settling his annual Accounts, you will not persuade your Physicians or your Midwife to send you to Bath in the Winter, or to Scarborough in the Summer, by which you will run out again the next Year; — when you travel with him, you will not stuff your Carriage like the York Machine; — and when you are going together on a Party of Pleasure, and he asks if you are ready, as the Chariot is come, and it is time to go, you will not call him as punctual as one of the wooden Figures at St. Dunstan's, and keep him in waiting as if you was willing to try whether he is not as patient too.

You will remember the Life that he has been used to, and will not therefore expect that when he altered his State he was to change also his Nature. You will not let him say, now the Management of my Comforts is in the Hands of her whose Happiness it is to see me happy, there is more Confusion in my House, and Disorder among my Servants. I used to eat better at a Tavern than now at my own Table: A Party of Pleasure with her I love best in the World, is tiresome and disagreeable; and, though our Income is more than sufficient, with the least Economy, for all our Necessities,

Com-

Comforts, Luxuries, and even Pleasures, I have less Pocket-Money than when I was a School-Boy.

This you will never give him Occasion to say. You will therefore hear instead,—No Family is so well managed as Belinda's; Nobody lives better than Heart-free; and, tho' he enjoys all the Luxuries of Life, he cannot spend his Income. No Party of Pleasure is agreeable to him of which Belinda is not one. You will find in every Thing he does, thinks, or says, Belinda gives the Relish. If he is pleased, it is chiefly that Belinda is the Cause. You will find him industrious to be happy at every Thing, because he sees his Belinda is industrious to make every Thing agreeable to him: And, I will add, my dear Niece, you can never quarrel, tho' you have heard it is inseparable from Matrimony, you will be so constantly employed in contending which shall contribute most to the Happiness of the other, that you will not have one Moment to spare for contending about any Thing else. Thus says the prophetic Soul of

BENEDICT.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Dean Swift.

Dearest Sir,

May 17, 1739.

EVERY Time I see your Hand, it is the greatest Satisfaction that any Writing can give me; and I am in Proportion grieved to find that several of my Letters to testify it to you, miscarry, and you ask me the same Questions again, which I proluxly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who in a Paragraph in my last, under his own Hand, gave you an Account of himself; and I employed almost a whole Letter upon his Affairs afterwards. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand Pounds, much to his own Satisfaction. His Plan of Life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest Country of France, divided between Study and Exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six Hours a Day, and hunts generally twice a Week. He has the whole Forest of Fontainebleau at his Command, with the King's Stables and Dogs, &c. his Lady's Son-in-law being Governor of that Place.

She

She resides most Part of the Year with my Lord at a large House they have hired, and the rest with her Daughter, who is Abbess of a Royal Convent in the Neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger Health, or in a better Humour with his Friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his Enemies. We very often commemorated you during the five Months we lived together at Twickenham. At which Place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I should envy no Country in the World; and I think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the visiting once in my Life.—The Mention of travelling introduces your old Acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in Search of Health. An Asthma has reduced his Body, but his Spirit retains all its Vigour; and he is returned declaring Life itself not worth a Day's Journey, at the Expence of parting with one's Friends.—Mr. Lewis every Day remembers you. I lie at his House in Town. Dr. Arbuthnot's Daughter does not degenerate from the Humour and Goodness of her Father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful Women in the World towards others; the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more Women worth naming to you; the rest of the Ladies run after Music and play at Cards. I always make your Compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some Letter from you. I did my best with him in Behalf of one of your Friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give Fire, and flew to the Prince that Instant, who was as pleased to please you. You ask me how I am at Court. I keep my old Walk, and deviate from it to no Court. The Prince * shews me Distinction beyond any Merit or Pretence on my Part; and I have received a Present from him of some Marble Heads of Poets for my Library, and some Urns for my Garden. The ministerial Writers rail at me, yet I have no Quarrel with their Masters, nor think it

* The late Frederick Prince of Wales.

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of Weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the Courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with; at least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from Courtiers, and all a wise Man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great Court to me, but I am too old for her Mind and Body; yet I cultivate some young People's Friendship, because they may be honest Men; whereas the old ones, Experience shews too often, not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my Hand. There is a Lord Cranbury, a Lord Palworth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the Corruption of the World.

Having nothing to tell you of my Poetry, I come to what is now my chief Care, my Health and Amusement. The first is better as to Head-Achs; worse as to Weakness and Nerves. The Changes of Weather affect me much, otherwise I want not Spirits, except when Indigestions prevail. The Mornings are my Life; in the Evenings I am not dead indeed, but asleep, and am stupid enough. I love Reading still better than Conversation; but my Eyes fail, and at the Hours when most People indulge in Company, I am tired, and find the Labour of the past Day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in Bed as a Bird in his Nest, much about the same Time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next Morning. I often vary the Scene (indeed at every Friend's Call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary;—to receive them or be received by them. Lord Bathurst is still my constant Friend and yours, but his Country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this Neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no Country-seat, and in Town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the Summer I generally ramble for a Month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those Rambles my Mind is full of the Images of you and poor Gay; with whom I travelled so delightfully two Summers. Why cannot I cross the Sea? The unhappiest Malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest Accident of my whole Life, is that Weakness of the Breast, which makes the Physicians of Opinion that a strong

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strong Vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural Motion that Way in fifteen Years. I went some Years ago with Lord Peterborough about ten Leagues at Sea, purely to try if I could sail without Sea-Sickness, and with no other View than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a Visit before I died. But the Experiment, tho' almost all the Way near the Coast, had almost ended all my Views at once. Well, then I must submit to live at the Distance which Fortune has set us at; but my Memory, my Affection, my Esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear Friend, be for ever yours, A. P.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lord Treasurer Oxford, on the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, by Dean Swift.

My Lord,

Nov. 21, 1713.

YOUR Lordship is the Person in the World to whom every Body ought to be silent upon such an Occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest Wisdom and Strength of Mind; wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their Thoughts, are far your Inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great Misfortune is apt to weaken the Mind, and disturb the Understanding. This, indeed, might be some Pretence to us to administer our Consolation, if we have been wholly Strangers to the Person gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the Honour to know her, wants a Comforter as much as your Lordship; because, tho' their Loss is not so great, yet they have not the same Firmness and Prudence to support the Want of a Friend, a Patroness, a Benefactor, as you have to support that of a Daughter. My Lord, both Religion and Reason forbid me to have the least Concern for that Lady's Death, upon her own Account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect Stranger to her Virtues, who would not wish himself, with all Submission to God Almighty's Will, in her Condition. But your Lordship, who hath lost such a Daughter, and we, who have lost such a Friend, and the World, which hath lost such an Example, have, in our several Degrees, greater Cause to lament, than per-
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haps was ever given by any private Person before; for, my Lord, I have set down to think of every amiable Quality that could enter into the Composition of a Lady, and could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a Perfection as Human Nature is capable of. But as to your Lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable Misfortune to have lost such a Daughter, so it is a Possession which few can boast of, to have had such a Daughter. I have often said to your Lordship, that I never knew any one, by many Degrees, so happy in their Domestics as you; and I affirm you are so still, tho' not by so many Degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your Lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the Truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a Mortal; much more happy than is usual, with the Dispensations of Providence long to continue. You have been the great Instrument of preserving your Country from foreign and domestic Ruin. You have had the Felicity of establishing your Family in the greatest Lustre, without any Obligation to the Bounty of your Prince, or any Industry of your own: You have triumphed over the Violence and Treachery of your Enemies, by your Courage and Abilities; and by the Steadiness of your Temper, over the Inconstancy and Caprice of your Friends. Perhaps your Lordship has felt too much Complacency within yourself, upon this universal Success; and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your Endeavours for the Public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic Loss, where he knew your Heart was most exposed; and at the same Time has fulfilled his own wise Purposes, by rewarding in a better Life that excellent Creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any Compliance with Form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordship any Ease. I think it was an Impulse upon me that I should say something. And whether I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

. L E T T E R XXXVIII.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, on the Death of his Father, to his Friend Euphronius.

May 5, 1743.

IF you received the first Account of my Loss from other Hands than mine, you must impute it to the Dejection of Mind into which that Accident threw me. The Blow, indeed, fell with too much Severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater Shock to a Breast of any Sensibility, than to see its earliest and most valuable Connections irreparably broken, than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared Object of its highest Veneration. At least, the Affection and Esteem I bore to that excellent Parent, were founded upon so many and such uncommon Motives, that his Death has given me Occasion to lament not only a most tender Father, but a most valuable Friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the Benefit of his animating Example, is one among the many aggravating Circumstances of my Affliction; and I often apply to myself what an excellent Ancient has said upon a similar Occasion, *Vereor ne nunc negligentius vivam*. There is nothing, in Truth, puts us so much upon our Guard, as to act under the constant Inspection of one whose Virtues, as well as Years, have rendered him venerable. Never indeed, did the Dignity of Goodness appear more irresistible in any Man: Yet there was something at the same Time so gentle in his Manners, such an Innocency and Chearfulness in his Conversation, that he was as sure to gain Affection as to inspire Reverence.

It has been observed (and I think by Cowley) "That a Man in much Business must either make himself a Knave, or the World will make him a Fool." If there is any Truth in this Observation, it is not, however, without an Exception. My Father was early engaged in the great Scenes of Business, where he continued almost to his very last Hour; yet he preserved his Integrity firm and unbroken, thro' all those powerful

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ful Assaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a Course of Action.

If it were Justice, indeed, to his other Virtues, to single out any particular one as shining with superior Lustre to the rest; I should point to his Probity as the brightest Part of his Character. But the Truth is, the whole Tenor of his Conduct was one uniform Exercise of every moral Quality that can adorn and exalt human Nature. To defend the Injured, to relieve the Indigent, to protect the Distressed, was the chief End and Aim of all his Endeavours; and his principal Motive for engaging and persevering in his Profession was, to enable himself more abundantly to gratify so glorious an Ambition.

No Man had an higher Relish of the Pleasures of a retired and contemplative Life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm Scenes with greater Ease and Dignity. He had nothing to make him desirous of flying from the Reflections of his own Mind; nor any Passions which his moderate Patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only, was not consistent with his generous and enlarged Sentiments. It was a Spirit of Benevolence that led him into the active Scenes of the World; which upon any other Principle he would either never have entered, or soon have renounced. And it was that godlike Spirit, which conducted and supported him thro' his useful Progress, to the Honour and Interest of his Family and Friends, and to the Benefit of every Creature, that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive Circle of his Beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high Regard you pay to every Character of Merit in general, and the Esteem in which you held this most valuable Man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me were I to make an Apology for leaving with you this private Monument of my Veneration for a Parent, whose least and lowest Claim to my Gratitude and Esteem is, that I am indebted to him for my Birth.

I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, to Philotes, on the Loss of a Friend.

Dec. 7, 1747.

THE Visits of a Friend, like those of the Sun at this Season, are extremely enlivening. I am sure at least they would both be particularly acceptable to me at present, when my Mind is as much over-cast as the Heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the Design your Letter intimates, of spending a few Days with me in your Way to ***. Your Company will greatly contribute to disperse those Clouds of Melancholy which the Loss of a very valuable Friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first Moments of Separation from those, whom a daily Commerce and long Habitude of Friendship has grafted upon the Heart, that disorders our whole Frame of Thought, and discolours all one's Enjoyments. Let Philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted Strength, the Mind cannot immediately recover the Firmness of its Posture, when those amicable Props upon which it used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most indifferent Objects with which we have long been familiar, take some Kind of Root in our Hearts; and "I should hardly care (as a celebrated Author has, with great Good-nature, observed) to have an old Post pulled up, which I remembered ever since I was a Child."

To know how to receive the full Satisfaction of a present Enjoyment, with a Disposition prepared at the same Time to yield it up without Reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to Humanity: Pain in being disunited from those we love, is a Tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the social Affections. One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly insensible to Disquietudes of this Kind: And we must renounce the most refined Relish of our Being, if we would upon all Occasions possess our Souls in a stoical Tranquility.

That ancient Philosopher whose Precept it was, to converse with our Friends as if they might one Day prove our Enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very un-

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ungenerous Maxim. To remember, however, that we must one Day most certainly be divided from them, is a Reflection, methinks, that should enter with us into our tender Connections of every Kind. From the present Discomposure, therefore, of my own Breast, and from that Share which I take in whatever may affect the Repose of your's, I cannot bid you adieu, without reminding you at the same Time of the useful Caution of one of your Poetical Acquaintance :

Quicquid amas cupias non placuisse nimis.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X I.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to Palamedes, against Visitors by Profession.

I HAVE had Occasion a thousand Times since I saw you, to wish myself *in the Land where all Things are forgotten*; at least, that I did not live in the Memory of certain restless Mortals of your Acquaintance, who are Visitors by Profession. The Misfortune is, no Retirement is so remote, nor Sanctuary so sacred, as to afford a Protection from their Impertinence; and though one were to fly to the Desert, and take Refuge in the Cells of Saints and Hermits, one should be alarmed with their unmeaning *Voice crying even in the Wilderness*. They spread themselves, in Truth, over the whole Face of the Land, and lay waste the fairest Hours of Conversation. For my own Part (to speak of them in a Style suitable to their Taste and Talents) I look upon them, not as paying Visits, but *Visitations*; and am never obliged to give Audience to one of this Species, that I do not consider myself as under a Judgment for these numberless Hours which I have spent in vain. If these Sons and Daughters of Idleness and Folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive Society among themselves, the rest of the World might possess their Moments unmolested: But nothing less will satisfy them than opening a general Commerce, and sailing into every Port where Choice or Chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, the Years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to resign some Part of one's

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one's own Time, in charitable Relief of the unsufferable Weight of theirs; but since the Days of Men are shrunk into a few hasty Revolutions of the Sun, whole Afternoons are much too considerable a Sacrifice to be offered up to tame Civility. What heightens the Contempt of this Character, is, that they who have so much of the Form, have always least of the Power of Friendship: and though they will *craze their Chariot Wheels* (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your Repose; they would not drive Half the Length of a Street to assist your Distress.

It was owing to an Interruption from one of these obsequious Intruders, that I was prevented keeping my Engagement with you Yesterday; and you must indulge me in this Discharge of my Invective against the ridiculous Occasion of so mortifying a Disappointment. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Lady Jane Douglas to Lady Mary Menzies †.

FEW Things could have been more agreeable than my dear Lady Mary's Letter, which I had the Honour to receive last Week. It belongs to me, Madam, to make Apology for the Fault of not writing sooner, which you so obligingly charge yourself with; and I did indeed, immediately on my Arrival in Scotland, intend to have wrote to your Ladyship; but various Things came in the Way (not mighty delightful) which prevented my having that agreeable Employment. The warm Expressions you honour me with of your continued Friendship, give me a Satisfaction more easy to be imagined than expressed; only be assured I prize the Favour much, and value myself upon it.

It gives me great Pleasure to think how happy my dear Lady Mary has been for Months past in the Company of her Brother, and such a Brother as Mr. Mackenzie *

† Lady Mary Menzies, Sister to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of Sir Robert Menzies, Baronet.

* Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal for Scotland.

is I loved when a Child, I admire him now, and pay him no Compliment (Worth can't be complimented) when I say he's the agreeablest and finest young Gentleman our Country can boast of at present. Amiable Lady Betty † I likewise esteem much; and, to shew that I am not unacquainted with her Merit, I think she deserves Mr. Mackenzie, which is to say a great deal. Your Ladyship has been so happy Part of last, and Beginning of this new-styled Year, in their Society, that I can only wish you many, very many such Years of Satisfaction, with every other Joy your Heart can further desire.

The Town is mighty gay, I'm told. But I can give no Account of its Entertainments, going to none of them, save to one Assembly several Weeks ago, appointed to solemnize King George's Birth-day; I thought it my Duty to appear on that Occasion to testify my Regard and Gratitude to my Royal Benefactor, who is the only crowned Head I ever was personally under any Obligation to.

The Account your Ladyship gives me of my dear young Mr. Stewart ‖, and his Family, gives me great Pleasure. I have from all Hands heard the best Character of them, and of Bellachin, his Lady, and their whole Family; and your Ladyship's good Opinion of them, convinces me, that all I hear to their Advantage is true. I saw Mr. Jackey several Times six Years ago, and I did think him a very fine and handsome Youth; my little Archy is reckoned by several People to resemble him much, which I take as a Compliment to my little Man. Mr. Stewart, whose Affairs did not permit him to come to Scotland along with me, has the Honour to be, I do assure my dear Lady Mary, her devoted humble Servant, and her great Admirer, as well as sincere Friend and Servant to Sir Robert.

† Lady Betty Mackenzie, Daughter of the illustrious John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and Lady of the Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, Esq;

‖ Mr. Stewart, Son to the late Sir John Stewart, by a former Marriage, and now Sir John Stewart.

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Lady Grace Campbell's † late lying-in, and my perplexed Affairs, have prevented my waiting upon her Ladyship as yet; but I intend to do myself that Honour soon.

If I could expect to see my dearest Lady Mary in Edinburgh while I remain here, it would give me inexpressible Satisfaction; but it is a Happiness I dare not flatter myself with. My Stay here is uncertain, having Thoughts of going to the North of England; but before I leave these Parts I shall certainly give your Ladyship Notice. Adieu, my dear Madam. Favour me always with your Friendship which I deserve, for this one Reason, that I have the Honour to be, with the most perfect Esteem and Regard, your Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, and most affectionate Cousin,

Hope-Park, near Edin- JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.
burgh, 23d Jan. 1753.

I offer my best Compliments to Sir Robert Menzies; I beg your Ladyship will likewise make them acceptable to Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty. Your old Friend Mrs. Hewit is just as much your Ladyship's devoted Servant as ever, and begs to be most kindly remembered to you, Madam, and her good Friend Sir Robert. Likewise, she begs Leave to offer her Compliments to her charming Favourite Mr. Mackenzie, whom she loves most tenderly.

† Lady Grace Campbell, Sister to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of John Campbell, Esq, Judge in the Court of Session, by the Title of Lord Stonefield.

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LETTER XLII.

Miss Paget to Miss Vokes.

Her Counsel to her Friend upon the Subject of unequal Matrimony.

Tunbridge-Wells, Monday Morning.

HAVE *Ilchester, Charlotte*, at all Events.—I honour your good Understanding—you are sensible, my Dear, that one small Fortune is more plague to any body, than ten old Husbands.—And, besides, my Dear, if he's rich he must be worth having, and if he's old he can't live for ever.

She's an Idiot, if then she says No.

As to what People talk about strange Matches, (such Prate) and Ladies married to their Grandfathers, (such Nonsense) and don't know what Absurdity, *Charlotte*, about Difference of Inclinations, it is the veriest Jest in the Universe. For if I can agree to put up with Inconveniencies for Reasons which I have of my own, the Reasons, it is to be supposed, are as good as the Inconveniencies are bad, and so we are even. And as to what the World takes upon itself to conjecture, who have no Sort of Business in the Affair, their impertinent Censures I have the Consequence to tread on with the Heel of my Shoe. O *Vokes*! consider, and consider, and consider, how many beautiful Ideas flow in the Mind from that dear Word *High-Life*! Consequence, *Charlotte*, Figure, personal Accomplishment of every Sort, Routs, Drums, Parties, Taste, Diversions, exquisite and *A-la-mode*. Precedence, my Dear, above one hundred and fifty Animals of Fashion whom one has the Merit to despise, and the Comfort to let 'em see that one does, without even the Breach of common Politeness: And in short, my dear *Charlotte*, such a Number of Advantages as no body can reckon up but who has studied Arithmetic for twenty Years.—No Woman, my Dear, can have all she wishes, let her marry who she will. Resolve to pursue the Scheme against all human Opposition, and determine to be Mrs. *Ilchester*.

M

Very

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Very few, *Charlotte*, have the Opportunity to have Fortune run bawling after them for their Company, and they are very simple Folks indeed, who can affect to be deaf at such a Juncture. A Lover, my Dear, comes to great Advantage in a Coach of his own.

If *Cupid* in Sport
Shou'd to me make his Court,
In a Form, my dear *Vokes*, most obedient,
Like a Slave at my Gate
The young Vagrant might wait
Till I thought the bold Visit expedient.

But when *Hymen*, good lack!
From out of his Pack
Can rummage a Jointer or so;
May I die but I'd take
My farewell of a Rake,
And make shift with an old-fashion'd Beau.
S. PAGET.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

O, that vexatious Ilchester! Off! off! off! —

—The Lady's Prayer.

Park-Place, Friday.—

O If you have not seen my Scrawl of two Posts ago, *Miss Paget*, I hope you never will. My old-fashioned Beau is old-fashioned indeed—The Man is deaf to all the Dictates of Mode and common Sense. He an humble Servant! He a Lover! so is my little Monkey! a provoking fly Creature! Oh, my Dear, I might have been decoyed into a fine Trap; but I have kept my Eyes open, Thanks be praised, to some Purpose. My Dear, you must be kept in Suspence a Moment or two, or else my Story will begin at the wrong End.

Come read on now *Sukey*, and don't turn over the new Leaf before you get to the Bottom of the old, like *Nancy Bennington*, who never looks upon any Thing but Indexes, and

and pretends she reads all the new Books that come out. But I cannot bear to tell you the Progress of the History; so, in short, my Dear, take the Conclusion of it—*Ilchester* has pack'd up his Alls, and is gone to the World's End, for ought I care about the Journey. —No Affront—no Coldness upon Earth drove him away from the Charmer of his Heart: but it was all his own Act and Deed, *Sukey*, I declare to you. His Modesty, my Dear, is so very great, that I am afraid it will reduce him to Despair. —What do you think, *Sukey*? When all comes to all, so smoothly as every Thing seemed to go on, this smitten Admirer of mine refused to make me any Settlement. A small Fortune, he said, would content him, but a Jointure was his Aversion. —It was the surest Receipt, he said, to make good Wives bad,—and such a Mass of Reasons he gave besides, in Support of such an infamous Doctrine, that I am sick of him, as if I had eaten an Ounce of *Straßburgh* and *Havannah*. —This noble Discovery was made to Pappa—not me, thank my Marriage Stars. But all our Leaves are taken—and there's an End of my Smithfield Bargain —A nasty unreasonable, cunning, ill-conditioned, arbitrary old Miser. He's likelier by half to make Tinder than Matches. No Woman upon Earth will ever have him but a Gipsy. —Now, if you'll believe me, my Dear, I am as merry as a Grig; it so diverts me to think, the Hog, or the Dog, has made its Appearance so soon; for you know one might have been dangled after for a Twelvemonth, and no such Discovery made as this; and then when Matters have been carried to so great a Length, and the Affair goes off, it immediately becomes the Talk of all the Market-Towns and Villages in the Kingdom.—Mr. *Hubson*, Pappa's Attorney, found out this Charm of a Secret first, and *Ilchester*, my Dear, had the Face to justify his wicked Design.—No Jointure! dear Miss *Paget*, only say the Words softly over to yourself; there is such Horror in the Sound, that it stops the very Circulation of the Blood! one would think it impossible, that a human Creature shou'd utter such a Quantity of agreeable Nonsense as the Men do; and have tyrannical Schemes in their Heads at the very same Moment, prejudicial to our Liberties, and all the Comfort of our Lives. But Nature has ordered it sometimes, that

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we shall have as much Artifice as they.—The Plague's Face gave me a Diamond Ring, tho', *Sukey*, (in order, I suppose, to fun me out of common Sense :) Mamma insists upon my returning it; but hang me if I do, so long, at least, as my Name happens to consist of its own five Letters.—One Advantage, my Dear, I must acknowledge there is, when an humble Servant is pretty far advanced: If the Match happens to go off, one loses, you know, but a very little of one's *Heart*.

Success attend my dear Miss *Paget* in all her Undertakings, but especially that which I will leave her to guess at from the four Lines which Dr. *Masse*y wrote upon Miss *Egerton's* Fan.

Of on my Knees at Church I've been,
One Prayer my first and last :
A *Husband* is the Thing I mean,
Good Lord ! I am in haste.

C. V.

Of LETTER-WRITING, &c.

*By the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD, in his ADVICE
TO HIS SON.*

IT is of the utmost Importance to write Letters well; as this is a Talent which daily occurs, as well in Business as in Pleasure; and Inaccuracies in Orthography, or in Style, are never pardoned but in Ladies; nor is it hardly pardonable in them.

Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the Persons to whom we send them, just what we would say to those Persons if we were present with them.

Neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing Letters, is by no means to be neglected. There is something in the Exterior, even of a Letter, that may please or displease, and consequently deserves some Attention.

Every Man who has the Use of his Eyes and his Right-Hand, can write whatever Hand he pleases.

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Nothing is so ungentleman-like as a School-Boy's Scrawl. I do not desire you to write a stiff formal Hand, like that of a School-Master, but a genteel, legible and liberal Character, and to be able to write quick. As to the Correctness and Elegancy of your Writing, Attention to Grammar does the one, and to the best Authors, the other.

Of the KNOWLEDGE of the WORLD.

By the same.

WE should endeavour to hoard up, while we are young, a great Stock of Knowledge; for, tho' during that Time of Dissipation, we may not have Occasion to spend much of it, yet a Time will come when we shall want it to maintain us.

The Knowledge of the World is only to be acquired in the World, and not in a Closet. Books alone will never teach it you; but they will suggest many Things to your Observation, which might otherwise escape you; and your own Observations upon Mankind, when compared with those which you will find in Books, will help you to fix the true Point.

To know Mankind well, requires full as much Attention and Application as to know Books, and, it may be, more Sagacity and Discernment. There are, at this Time, many elderly People, who have all passed their whole Lives in the great World, but with such Levity and Inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the Thoughts that you can acquire this Knowledge in the frivolous Chit-chat of idle Companies: No, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into People, as well as at them. Search therefore, with the greatest Care, into the Characters of all those whom you converse with; endeavour to discover their predominant Passions, their prevailing Weaknesses, their Vanities, their Follies, and their Humours; with all the right and wrong, wise and silly Springs of human Actions, which make such inconsistent and whimsical Beings of us rational Creatures.

There are no Persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some Time or other, and in some Thing or other, have it in their Power to be of Use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shewn them Contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but Contempt never is. Our Pride remembers it for ever. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your Contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable Enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their Weaknesses and their Imperfections known, than their Crimes; and if you hint to a Man, that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more, and longer, than if you tell him plainly, that you think him a Rogue.

Nothing is more insulting, than to take Pains to make a Man feel a mortifying Inferiority in Knowledge, Rank, Fortune, &c. In the first, it is both ill-bred and ill-natured, and in the two latter Articles, it is unjust, they not being in his Power. Good-Breeding and Good-Nature incline us rather to raise People up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many Friends, instead of so many Enemies. A constant Attention to please, is a most necessary Ingredient in the Art of Pleasing: It flatters the Self-Love of those to whom it is shewn; it engages and captivates, more than Things of much greater Importance. Every Man is, in some Measure, obliged to discharge the social Duties of Life; but these Attentions are voluntary Acts, the Free-will Offerings of Good-Breeding and Good-Nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, in particular, have a right to them; and any Omission in that Respect, is downright Ill-breeding.

We should never yield to that Temptation, which to most young Men is very strong, of exposing other People's Weaknesses and Infirmities, for the Sake either of diverting the Company, or of shewing our own Superiority. We may, by that means, get the Laugh on our Side for the present; but we shall make Enemies by it for ever; and even those who laugh with us, will, upon Reflection, fear and despise us: It is ill-

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ill-natured, and a good Heart desires rather to conceal than expose other People's Weaknesses or Misfortunes. If we have Wit, we should use it to please, and not to hurt : We may shine, like the Sun in the Temperate Zones, without scorching.

There are many inoffensive Arts which are necessary in the Course of the World, and which he who practises the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The Spirits and Vivacity of Youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome ; but subsequent Knowledge and Experience of the World remind us of their Importance, commonly when it is too late. The Principal of these Things, is the Mastery of one's Temper, and that Coolness of Mind, and Serenity of Countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by Words, Actions, or even Looks, those Passions or Sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated ; and the Discovery of which gives cooler and abler People such infinite Advantages over us, not only in great Business, but in all the most common Occurrences of Life. A Man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable Things, without visible Marks of Anger and Change of Countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden Bursts of Joy, and Expansion of Countenance, is at the Mercy of every artful Knave, or pert Coxcomb : The former will provoke or please you by Design, to catch unguarded Words or Looks ; by which he will easily decypher the Secrets of your Heart, of which you should keep the Key yourself, and trust it with no Man living. The latter will, by his Absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same Discoveries, of which other People will avail themselves.

If you find yourself subject to sudden Starts of Passion or Madness (for I see no Difference between them, except in their Duration) resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one Word while you feel that Emotion within you.

In short, make yourself absolute Master of your Temper and your Countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible Change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is

by no means impossible; and, as a Man of Sense never attempts Impossibilities on one Hand, on the other he is never discouraged by Difficulties; on the contrary, he redoubles his Industry and his Diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any Point which Prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest Utility attends, let Difficulties only animate your Industry, not deter you from the Pursuit. If one Way has failed, try another; be active, persevere, and you will conquer. Some People are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a Thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skilfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several weak Places. The Time should likewise be judiciously chosen: Every Man has his *Mollia Tempora*, but that is far from being all Day long; and you would chuse your Time very ill, if you applied to a Man about one Business, when his Head was full of another, or when his Heart was full of Grief, Anger, or any other disagreeable Sentiment.

In order to judge of the Inside of others, study your own; for Men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing Passion, and another has another, yet their Operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you, in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others in you. Observe, with the utmost Attention, all the Operations of your own Mind, the Nature of your Passions, and the various Motives that determine your Will; and you may, in a great Degree, know all Mankind. For Instance: Do you find yourself hurt and mortified, when another makes you feel his Superiority, and your own Inferiority, in Knowledge, Parts, Rank, or Fortune? You will certainly take great Care not to make a Person, whose good Will, good Word, Interest, Esteem, or Friendship you would gain, feel that Superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable Insinuations, sly Sneers, or repeated Contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wished to engage and please? Surely not; and I hope you wish to

engage and please almost universally. The Temptation of saying a smart and witty Thing, or *Bon Mot*, and the malicious Applause with which it is commonly received, have made People who can say them, and still oftener People who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more Enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other Thing that I know of.

When such Things, then, shall happen to be said at your Expence (as sometimes they certainly will) reflect seriously upon the Sentiments of Uneasiness, Anger, and Resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent, by the same Means, to excite the same Sentiments in others against you. It is a decided Folly, to lose a Friend for a Jest; but, in my Mind, it is not a much less Degree of Folly, to make an Enemy of an indifferent and neutral Person, for the Sake of a *Bon Mot*. When Things of this Kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent Way is to seem not to suppose that they are meant at you, but to dissemble and conceal whatever Degree of Anger you may feel inwardly; and, should they be so plain that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their Meaning, to join in the Laugh of the Company against yourself; acknowledge the Hit to be a fair one, and the Jest a good one, and play off the whole Thing in seeming good Humour; but by no means reply in the same Way, which only shews that you are hurt, and publishes the Victory which you might have concealed. Should the Thing said, indeed, injure your Honour, or moral Character, remember there are but two Alternatives for a Gentleman and a Man of Parts—extreme Politeness, or a Duel.

If a Man notoriously and designedly insults and affronts you, knock him down; but if he only injures you, your best Revenge is to be extremely civil to him, in your outward Behaviour, though at the same Time you counterwork him, and return him the Compliment, perhaps with Interest. This is not Perfidy nor Dissimulation; it would be so, if you were, at the same Time, to make Professions of Esteem and Friendship to this Man; which I by no means recommend, but, on the Contrary, abhor. All Acts of Civility

are, by common Consent, understood to be no more than a Conformity to Custom, for the Quiet and Conveniency of Society, the *Agréments* of which are not to be disturbed by private Dislikes and Jealousies. Only Women and little Minds pout and spar for the Entertainment of the Company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own Part, though I would by no means give up any Point to a Competitor, yet I would pique myself upon shewing him rather more Civility than to another Man. In the first Place, this Behaviour infallibly makes all the Laughters of your Side, which is a considerable Party; and in the next Place, it certainly pleases the Object of the Competition, be it either Man or Woman; who never fail to say, upon such an Occasion, that "they must own "you have behaved yourself very handsomely in the "whole Affair."

In short, let this be one invariable Rule of your Conduct: Never to shew the least Symptom of Resentment, which you cannot, to a certain Degree, gratify; but always to smile where you cannot strike. There would be no living in the World, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble the just Causes of Resentment, which one meets with every Day in active and busy Life. Whoever cannot master his Humour, should leave the World, and retire to some Hermitage, in an unfrequented Desert. By shewing an unavailing and sullen Resentment, you authorize the Resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very Pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary Behaviour would lay them under the Restraints of Decency, at least; and either shackle or expose their Malice. Besides, Captiousness, Sullenness, and Pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar.

Tho' Men are all of one Composition, the several Ingredients are so differently proportioned in each Individual, that no two are exactly alike; and no one, at all Times, like himself. The ablest Man will sometimes do weak Things; the proudest Man, mean Things; the honestest Man, ill Things; and the wickedest

wickedest Man, good ones. Study Individuals then, and if you take (as you ought to do) their Outlines from their prevailing Passion, suspend your last finishing Strokes till you have attended to and discovered the Operations of their inferior Passions, Appetites, and Humours. A Man's general Character may be that of the honestest Man of the World: Do not dispute it; you may be thought envious or ill-natured; but, at the same Time, do not take this Probity upon trust, to such a Degree, as to put your Life, Fortune, or Reputation in his Power. This honest Man may happen to be your Rival in Power, in Interest, or in Love; three Passions that often put Honesty to most severe Trials, in which it is too often cast: But first analyse this honest Man yourself; and then, only, you will be able to judge how far you may, or may not, with Safety, trust him.

If you would particularly gain the Affection and Friendship of particular People, whether Men or Women, endeavour to find out their predominant Excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing Weakness, which every body has; and do Justice to the one, and something more than Justice to the other. Men have various Objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and though they love to hear Justice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those Points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for Example: Cardinal Richlieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest Statesman of his Time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle Vanity of being thought the best Poet too: He envied the great Corneille his Reputation, and ordered a Criticism to be written upon the *Cid*. Those, therefore, who flattered skilfully, said little to him of his Abilities in State Affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the Incense which they gave him, the Smoke of which, they knew, would turn his Head in their Favour, was as a *Bel Esprit* and a Poet. Why? Because he was sure of one Excellency, and distrustful as to the other.

You

You will easily discover every Man's prevailing Vanity, by observing his favourite Topic of Conversation; for every Man talks most of what he has most a Mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the Quick.

Women have, in general, but one Object, which is their Beauty; upon which scarce any Flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a Woman ugly enough to be insensible to Flattery upon her Person; if her Face is so shocking, that she must, in some Degree, be conscious of it, her Figure and her Air, she trusts, make ample Amends for it. If her Figure is deformed, her Face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself, that she has Graces,—a certain Manner,—a *Je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than Beauty.—This Truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate Dress of the ugliest Women in the World. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious Beauty, is, of all Women, the least sensible of Flattery upon that Head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her Understanding, which, tho' she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that Men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal Flattery: No, flatter nobody's Vices or Crimes; on the Contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the World without a complaisant Indulgence for People's Weaknesses, and innocent, tho' ridiculous Vanities. If a Man has a Mind to be thought wiser, and a Woman handsomer, than they really are; their Error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other People; and I would rather make them my Friends, by indulging them in it, than my Enemies, by endeavouring (and that to no Purpose) to undeceive them.

Suspect, in general, those who remarkably affect any one Virtue, who raise it above all others, and who, in a Manner, intimate that they possess it exclusively. I say suspect them, for they are common Impostors: But do not be sure that they are always so; for I have
known

known *Saints* really religious, Blusterers really brave, Performers of Manners really honest, and Prudes really chaste. Pry into the Recesses of their Hearts yourself, as far as you are able, and never implicitly adopt a Character upon common Fame; which, tho' generally right as to the great Outlines of Characters, is always wrong in some Particulars.

Be upon your Guard against those who, upon very slight Acquaintance, obtrude their unasked and unmerited Friendship and Confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them only for their own eating; but, at the same Time, do not roughly reject them upon that general Supposition. Examine further, and see whether those unexpected Offers flow from a warm Heart and a silly Head, or from a designing Head and a cold Heart; for Knavery and Folly have often the same Symptoms. In the first Case, there is no Danger in accepting them,—*valeant quantum valere possunt*. In the latter Case, it may be useful to seem to accept them, and artfully to turn the Battery upon him who raised it.

If a Man uses strong Oaths or Protections, to make you believe a Thing, which is of itself so likely and probable, that the bare saying of it would be sufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it, or else he would not take so much Pains.

There is an Incontinency of Friendship among young Fellows, who are associated by their mutual Pleasures only, which has very frequently bad Consequences. A Parcel of warm Hearts, and unexperienced Heads, heated by convivial Mirth, and possibly a little too much Wine, vow, and really mean at the Time eternal Friendships to each other, and indiscreetly pour out their whole Souls in common, and without the least Reserve. These Confidences are as indiscreetly repealed as they were made; for new Pleasures and new Places soon dissolve this ill-cemented Connection, and then very ill Uses are made of these rash Confidences. Bear your Part, however, in young Companies; nay, excel, if you can, in all the social Joy and Festivity that become Youth. Trust them with

with your Love-Tales, if you please ; but keep your serious Views secret. Trust those only to some tried Friend, more experienced than yourself, and who being in a different Walk of Life from you, is not likely to become your Rival ; for I would not advise you to depend so much upon the heroic Virtue of Mankind, as to hope or believe that your Competitor will ever be your Friend, as to the Object of that Competition.

A seeming Ignorance is very often a most necessary Part of worldly Knowledge. It is, for Instance, commonly adviseable to seem ignorant of what People offer to tell you ; and when they say, *Have not you heard of such a Thing?* to answer No, and to let them go on, tho' you know it already. Some have a Pleasure in telling it, because they think they tell it well ; others have a Pride in it, as being the sagacious Discoverers ; and many have a Vanity in shewing that they have been, tho' very undeservedly, trusted : All these would be disappointed, and consequently displeased, if you said Yes. Seem always ignorant (unless to one most intimate Friend) of all Matters of private Scandal and Defamation, though you should hear them a thousand Times ; for the Parties affected always look upon the Receiver to be almost as bad as the Thief ; and whenever they become the Topic of Conversation, seem to be a Sceptic, tho' you are really a serious Believer ; and always take the extenuating Part. But all this seeming Ignorance should be joined to thorough and extensive private Informations ; and, indeed, it is the best Method of procuring them ; for most People have such a Vanity in shewing a superiority over others, tho' but for a Moment, and in the merest Trifles, that they will tell you what they should not, rather than not shew that they can tell what you did not know ; besides that, such seeming Ignorance will make you pass for incurious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for Facts, and take Pains to be well informed of every Thing that passes ; but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the Shape of direct Questions ; which always put People upon their Guard, and often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take the Things that you would know, for granted ; upon which

which somebody will, kindly and officiously, set you right: Sometimes say, that you have heard so and so; and at other Times seem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want; but avoid direct Questioning as much as you can.

Human Nature is the same all over the World; but its Operations are so varied by Education and Habit, that one must see it in all its Dresses, in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The Passion of Ambition, for Instance, is the same in a Courtier, a Soldier, or an Ecclesiastic; but from their different Educations and Habits, they will take very different Methods to gratify it. Civility, which is a Disposition to accommodate and oblige others, is essentially the same in every Country; but Good-Breeding, as it is called, which is the Manner of exerting that Disposition, is different in almost every Country, and merely local; and every Man of Sense imitates and conforms to that local Good-Breeding of the Place which he is at.—A Conformity and Flexibility of Manners is necessary in the Course of the World; that is, with regard to all Things which are not wrong in themselves. The *Versatile ingenium* is the most useful of all. It can turn itself instantly from one Object to another, assuming the proper Manner for each. It can be serious with the Grave, chearful with the Gay, and trifling with the Frivolous.

Indeed nothing is more engaging than a chearful and easy Conformity to People's particular Manners, Habits, and even Weaknesses; nothing (to use a vulgar Expression) should come amiss to a young Fellow. He should be, for good Purposes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones—a Proteus, assuming with Ease, and wearing with Chearfulness, any Shape.—Heat, Cold, Luxury, Abstinence, Gravity, Gaiety, Ceremony, Easiness, Learning, Trifling, Business, and Pleasure, are Modes which he should be able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally, with as much Ease as he would take or lay aside his Hat.

Young Men are apt to think that every Thing is to be carried by Spirit and Vigour; that Art is Meanness, and that Versatility and Complaisance are the Refuge
of

of Pusillanimity and Weakness. This most mistaken Opinion gives an Indelicacy, an Abruptness, and a Roughness to the Manners. Fools, who can never be undeceived, retain them as long as they live: Reflection, with a little Experience, makes Men of Sense shake them off soon. When they come to be a little better acquainted with themselves, and with their own Species, they discover that plain right Reason is, nine Times in ten, the fettered and shackled Attendant of the Triumph of the Heart and the Passions; consequently they address themselves nine Times in ten to the Conqueror, not to the Conquered; and Conquerors, you know, must be applied to in the gentlest, the most engaging, and the most insinuating Manner.

To conclude: Never neglect or despise old, for the sake of new, or more shining Acquaintance; which would be ungrateful on your Part, and never forgiven on theirs. Take care to make as many personal Friends, and as few personal Enemies, as possible.

P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E S.

Epistle to Philander, an eminent Tutor in the Capital.

FRRIEND of my Bosom! Dear Acquaintance! Say!
Can'st thou forgive an humble Poet's Lay!
Tho' rough the Line, tho' dull the Strain appear,
More honest Notes did never greet the Ear.
Pure from their Parent's Heart to thine they flow,
Nor fear to find Philander is their Foe.

From flow'ry Meads, from Daisy-coated Plains,
In Thrones of Violet where Nature reigns,
To Steams of Smoke, to Pestilence of Air,
This rustic Letter must at Morn repair.
For thee she quits the Cowslip-scented Vale,
The smiling Field, and sweetly-breathing Dale.

As, here, she wander'd on the mossy Beds,
Where conscious Roses dropp'd their blushing Heads,
By

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By guilty me the Virgin was beguil'd,
And all her snowy Form with Ink defil'd.

How varying from this calm, this lov'd Retreat,
Is thine, and Learning's hard laborious Seat!
Herculean Task! to form the Blockhead's Mind,
And make the Brute grow polish'd and refin'd,
Bright Wisdom's Lamp it's glorious Light denies,
To the dull Idiot's dark, benighted Eyes.
Some few there are (and such shalt thou prepare!)
Whom Knowledge makes her own peculiar Care:
By thee design'd to grace a future Age,
They now dive deep into the classic Page,
Th' enlighten'd Heights of Science they explore,
Find out her Hoards, and rife all her Store,
Philosophy's luxuriant Mount ascend;
Her Beauties search, her Mysteries attend;
Till blest with Talents, and with Arts to shine,
Like precious Gems, they glitter at her Shrine.

Such are thy Toils! Hereafter shalt thou see
The Sons of Learning rais'd to Fame by thee.

Then be thy Fortunes, like thy Genius blest!
Thy Pains forgotten, and thine Heart at rest!
Thy little Bark shall land on Comfort's Shore,
And the keen adverse Storm shall rage no more.
From Schools expell'd, it shall be thine to roam,
Contented Exile! to thy rural Home.
'There Larks sweet-warbling o'er thy humble Shed,
Shall charm thee to forsake thy peaceful Bed;
Whilst fragrant Morn shall breathe her Incense round,
And pearly colour'd Dews bedeck the Ground.
For thee the Grove shall spread her cool Retreat,
And yield thee Shelter from the Noon-tide Heat,
Then when mild Eve draws out her dusky Veil,
And Philomela chaunts her plaintive Tale,
To Jess'min cover'd Cot must thou repair,
Tend the sweet Babes, and guard th' expecting Fair.

O Joys of Innocence! nor these alone,
Whilst Names there are which Merit calls her own;
M 3 They

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They in the twining Honey-Suckles Bow'r,
 Shall in soft Converse spend the social Hour :
 Whilst honest Damon, and his Mate exist,
 Pure Friendship's Footsteps never shall be mist,
 And tho' small Excellence to me belong,
 I sure may form the meanest of the Throng.
 I sure may bring my dear Maria there,
 My Balm of Life ! my Antidote to Care.
 A Heart like her's, susceptible of Love,
 Will bless this Union, and this Band approve.

Ere the Soul sickens, ere the parting Breath,
 Shall feebly struggle with the Pains of Death,
 Ere the cold Sod shall raise its humble Heap,
 Form my last Bed, and guard my peaceful Sleep,
 Thou ! Pow'r benevolent, O ! deign to send,
 Whate'er the Poet fancied for his Friend.

Regard, not Pride, spreads out her welcome Fare,
 And hospitable Hands the Feast prepare.
 Let every Nymph, and every Shepherd meet,
 In rustic Scenes, gay Nature's green Retreat.

When the first Bird shall warble in the Air,
 To my poor Cot, lov'd Intimates ! repair !
 And when the last shall tune his mellow Throat,
 Perhaps——I'll mind the Warning of his Note.
 Perhaps——I'll hide the Feelings of my Heart,
 And say, not think, 'tis Time for us to part.

*Epistle from Arthur Grey the Footman, to the Object of his
 Desires, after his Condemnation for attempting a Rape.*

READ, lovely Nymph, and tremble not to read,
 I have no more to wish, nor you to dread ;
 I ask not Life, for Life to me were vain,
 And Death a Refuge from severer Pain.
 My only Hope, in these last Lines, I try ;
 I would be pitied, and I then would die.
 Long had I liv'd as sordid as my Fate,
 Nor curs'd the Destiny that made me wait

A servile Slave; content with homely Food,
 The gross Instinct of Appetite pursu'd:
 Youth gave me Sleep at Night, and Warmth of Blood.
 Ambition yet had never touch'd my Breast;
 My lordly Master knew no sounder Rest;
 With Labour healthy, in Obedience blest.
 But when I saw——O! had I never seen
 That wounding Softness, that engaging Mien!
 The Mist of wretched Education flies,
 Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair and Love arise,
 The new Creation of those beauteous Eyes.
 But yet that Love pursu'd no guilty Aim,
 Deep in my Heart I hid the secret Flame.
 I never hop'd my fond Desire to tell,
 And all my Wishes were to serve you well.
 Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your Command,
 And kiss'd the Letters giv'n me by your Hand.
 How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling Wine, or change the Plate!
 How, when you sung, my Soul devour'd the Sound,
 And ev'ry Sense was in the Rapture drown'd!
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move:
 —You knew not that Stupidity was Love!
 But oh! the Torment not to be express'd,
 The Grief, the Rage, the Hell that fir'd this Breast,
 When my great Rivals in Embroid'ry gay,
 Sate by your Side, or led you from the Play.
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The Flambeau trembling in my shaking Hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw, those Fingers press'd;
 For thus their Passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous Fury all my Soul possess'd.
 Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
 And Madness would have thrown me at your Feet.
 Turn, lovely Nymph, (for so I would have said)
 Turn from these Triflers, who make Love a Trade;
 This is true Passion in my Eyes you see;
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent Debauch has pall'd their sickly Taste,
 Faint their Desire, and in a Moment past:
 They sigh not from the Heart, but from the Brain:
 Vapours of Vanity, and strong Champagne.

Too

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Too dull to feel what Forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted Fire,
 To some lewd Brothel they at Night retire;
 There pleas'd with fancy'd Quality and Charms,
 Enjoy your Beauties in a Strumpet's Arms.
 Such are the Joys those Toasters have in View,
 And such the Wit and Pleasure they pursue;
 —And is this Love that ought to merit you?
 Each Opera-Night a new Address begun,
 They swear to Thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh—but all my Sighs are vain—
 Die wretched Arthur, and conceal thy Pain:
 'Tis Impudence to wish, and Madness to complain.
 Fix'd on this View, my only Hope and Ease,
 I waited not the Aid of slow Disease:
 The keenest Instrument of Death I sought,
 And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought.
 Thus all the Night, when I remember well
 The charming Tinkle of your Morning Bell!
 Fir'd with the Sound, I hasten'd with your Tea,
 With one last Look to smoothe the darksome Way.—
 But oh! how dear that fatal Look has cost!
 In that fond Moment my Resolves were lost:
 Hence all my Guilt, and all your Sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid Softness of your Eyes;
 I saw the dear Disorder of your Bed,
 Your Cheeks all glowing with a tempting Red;
 Your Night-Cloaths tumbled with resistless Grace;
 Your flowing Hair play'd careless round your Face;
 Your Night-Gown fasten'd with a single Pin;
 —Fancy improv'd the wond'rous Charms within?
 I fix'd my Eyes upon that heaving Breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with Sight,
 My Head grew giddy with the dear Delight,
 —Too well you know the fatal following Night!
 Th' extreme Proof of my Desire I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous Doom,
 Careless and fearless of the Woes to come;
 But when you see me waver in the Wind,
 My guilty Flame extinct, my Soul resign'd,

Sure

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel Consequence of furious Love.
Think the bold Wretch that could so greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere;
Think, when I held the Pistol to your Breast,
Had I been of the World's large Rule possess'd
The World had then been yours, and I been blest!
Think that my Life was quite below my Care,
Nor fear'd I any Hell beyond Despair.—

If these Reflections, tho' they seize you late,
Give some Compassion for your Arthur's Fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

A few short and intelligible FORMS of MESSAGES
for CARDS or BILLETS, which may be varied at
Pleasure, to serve all Occasions.

M E S S A G E I.

MR. and Mrs. Cecil's Compliments to Mr. and
Mrs. Howard, and desire the Favour of their
Company on Wednesday next, to drink Tea, and spend
the Evening.

Monday Morn.

II. Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments
to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and will certainly do themselves
the Pleasure to wait on them.

Monday Noon.

III. Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments,
and are sorry it happens that a Pre-engagement will not
permit them the Pleasure of waiting on Mr. and Mrs.
Cecil, which they would otherwise have readily done.

Monday Morn.

IV. Mr. and Mrs. Compton's Compliments to Mr.
and Mrs. Stanley; and if they are disengaged this Af-
ternoon, will take the Pleasure of waiting on them.

Tuesday Morn.

V. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are perfectly disengaged,
beg their Compliments, and will be extremely glad of
Mr. and Mrs. Compton's agreeable Company.

Tuesday Noon.

VI. Mr.

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VI. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are very sorry it so happens that they are engaged this Afternoon and Evening; but beg their Compliments, and at any other Time that shall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, will be proud of the Pleasure of their Company.

Tuesday Noon.

VII. Miss Willis sends her Compliments to Miss Byron, and desires to know how she does; and if well enough to see Company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea.

Wednesday Morn.

VIII. Miss Byron, without a Compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss Willis, whom she would be extremely glad to see, and accepts of her kind salutary Offer of an Airing in the Coach, at the Time proposed.

Wednesday Morn.

IX. Miss Byron, instead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miss Willis her best Thanks for her very obliging Card, and is extremely sorry she is not well enough to have the Pleasure of her Company; which however she hopes very soon for a full Enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wednesday Noon, and not up.

X. Mrs. Wyndham presents her Compliments to Mrs. Pemberton, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Quadrille.

Thursday Afternoon.

XI. Mrs. Pemberton is not so well as she could wish, but much at Mrs. Wyndham's Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thursday Even.

XII. Mr. Lambert's Compliments wait on Miss Norris, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Assembly.

Friday Morning.

-XIII. Miss Norris's Compliments to Mr. Lambert, and she is engaged.

Friday.

XIV. Miss Norris's Compliments; she is not certain of being at the Assembly, and undetermined about Dancing;

Dancing; so Mr. Lambert must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

XV. Miss Wansey is sorry to trouble Miss Cooper on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt Waterland, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by the Bearer.

Sunday Evening.

XVI. Mrs. Chedworth's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and if not engaged, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is desired this Evening at a Party of Quadrille, about four Tables in the whole.

Monday Morn.

XVII. Miss Charlton's best Services; she has the Pleasure of Mrs. Chedworth's respectful Message, and 'tis much against her Inclination, that she is obliged to say she can't possibly wait on her, having this Evening a previous Engagement that can't be dispens'd with.

Tuesday Morn.

XVIII. If Miss Romney be well enough, Lady Bathurst's Compliments, and she proposes a Visit this Afternoon to Miss Arran, and will be very glad of her Company; the Coach is ordered exactly at Four, and an Airing will not be amiss.

Wednesday, Eleven o'Clock.

XIX. Miss Romney has the Honour of Lady Bathurst's Card; she begs leave to return her Compliments, and is very much at her Ladyship's Service, and will certainly wait on her.

Wednesday.

XX. Mrs. Legg has a Party at Cards next Wednesday se'nnight of eight Tables; she presents her Compliments to Mr. Strong, and desires the Favour of his Company.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXI. Mr. Strong has the Honour of Mrs. Legg's Card, thinks himself extremely obliged by being of the Party, and will certainly do himself the Pleasure of waiting on her.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXII. Mr.

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XXII. Mr. Bedford, after the Honour of dancing last Night with Miss Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a sudden Call to Town; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Message will find her in perfect Health, and that she took no Cold.

Friday Morn, Eight o'Clock.



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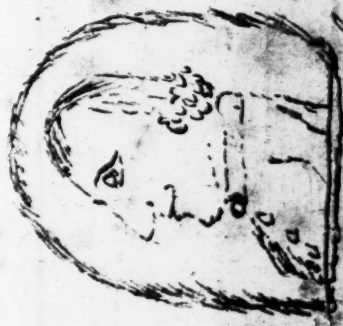
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